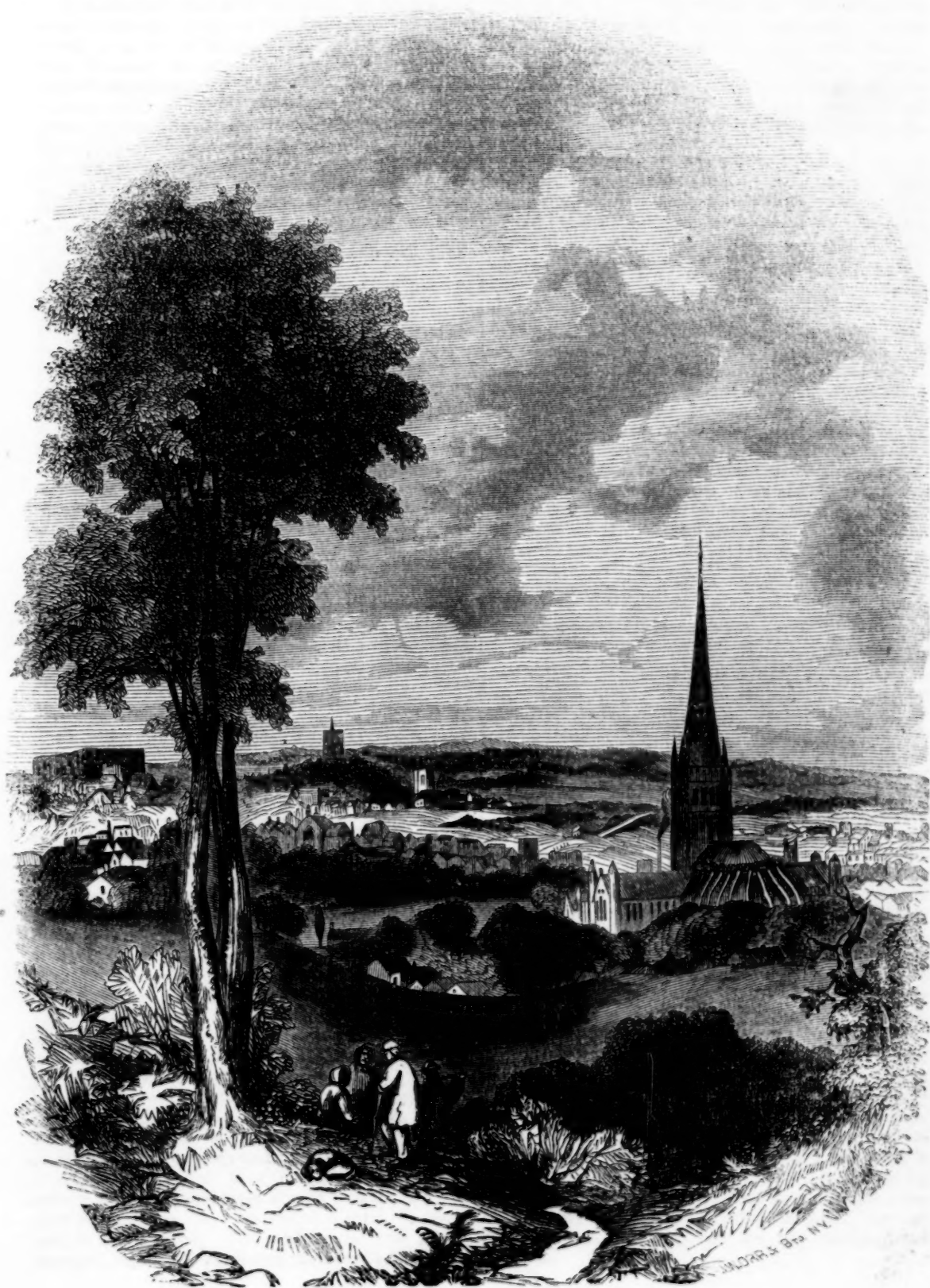


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NORWICH, ENGLAND.

HOLBEIN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE

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J. B. HARRIS, PUBLISHER.

NORWICH, ENGLAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE beautiful picture of this most interesting and ancient cathedral town on the first page, will afford a very good idea of its appearance when seen from a little distance; we have, in former numbers, given engravings representing some of the architectural curiosities which abound in the place, and now give a general representation of the town. The view is taken from Mousehold-hill, which rises on the south-east. The old typographers compare the form of the area to that of a "shoulder of venison," and there is certainly a considerable resemblance to that dainty dish in the city as included within the walls; but Norwich is now extended a good deal beyond the old limits. The river Wensum "so wanton that it knoweth not its own mind, which way to go, such the involved flexures thereof within a mile of the city, runneth partly by, partly through it." (Fuller, *Church Hist.* b. VII.) And though, as Fuller adds, "it contributeth very little to the strengthening of the city," it certainly very much increases its beauty, as well as contributes to its prosperity. From almost any part of the hill Norwich has a striking appearance. Its great extent, the space within the walls being above a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a quarter in width, would alone render it imposing; but the manner in which that space is occupied renders it far more so. In every part of the city are seen groups of rich trees partly screening the forest of gloomy houses; while above every group of trees, and from every cluster of houses, a tall dark church-tower lifts its head. Close below the hill on which we are standing, near enough for its elaborate details to engage attention without interfering with its general form, stands the cathedral, a well-developed architectural object, with its lofty spire pointing to the sky. And over all, from the highest spot in the city, rises the huge square keep of the castle, frowning upon the more fragile buildings that crowd the lower ground, and crowning with an air of sober dignity the whole scene.

Let us look a little nearer. As you approach the city we discover traces of its walls. The construction of these walls was commenced in 1294, but they were not completed till 1320; and they were further strengthened at several subsequent periods. Originally they encompassed the whole city, except where it was defended by the river. Fuller compared Norwich to "a great volume with a bad cover, having at best but parchment walls about it." And in truth they appear of scarcely sufficient strength to have at any time withstood a serious attack, while they must have been almost entirely useless after the introduction of artillery into the train of a besieging army; not only on account of their weakness, but the position of the town, which is entirely commanded by the neighboring heights. Large fragments of the walls still exist, but no entire portion is left. Part of the fortifications consisted of forty towers, several of which remain, but in a ruinous and neglected state. Near Carrow-bridge stands two on opposite sides of the river, between which a chain or boom used to be stretched. The one on the east side of the river, commonly known as the Devil's Tower, is

perhaps the most perfect remaining. Like all others, it is a round building, rudely constructed of black flints. On Butter-hill stands another in tolerable preservation, called the Black, or Governor's Tower. The city was entered by twelve gates, but not a trace of them remains now. Several were destroyed towards the close of the last century and the rest in the early part of the present.

Once on a time it was the boast of the city of Norwich, that in "belly-cheer" its glory was only equalled by the city of London; but all that is "reformed altogether," and now its mayors are famous for any thing rather than "belly-banquets," and its aldermen, so far from winning "table-triumphs," are even some of them, according to the scandalous chronicle, almost teetotallers.

Henry I. kept his Christmas at Norwich in 1122, when he conferred on the city its first character. It had previously been under the rule of the constable of the castle, but its government was now entrusted to officers chosen by the citizens; and Norwich obtained the same rights, privileges, and immunities, as the city of London. In 1174 the city was invaded and taken by the Flemish followers of Hugh Bigod, the constable of the castle, who had espoused the cause of Prince Henry in his rebellion against his father Henry II. The citizens had manfully withstood the besiegers; and the king, on the surrender of Bigod, marked his sense of their conduct by the gift of a new charter. Half a century later the city was taken and plundered by Louis, the Dauphin of France, who had come to England on the invitation of the barons. In 1272, the quarrels that had been protracted during many years between the monks and the citizens, arising from the immunities claimed by the latter under their charter, resulted in a serious riot. Many persons were killed on both sides; the priory was almost entirely destroyed, and much injury was done to other of the ecclesiastical buildings, while a large part of the city was ravaged. The city was in consequence placed under interdict by the bishop, and all who had taken part in the proceedings were excommunicated. The king himself proceeded to Norwich to adjudicate in the matter. The citizens of course came worst off in the settlement. Above thirty of the rioters were put to death by being dragged through the streets by horses; several were hanged and quartered; a woman was burnt alive; twelve of the wealthier leaders were condemned to forfeit all their goods to the king; while the city was fined in the sum of 3,000 marks, and £100 for a gold cup, and all its privileges were declared to be forfeited. In order to show something like even-handed justice, the king seized the manors of the priory, and delivered the prior, as the instigator of the riot, into the custody of the bishop. The bishop had, by command of the king, suspended the interdict; but, on the neglect of the city to obey the award, he speedily renewed it; and it was not till 1275, and after an appeal to the pope, to whom a deputation of the principal citizens was sent by the royal command, that the interdict was removed, and the city charter was restored.

NANNUNTE NEO; OR, THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIT CARSON," ETC.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW COMERS.

HAVING secured his intended victim beyond the possibility of escaping, Ontwa proceeded without delay to the spot where he had engaged to meet Yanike, whom he found awaiting him. But no marks of pleasure appeared upon the strongly-developed lineaments of the Indian girl, as he expected; on the contrary, there was a dark frown lowering upon her brow, and for some moments she took no notice of his approach. So complete, in fact, was her absorption, that it was not until the chief stood within a yard's distance of her person, that she looked up.

"Yanike, behold! I am here according to our agreement," were the first words he uttered.

"Thou art swift and true to thy word," was the substance of her reply; "but is this all? Didst forget thine errand, or has an unworthy apprehension caused Ontwa to desist from his purpose?"

She said this coldly, but there was a sparkle in her coal-black eyes that betrayed the spirit which lurked within. For Yanike had been troubled with all the torments of an upbraiding conscience ever since Ontwa's departure; and secretly hoped that he had not accomplished the object of his mission.

"Yanike may spare her sneers," was the bitter reply; for the girl had wounded his vanity in the only point where it was susceptible of injury—his courage. "Even as she bade him, Ontwa hastened to the settlement of the white man, and desecrated his victim in the midst of her friends and kin. Another moment, and she had escaped; but before they could recover from their wonder, an arrow from Ontwa's bow transpierced her brain, and laid the maiden lifeless."

"This was well done; but the proofs—where be the proofs?"

"What proofs would Yanike have?"

"What proofs? The scalp!—how can Yanike know the truth of all thou sayest, if this be wanting? Go hence, nor come to me again, unless supplied with proofs to extinguish my suspicions. I have spoken."

And without giving him time to frame a reply, Yanike walked rapidly away, leaving Ontwa standing irresolute upon the scene of their interview. It was only for a moment, however, that the pause lasted. For a brief space he seemed to be revolving something in his mind, but suddenly he awakened from his reverie, and strode away with quick and lengthy strides in the direction of Effie's prison.

During the long interval which had intervened, Effie had remained in a kind of melancholy stupor, until the return of her captor restored her to the full possession of her senses. She then threw herself upon her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of

supplication that must have moved the heart of any less stern than Ontwa.

"Fear not, daughter of the pale face," he replied, and raising her as he spoke; "I am here not to harm, but to save you. I will not conceal from you that harm is intended, but there is yet time to disconcert their plans. Hesitate and you are lost; put faith in me, and you shall be restored to your friends, unharmed."

"I know not to whom I entrust my safety," she returned, with a bewildered, half grateful look; "but any change were preferable to this. Whoever you may be, and whatever your purpose, I will follow you."

Ontwa's delight at this easy conquest over his prisoner's scruples was so excessive that her suspicions must have been aroused by the singularity of his actions, had not the intensity of her feelings blinded her to everything but her present situation, and the means of averting the catastrophe that threatened. Effie's only consideration was to return to her friends, and she cared not what the means by which she accomplished this end, so that it *was* accomplished. Ontwa's preparations were simple and speedily completed. He made some few arrangements calculated to be conducive to his captive's comforts, and assisting her upon a horse, which he had brought for that purpose, he mounted behind her, and they had soon left the little hut in the forest far behind them.

In executing this manœuvre, Ontwa had been guided by an impulse for which he himself would have been unable to account. The proof demanded by Yanike was not forthcoming, and for the present he had lost all interest in the Indian girl—all his hopes and desires being centred in his white captive, whom he hoped by this movement to make entirely his own. It was his intention to fly with her to some distant spot, beyond the present reach of his tribe, from which by this simple act, he would be outlawed, and there to force her to become the partner of his unsuspected treachery. If she refused, he would take her innocent life, and with the scalp yet reeking in his hands, and some cunningly devised story upon his lips, to account for his absence, return to Yanike, and enforce the fulfilment of her promise. All day they journeyed, pausing occasionally to recruit the wearied limbs of the faithful animal that had borne them thus far upon their way. Effie spoke not a syllable during the ride, and Ontwa was too much enwrapped in his own reflections to seek to dispel her taciturnity. At dusk, the savage built a kind of rude shelter for her, and kindled a fire, to keep off the prowling beasts of the forest, which ranged about them for many a mile—himself keeping watch over her the livelong night. In the morning, he gathered some roots and berries, of which she partook but sparingly, and they were speedily remounted, and on their way.

It was about noon of the day on which these incidents occurred that a party of chevaliers, of English origin, attired in the picturesque costume of the period, and evidently anything but puritanic in their dispositions, from the noise and laughter by which they enlivened their route, might have been seen pursuing the devious windings of the forest, in the direction of Plymouth. It was a bright and sunny morning—one of the loveliest of the season, August,—and birds were twittering gaily amid the rustling foliage; occasionally a deer would dash at full speed across the path, or a frightened hare fled wildly away, alarmed at the unaccustomed sound of voices in the wilderness. Although the leaves were very dense, at intervals a ray of sunlight fell, through the intertwining branches, upon the ground below—having the appearance of a bar of fretted gold. The leader, or chief person of this party whom we have just introduced to the notice of the reader, was a man seemingly not over forty years of age, with long curls of raven black hair hanging thick and loose upon his somewhat rounded shoulders. In countenance he was far from unprepossessing, and in addition to his knowing looks, he wore an ample pair of whiskers, which gave to his lineaments a somewhat jovial appearance. This individual was clad in a velvet jerkin of delicate crimson, with ruffles at the neck and wrist of undisputable whiteness. His trunks were also of velvet, but different in hue, being brown,—while his well turned legs were set off by hose of spotless white. These in their turn were protected by a pair of russet boots, drawn up to the knee, and the head was protected by a broad rimmed hat of black beaver, with a single ostrich feather encircling it. Such was the personal appearance of Sir Arthur Effingham—a nobleman of great wealth, and high personal endowments—but very rash and dissolute, withal—whom the Queen had recently sent over to investigate the affairs of the colony of Northern Virginia, and render her an account of the manner in which things had been conducted during its brief existence. He was, by persuasion, as were those who surrounded him, a papist, and therefore the greater favorite of the Queen, and of course looked with great disdain upon the humble settlers of New England—who did not dress in silks and velvets like himself, and whose mode and form of worship differed entirely from his own—provided he had any.

The persons who rode nearest to Effingham were variously, but elegantly attired, though in a manner hardly so expensive as their leader, and the rear was brought up by several uncouth beings—clad as soldiers; their unpolished mocasins and coarse garments contrasting strangely with the superb attire of their superiors. One among these was deserving of notice—partly from a slight difference in his manner, and partly from a kind of deferential familiarity which he sustained with Effingham, to whom he appeared to stand in the relation of man-at-arms, or head retainer, and by his jests and witticisms managed to sustain the spirits of the party, which seemed exhausted with their long and devious journey.

"By my lady's virtue," exclaimed Effingham, after a short pause, which had succeeded to the general hilarity of the party, "I begin to think that we have mistaken our route; else it is longer than we were taught to believe at starting."

"The longer the merrier, say I," exclaimed Jack Wotherspoon, the esquire last noticed,—“if we can

but luxuriate on such fine venison as this forest hath afforded us, I would be content to seek no other home—that is, providing the red-devils hereabouts would let one alone to do as he listed."

"Well put in, honest Jack," retorted Effingham, with a smile;—"thou hast wisdom, and that not the smallest of thine acquirements. A somewhat rare quality in one whose skill in woodcraft has always exceeded his knowledge in the ways of the world and the doings of human nature," he added, half turning towards his companions. "But I fear, Jack, that all thy boasted wisdom would little avail us, were we beset by an ambuscade of these same red-devils of whom thou speakest so reproachfully. Their mode of warfare is so different from all we have been so accustomed to, that it would require all the science of which thou art master to overcome their arguments."

"And what be those arguments?" asked Wotherspoon.

"A bow and arrow, Jack."

"Pah! A fig for their bows and arrows. With one of these saplings that abound here in such a plenty, I could make an instrument would beat the best of their rude making, and, when wielded by a practised hand, do thrice the execution done by theirs."

"A truce to mirth," said Effingham, becoming grave of a sudden; "our situation is more precarious than we are disposed to allow. I fear that we have lost our guide, who has not been with us for several days past, and we might wander at random about this almost impenious wilderness for many days to come, with no better food than that afforded by the trees and shrubs which line the tangled path, unless some special providence delivers us from our perplexity."

A disconsolate silence fell upon the entire party at these cheerless words, and nothing occurred to break the monotony of their ride, except the trampling of their horses' hoofs, or the shrill cries of some wild bird of the forest. Jack Wotherspoon knew his master's mood too well to thwart it, and thus they continued to progress, without interchanging a word, when, suddenly, the scream of a woman was borne towards them on the breeze.

At the sound Effingham gathered up his reins, and listened for its repetition.

"By all the saints in the calendar, an adventure, my lads!" was his single exclamation; and, dashing down a slight declivity, to whose brink they had come, his example was immediately followed by the rest of the party—not excepting "honest Jack," who was as fond of an adventure as was his master.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESCUE.

A FEW minutes hard riding brought the party to an opening in the forest of considerable extent, and at the farther extremity of which might be seen two figures—the one, apparently that of a woman, kneeling in an attitude of supplication before a half naked figure, of gaunt proportions, whose arm, brandishing some deadly weapon, seemed already upraised to strike.

Quick as the thought, Effingham was at their side; the instrument intended by the savage for his victim

whirled past him so closely as to graze his cheek, and buried itself in the bark of a neighboring tree; almost at the same instant, a blow from Effingham's steel laid the savage prostrate, and Effie Gilbert sank fainting into the arms of Sir Arthur Effingham—who immediately forgot the scene in the beauty of the fair girl whom he had thus rescued, as it were, from the jaws of death.

Few and brief were the words that were spoken; the sun was getting low in the horizon; and there was no time to be lost. From the presence of a white maiden in such a spot, Effingham slightly conjectured that the settlement to which she belonged could not be at any very great distance; he therefore placed the insensible girl upon his crupper, and shielding her from the evening air with his cloak, which had hung till now neglected at his shoulders, he resumed the reins, and retraced his steps, followed by his silent and wondering companions—in whom he had excited no slight degree of envy by the prominent part which he had taken in the adventure.

About an hour before nightfall, the sound of hoofs was heard, approaching from another direction, and Effingham and his companions were rejoiced to find in the new comers a party of their own countrymen. There was one among that party, however, whose delight was still greater—for it involved a father's solicitude for the welfare of his child, and gratitude for her delivery.

An acquaintance was speedily formed between Mr. Gilbert and the elegant Effingham, who had by this time transferred his burthen to the arms of her father, and as they rode they beguiled the way with a recital of the late occurrence, and of various matters relating to the colony.

Midnight soon came, and with it came fresh obstacles to dampen the ardor of our fatigued adventurers. A party of roving Indians had observed for some time the movements of Mr. Gilbert, and had followed closely upon his steps—deputing one of their number to alarm a neighboring village as they went. By this time the entire country appeared to have been aroused, and the dreadful war-whoop of the savages began to resound on every side. Dusky and athletic figures flitted through the dense underwood, and launched their deadly tomahawks at the adventurers, who scarce knew how to repel them—so greatly were they bewildered by their situation. They continued to fight their way, however, with trifling loss, owing to the darkness of the night, and by morning's dawn succeeded in gaining the settlement of Plymouth, long before which time the adversary had left them.

The first proceeding, after Effie had been properly disposed of at her father's house, was to effect the liberation of Walter Shirley. This operation was performed with little loss of time, but it grieved all present exceedingly to observe how sadly altered was his look. His face was pale and strongly marked by lines, showing the effects which his imprisonment had exercised upon his formerly unyielding constitution. His eyes were hollowed out, and his form was greatly shrunken. He scarce seemed to recognize his former friends, and replied coldly and absently even to the greetings of Mr. Gilbert, whose affection for him had been that of a father for his offspring. This they attributed to the exhaustion consequent upon his confinement, and little was said about it. A room was provided for him in Mr. Gilbert's dwelling, and it was

judged advisable to say nothing to him of Effie's recovery until the morning. But they had not judged him rightly; his proud spirit was broken by the humiliating treatment which he had received, and all they might do by way of atonement would not restore him to his former independence.

In the morning, Mr. Gilbert came to his room to conduct him to the side of his betrothed; but Walter Shirley was not there—nor had the furniture of the bed been in any way disturbed, showing that he had fled immediately after retiring, as was imagined, for the night.

CHAPTER X.

THE PROPOSAL.

THE character of the age in which Effingham lived was such, in Europe, that there were few persons of any standing in society that were totally free from moral taint of every description. The court exhibited its full quota of licentiousness, and Effingham's was a disposition liable to be easily led astray. From his earliest youth, in fact, he had been a libertine and a debauchee, and he had not the slightest notion of that scarce and invaluable quality which men call honor. He would avenge a quarrel at the sword's point, and push an affair of intrigue to its uttermost limits; but the finer feelings which actuate and ennoble human nature, in whatever class of society it may be exhibited, were beyond his comprehension.

For some time after his arrival in the colony, Effingham played the gentleman, and was appreciated as such by all with whom he came in contact. By degrees, however, his true nature began to make itself manifest, and at the end of a month he had earned the disgust of the entire settlement at Plymouth. His papist notions did not chime in with their puritanical ones, and as he found that he was getting to be anything but a favorite with the settlers he grew to be ugly and morose, and united with these attributes of character a certain recklessness of disposition, which did not serve at all to increase their prepossession in his favor.

For several days after the adventure detailed in the foregoing chapter, Effingham thought no more of the lovely Effie Gilbert. Finding that little attention was paid to his proceedings he commenced in the settlement a system of dissipation which soon began to be infectious. Several of the younger men of standing fell into his practices, and cards and wine were introduced privately into his apartments, without attracting particular notice. Public attention, however, could not long remain blind to these doings, and on one occasion an illiterate but vanity-stricken son of one of the magistrates came home to his wondering and affrighted parents in a state of beastly intoxication; which so horrified them, that they began to institute inquiries, and by degrees it leaked out that he had been in the habit of visiting Sir Arthur's rooms.

In the meanwhile, Effingham began to pay some slight attentions to Effie Gilbert, who was soon so far advanced towards recovery from the illness into which her misfortunes had thrown her, as to be able to stroll about the garden attached to her father's

dwelling, accompanied by a single servant, and sometimes by a friend of the family. Untaught as she was in the ways of the world, Effie only saw in Effingham a quiet, gentlemanly companion for her walks; in fact, she was too much pre-occupied with her personal thoughts to notice anything unusual in his appearance, or demeanor. She did not for a moment cease to think of Walter Shirley, her love for whom had not in the least degree abated, and his imprisonment on her account, and subsequent mysterious disappearance so preyed upon her mind that it soon became evident to all her constitution was beginning to give way under the repeated shocks which it had sustained. An animated search had been instituted for Walter Shirley, but without result; nor could it be imagined in what direction the unfortunate youth had strayed.

One pleasant afternoon in the Indian summer, Effie had strayed out, as was her wont, in company with her maid-servant, and an armed retainer, to guard her person from harm—although such a precaution was deemed hardly necessary, so little had they been troubled of late by the incursions of unfriendly Indians; she had gone but a short distance, when her meditations were broken by the sudden intrusion of Sir Arthur Effingham, who requested her to dismiss her attendants, or, at least, to withdraw them to a distance, as he had something of import to communicate, respecting Walter Shirley.

Such a request was, of course, immediately complied with, and then, for the first time, the fair girl began to be conscious of the precipice upon which she had been standing.

"You spoke of Walter," she said, as soon as they were beyond hearing; "do you know aught of him? Is he safe—is he well?"

"Both safe and well, dear Miss Gilbert, for aught that I know to the contrary," was his courteous reply.

"How, sir,? can you mean to trifle with me? You said that you had something to communicate respecting him. You cannot reply to my question. How am I to understand you?"

"Excuse me, fairest of girls, if I have ventured to make use of a little *ruse* in order to secure your undivided attention. It *was* of Walter Shirley that I came to speak, but not as you would have me speak of him. Have I your leave?"

"Proceed, sir."

"Briefly, then—for I am soldier as well as civilian, and hate long arguments. Shirley, your former lover, is undoubtedly dead, or he would long ere this have been heard from. It can do you no good to brood over his disappearance, when the reflection will not restore him to your arms; and your perseverance in such a course may seriously retard your worldly advancement."

"I do not understand you."

"Am I so dull, fairest Effie? I will be plainer, then; for on your sweet face I see no frown to check me in the communication I am about to make to you. Effie—Miss Gilbert—I can only say, in further explanation of my meaning, that I love you."

Effie started, as with some inward emotion; and then turned pale and red by turns.

"This proposal, Sir Arthur—so unexpected. Oh! sir!" she exclaimed, bursting suddenly into tears, "you do not know—you cannot imagine the sad condition to which my mind has been reduced, or you

would not talk to me of such a thing—indeed you would not."

"Pardon me. But it is only from an urgent necessity that I unexpectedly addressed you. In a few days—in a few hours, it may be—my presence will be required at a distant settlement, where disturbances are arising; and this may be my last opportunity of speaking to you on earth. Think, dearest Effie—to me you owe your life. Will you not, as some requital for that boon, bestow on me your hand?"

"In vain the question," she replied, sadly but firmly. "My mind, Sir Arthur, is irrevocably fixed, and no earthly consideration possesses the power to move it. My hand and heart have long been beyond my gift, save unto one, and from him it will never swerve, whatever transpires."

"But he is dead—of that there can be no doubt."

"Yes—there *is* a doubt—a weighty doubt, Sir Arthur. But even were I certain that he survived not, the case with me would still remain the same. Alive, or in the grave, my heart will always be with Walter Shirley."

Effingham felt that it would be useless to pursue the subject, so he came to the determination of letting it drop, at least for the present. But he was one not easily set aside, when once he had resolved upon a thing; and while he conversed with Effie upon a thousand different subjects, his brain was revolving the means and most advisable time to renew the attack.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECRET.

EFFINGHAM'S was a nature not very susceptible of discouragement, and it may easily be supposed, therefore, that the refusal of Effie Gilbert did not in any way weaken his views with regard to her. To the contrary, with the difficulties which presented themselves, his ardor became the more intense, and he resolved that he would leave no stone unturned to accomplish the daring scheme which he had concocted. Since his arrival in the little colony, a change had come over its affairs as marvellous as it had been unlooked for. It need hardly be said that this change was not for the better. His papistical tendencies led him to cast constant affront upon the simple puritans around him, and for a while a cloud seemed to have arisen over the prospects of the settlements. The conduct of affairs he had taken almost entirely into his own hands, although in this he exceeded his authority, and evils were introduced which had been before unknown and undreamed of in that vicinity.

In proportion as his master grew in the dislike of the colonists, so did Jack Wotherspoon decrease in public favor; until, with all his boasted good looks, "honest Jack" found it a matter of no small difficulty to carry on the intrigues which he contemplated among the families of the poor members of the settlement.—By degrees, however, he managed to contract an intimacy with a buxom servant-maid, in the service of Mr. Gilbert—from whose acquaintance with Jack sprang certain important results, the nature of which will be made manifest in the course of our story.—Many a warm kiss and many a hot joint, fresh from

the magistrates's larder, rewarded Jack's confidence, at the hands of the fair Moll Partridge—who, of course, saw only in the esquire her future lord and master, and accordingly placed him at once on the most intimate terms of acquaintance with regard to herself. All things of a private nature which might transpire in the Gilbert family went directly to "honest Jack's" ears, and were by him transferred, as a matter of principle, to his master, who did not fail to make good use of them—as the sequel will disclose.

November came, with its chilling winds and gloomy skies, and every preparation was making in the little colony which could render its members comfortable for the ensuing winter. Nooks and crevices were secured, so that not a flaw of air might pierce them, keyholes were protected as well as possible from witches, whose influence was dreaded more than the utmost inclemencies of the season, and provisions stored in barns and granaries, that none might feel the influence of want during the chilly months which were to follow.

On one of the most inclement nights of November, 163—, a stranger, closely wrapped in cloak and hood, an article then in common use among the colonists, stopped before the little wicket which gave admission to the rearward portion of Mr. Gilbert's dwelling, and having knocked a few times upon the wooden lintel, in a tone just audible enough to attract the attention of those within, a female came hurriedly down to the spot, and gave him admittance. It was very dark, and the cautious manner in which they threaded their way through the intricacies of the garden, together with the roundabout manner in which they sought to gain the domicile, now almost hidden from sight by the darkness, was alone sufficient to induce suspicion, had their motions been observed.

Having reached the house, the two entered together, and on gaining the kitchen, the man, throwing aside the cumbrous cloak in which he had been enveloped, disclosed to the ardent gaze of plump Mistress Partridge the well known lineaments of "honest Jack" Wotherspoon.

"Well done, sweet Moll," he exclaimed, as he cast himself into a chair, placed for his convenience in front of the blazing fire which roared and crackled up the capacious chimney; "thine alacrity pleases me; thou dost not keep *thy* swains in waiting, the coldest nights in the year—as do some of whom I trow. But what cheer, my lass? Hast nothing to comfort the inner man but soft looks and kindly greeting?"

"Nay, not so loud, 'squire Jack," she answered, with a look of apprehension towards the door. "Mr. Gilbert, 'tis true, has gone to the public assembly, and will not be back, it is likely, till dawn; but Mistress Effie sleeps not so sound, but that a single tone of thy gruff voice might waken her from her slumbers. Thou shalt have comforts, enow, but have a care for my sake and thine own, Jack. Discovery were not a pleasant thing, methinks."

"As you will, Moll, though I care not for all they can do to me."

Almost unheeding his answer, while Jack stretched his heavy limbs before the fire, Mistress Partridge drew out the great oak table at which the family were wont to take their meals, and immediately placed upon it a capacious joint of venison, adding a pot of ale,—drawn from a barrel which stood in the corner,—by way of refresher.

To this comfortable repast Jack applied himself with right good will, and every drop in the tankard was drained, and a fresh supply brought, before he disposed himself for speech. Then, drawing his chair closer to that of Mistress Partridge, he put his arm familiarly about her waist, and broke the ominous silence which had reigned for some twenty minutes, interrupted only by the noise of Jack's lurching, or the gurglings of the liquor, as it found its way into his capacious reservoir.

"My buxom Moll," he began,—"tis true our acquaintance has been of short duration, but we are not of that slow description who take a month to think over a sentence before the uttering, and already all things are in common, as it were, between us."

Mistress Partridge hung her head, and blushed slightly, in answer to this delicate allusion.

"I have spoken thus," continued Jack, "not without a reason. In fact, I have matters of import to communicate—something that will redound much to thy profit, and mine, if we keep our own counsel. Thou knowest the excitement created by Master Shirley's strange disappearance."

"Aye, do I. 'Twere strange an' I did not—his name, I verily believe, is the only one uttered by the family since his leaving. Poor lad! He was a brave fellow, Jack, and a handsome gallant as ever I laid my two eyes on."

"Well this is not to our purpose; he may be pretty enow for a maiden's pleasure, I grant; but there's one that likes him not overmuch, and would not be sorry if ill should befall the boy."

"Thou meanest thy master, Jack."

"Yes, but no blabbing, Moll. 'Tis thought by most folks I believe, that the youth is dead."

"Well—is it not so?"

"That is a secret, Moll, to all but ourselves; but if not 'neath the sod while we speak, 'tis certain he soon will be."

"Thou meanest no harm to the youth, Jack? Nay—that were unmanly."

"Humph! Policy, Moll, makes us sometimes do things that we like not. But this is wandering again from our path. Listen, and I will reveal to thee a secret will make thee stare. It concerneth thy master, too, and much he would give, I wot, did he know what hath happened this morn."

The burthen of "honest Jack's" story will form our next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

[ORIGINAL.]

Of all the royal show palaces in England, Hampton Court Palace, of which we give above a very finely engraved view, is the most interesting on the score of its historical recollections, and the most profitable to visit on account of the works of art collected there. In that magnificent palace are the Cartoons of Raphael and the Beauties of Charles II.'s dissolute Court. The Palace is comparatively a modern work. It was once a monastery, and is now a show house, and in a few years more it may be an alms-house or a manufactory. It was here that the swelling pride of the haughty Woolsey was displayed. In the most palmy days of his influence—before the passions of his master had developed the fierceness of his will, and the growing tyrant “was young and lusty, disposed all to mirth and pleasure, and to follow his desire and appetite”—he made a bargain with the Prior of Saint John for the manor of Hampton Court. This was in the year 1515. The Lord Archbishop of York very soon changed the character of the place. The poor manor-house was swept away; the rank meadows which skirted the Thames were transformed into curious knotted gardens; a great palace arose, as if by magic, at the bidding of the profuse and tasteful Cardinal; and here, within two years of his purchase of the place, did he surround himself with the pomp of kings, and maintain a state which even the most absolute king had rarely practised.

It has had a good many princely occupants since. In the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, Hampton Court was not associated in any remarkable degree with the regal history. The usual court ceremonies were here enacted, whether the meek Boy-King, the Bigot-Queen, or she of “lion-port,” was

the presiding genius of the place. Each reign added something to the original splendor of the palace. Paul Hentzner, a foreigner who visited England in 1598, and whose “Itinerary” was translated from the Latin by Horace Walpole, thus describes what then appeared to him the most memorable things at Hampton Court:

“The chief area is paved with square stone. In its centre is a fountain that throws up water, covered with a gilt crown, on the top of which is the figure of Justice, supported by columns of white and black marble. The chapel of this palace is most splendid, in which the Queen's closet is quite transparent, having its windows of crystal. We were led into two chambers, called the presence, or chambers of audience, which shone with tapestry of gold and silver, and silk of different colors: under the canopy of state are these words, embroidered in pearl: ‘Vivat Henricus Octavus.’ Here is besides a small chapel, hung with tapestry, where the Queen performs her private devotions. In her Majesty's bed-chamber the bed was covered with very costly coverlids of silk. At no great distance from this room we were shown a bed, the tester of which was worked by Anne Boleyn, and presented by that lovely and accomplished Queen to her husband, Henry the Eighth. All the other rooms, being very numerous, are adorned with tapestry of gold, silver, and velvet, in some of which were woven history pieces, in others Turkish and American dresses, all extremely natural.”

In November, 1838, the noble example was first set of throwing the doors of Hampton Court Palace wide open to visitors of every age and rank. This custom is still continued.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;
OR
THE VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR,

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHAPTER III.

BUSINESS called me to the South. The mariner that has long left his home, his kindred and his all, after years of toil and privation, returns not back with a sweeter pleasure, than that which I felt, when I left my western home to re-visit the scenes of my early life. Mine was not, however, the joy which inspires the mariner's heart,—but it was a *fiend-like* bliss, clutching at the victim ere revenge is glutted, and as the poison feeds on his life, gloating, as he writhes in the fell destroyer's arms. I left my western home, to go South to do a deed,—and I did not go to do it, that men might talk about it. I had no ambition like this, for the feeling that inspired me onward was the more lofty one of self-approval. My heart willed it, my reason approved it, and I was satisfied that I was right. He who looks to man for the approving smiles of his own actions, revels on the brink of a vortex, that soon swallows him in its whirlpool. The fierce lion that roams over the sandy plains of the desert may be caged, the fiery steed that prances on the prairie may be curbed in his wildness, and the hungry wolf that prowls in the midnight hour may be tamed, but man—despiteful man, with revenge rankling in his heart, breaks the chains which bind him, and, like the sweeping tornado, every thing falls before his relentless wrath. There are no limits to his footsteps, no boundaries confining him.

It was a cold day, in the month of February, in the year 18—, that I left my home, chuckling in my heart that at least one would be made soon as miserable as myself. The snow was on the ground, and as the frozen surface cracked beneath the horse's hoofs, the sound that reached my ears told in a language not to be misunderstood, that my revenge was hastening to its consummation. This was a delicious joy, though eventually it would become poison to my soul, it was the food that then sustained it. I left the little village of J— at the early hour of daylight, none knowing my designs, and none knowing my destination. These were secrets too sweet to be divulged—too sacred for any heart to participate in their glowing and rapturous joys. The Nicean barques, that of old returned with the rich merchandise from their long protracted voyages in the golden seas of the East, were not greeted with a more hearty welcome on their arrival, by their friends on the shore, than was I by the spirit of Delia as it smiled upon me on the morning which I left to revenge her wrongs. As a fleecy cloud, floating on the azure concave of heaven, her shadowless hand, white as the driven snow, waved me onwards,—and her liquid eyes, as twin-stars, sent down in long rays of effulgence their approving beams, and as the dew-

drops on the parched flowers, they dropped, to cool my feverish brow, many a fragrant tear. Then I was doubly armed—fortified on every side. Conscience approved, and Delia approved—then what had I to fear!

The way was a long one, more than a thousand miles in length, yet I wearied not in the journey, but hurried on. On the tenth day, after leaving home, a few minutes before I stopped for the night, I felt a suffocating sensation at the heart, a dizziness on the brain, and a chilly sensation creeping slowly along the viens. What did it mean, I asked myself, but no responsive echo replied. The inn at which I had intended staying all night was yet some two miles ahead, and it was impossible I thought to reach it in my present situation. My head still continued to swim, the weight on the heart increased, and I became uncomfortably cold. I met a small boy in the road, and asked him, as I found it quite impossible to go any further, if there was any house near at hand. He pointed to one not a hundred yards distant. It was with difficulty I reached it. The only thing I recollect, after reaching the house, was standing in the portico with a very venerable looking gentleman beside me—and of falling into his arms.

It was about three weeks after stopping there, which I learned afterwards, that I awoke one morning as from a deep and long sleep, and on gazing around the room, my bewildered senses failed to identify a single object with which the mind was familiar. Every thing was strange. The room was about twenty feet square, with a lofty *ceiling*, and very richly furnished. A Turkish carpet encompassed the entire floor, a richly carved dressing glass was suspended in a frame in one corner of the room, while in the other stood a splendid ottoman. The windows were all *curtained* by dark crimson silk, fringed and tasselled, through which the rich beams of the morning sun dimly passed to shed their rich hues on my bed. I lay there, but half awake, wondering at every thing around, and divining the meaning of these things.—Every thing around was a mystery to me. I had probably lain in this dreamy wakefulness some ten minutes, when I heard the faint footfalls of something tinkling on the tufted floor. Without moving my position in the least, I looked in the direction in which the sound was heard, and saw a young woman, of beautiful proportions, looking over some prints which lay scattered about over a marble centre table, that I had not before noticed. She stood with her side to me, and the long *curling* locks shaded almost entirely the part of the face towards me. Her form was beautiful,—and seemed to have that soft, voluptuous cast, in which the virgins of the South are so richly

dressed. It was not long, however, in moving about the table, before her face was fully turned toward me—and O God! never was so much loveliness seen centred before in one being. The first thought that struck me, was, that the spirit of Delia was hovering about me,—but, no, this could not be, for the creature that stood before me, though beautiful as Delia, was unlike her in form, unlike her in every thing, save the surpassing loveliness of her charms. My heart fluttered as I saw her put down the print on which she had been gazing, and come towards the bed. She approached it, and I shut my eyes. I felt the soft touch of her hand, as she placed it on my brow. A thrill of some unutterable sensation, like an electric spark, darted quickly through my soul. I was bewitched—I felt that I was. I heard the heavy footsteps of some one coming into the room. He approached the bed-side, and I heard his voice speak to the maiden. He asked how I was. I heard her call him doctor, and say that I had rested well through the past night. And this I thought was my nurse. O how I would like to be sick again to be nursed by such hands. I felt the doctor feeling my pulse, and I heard the ticking of his watch, and knew that he was counting their pulsations. Long did he feel them, and when he finished, I heard him tell the maiden that the fever had entirely subsided, and that I would be in my senses when I again awoke. Then I had been delirious—been raving perhaps as a madman. I felt that this was so, and thought that in my ravings I had betrayed all of my secrets. This was gall and wormwood to my soul. I heard both of them leave the room, and was again left alone. It was then that I opened my eyes, and every thing looked exactly as they did before I shut them. I half raised myself in the bed, but felt so weak that I fell back again on the pillow quite exhausted with the effort. My head swam round, and it was several moments before I again became composed.

It was more than half an hour that I lay endeavoring to collect my scattered senses, before any one again appeared in the room. I could recollect nothing—every thing was dark after the evening on which I first became sick. I could not account for my weakness, for it seemed that I had been only one night sick. That same almost noiseless footstep was again heard, and on looking in the direction in which the sound was heard, I saw the same form approaching my bed-side. Again I shut my eyes, determining in my own mind, however, to open them before she again left, and find out something about my sickness, and to whose hospitality I had been indebted during my confinement. I again felt the silken touch of her fingers on my brow, and so soon as she took her hand away I opened my eyes, and in full gaze met the dark and liquid lustre of the maiden's. A soft and beautiful tint of carnation suffused her cheeks, and a sweet smile, as beautiful as the first ray of morning, blushed upon her lips, and spreading itself over her face, left its softness in dimples on her cheeks. I endeavored to speak, but she placed her finger on her lips, in token that I should not. She left the room, but returned in a few moments with a small China bowl of chicken broth, out of which she gave me a few spoonfuls, and left with the injunction that I must be quiet until she returned. In about an hour she returned, and after giving me a few spoonfuls more of the broth, retired, as she had come, without speaking a single word. A

servant waited on me during the balance of the day, and I saw no more of her for several days.

It was the third day that I again saw her. My strength had rapidly improved, so much so that I could sit up in the bed without any great fatigue. To the many questions which I had asked the servant, I had received no answer, for he had, invariably, to all of them, shook his head, and with a meaning look, smiled in my face. I had almost concluded that I was bewitched by the *faries*, or had been taken captive by the *genii*, and for my offences had to do penance in the presence of my dumb waiter. Easily could I have borne a long servitude in the presence of the maiden, though her voice spoke never a word, but it was becoming painful to endure the eternal silence of the servant. I was in this mood, when, one evening, I think it was the third one since she had left me, I thought I heard her fairy footsteps on the carpeted floor, and on looking up, discovered that I was right in the conjecture. She approached the bed-side, and after taking a seat in the cushioned chair, gazed into my eyes with the fondness of an old acquaintance. She spoke, and the soft intonations of her voice were like the liquid cadences of the river flowing on a bed of pearls. Never had I heard a voice so full, and yet so soft. She informed me that I had been attacked more than three weeks ago by a brain fever, and that my case for a long time refused to be reached by the skill of the physician. The regular physician had called in two others on consultation, but they gave no encouragement to hope for my recovery. During my sickness she told me that I had raved almost continually, often threatening some one with the severest penalty, and then calling on the name of Delia so piteously, that there would not be a dry eye in the room. After telling me this much, she arose and was about leaving the room, when I beseeched her to remain a little longer, as I had some questions which I wished to ask her, but she told me she would gladly answer them at some other time, but that she would not now. She left the room, and I was again left to solitude and my own reflections.

On the tenth day after my convalescence, I was enough restored to leave the sick room. On leaving it, and looking out on the broad face of nature, O! what a change had been wrought in the appearance of every thing since my confinement. Instead of the cold, wintry sky, and trees bare of their foliage, I looked upon the warm azure of the heavenly concave, and upon the young buds of the trees expanding into life. The rich blossoms of the peach-tree, the plum, and apricot, were shedding their fragrant breath around the beautiful mansion of that hospitable roof, and the young violets were peeping out with modest looks on the soft prospect around. Every thing was delicious—every thing was bright and charming.

I took a seat in the portico, and was fast merging into that soft dreaming quietude which comes upon the senses ere they sink into forgetfulness, when, of all other persons in the world the one whom I most desired to see, approached me, and took a seat by my side. The person was none other than the beautiful maiden that had been my nurse during my looking sickness. She congratulated me on my improved looks, and welcomed me to the hospitalities of the house. She informed me that her father had left more than two weeks before, for New Orleans, on some pressing business, but that he had given instruc-

tions to the family that every attention necessary to my comfort, during my sickness, should be given. I thanked her kindly and most heartily for her attentions—for I was truly grateful—and, through her, most cordially extended my gratitude to the absent father. During that evening's conversation I learned something of their history. General Willoughby (the name of the father) had long been a member of Congress from the district in which he resided, but had at the last election declined suffering his name to come before the people as a candidate. He had been a very prominent member in the House, and by his amenity of manners had won golden opinions from almost every one. His wife, who was in low health, a son and daughter (the beautiful Sulma Willoughby), were the only members of his happy family. His son was at College, and the only members of the family at home were the mother and daughter.

After my convalescence I remained at General Willoughby's nearly a month. He returned home several days before I left, and I found him very intelligent and kind-hearted: it was after the middle of April before I left his hospitable roof. I had altogether recovered my health, and through the benign influence of the charming Sulma, was fast recovering my wonted equanimity and flow of spirits. If I had not altogether forgotten Delia, her name did not as frequently arise on my memory as it used to do. If my heart had not supplied itself with another equally as dear, it did not think of her as often, nor with such affection, as it once had done. Such is human nature—poor human nature!

The night previous to my leaving, being a bright moonlit night, the silvery sheen of this bright goddess of the heavens wooed Sulma and myself from the roof of the house to revel in our young hearts beneath her more gorgeous canopy. Arm in arm we strolled along the stately avenues of the wide-spreading branches of the live-oak, wrapped in our own delicious thoughts. I spoke to her of my misfortunes—and she sighed. I told her of my love for Delia—and she wept. Long did we linger beneath the branches of the oaks, and when we emerged from them there was a light heart within my bosom. The words that I had spoken I recollect not, and those that Sulma had spoken were too sweet to be forgotten—yes, too precious to be told. I had felt her warm breath upon my cheek, and tasted the nectar from her lips.

Having business at home that would need my attention long before I could reach the end of my journey and return, I determined on foregoing, for the present, the business which had taken me away, and return at once home. In doing this, however, I had not given up in any respect my revenge on Henry Leneau, but felt as determined as ever to wreak my vengeance on him at some more fitting time.

About two weeks after I had returned home, among other letters which I received from the post-office, I received the following beloved letter from the adorable Sulma.

ROSEVALE, April 28, 18—.

My Dear Friend,—I have returned from a ride on horseback; it is a beautiful evening, and I have enjoyed a most delightful ride—the setting sun, as he throws upon my window his latest and deepest gaze, seems bright with hope and promise. All around is happy and cheerful, every face is clothed in smiles, save mine, and why mine should not be I know not.

No particular sorrow preys upon my heart—no untold grief is fostering melancholy, and yet I am sad—very sad, yet know not why. But there are hours of melancholy which steal upon me, which often possess with a demon-like grasp this gay and thoughtless heart. I am sad to-night, too sad to wield the pen—too sad to weep, nor can I shake this feeling off.

You told me when you were here your misfortunes—you told me all, and most deeply have I sympathized with you. Half of your grief I hope I have already requited by giving you a heart that is all your own,—and the other half I hope to ease of its sorrow by the most devoted and affectionate regard to your future comfort and happiness. I am blest myself,—blest with your love and deep and undivided heart,—a heart to which mine can speak in the fond confidence of love,—and to which it can cling in devotion and constancy. I am blest, truly blest, nor is my heart ungrateful. No! it could weep itself away in the cherished tears of gratitude and love.

You have given me your heart—'tis all I ask or wish—and as for your cottage home, how much sooner would I share with you the humble cot, than in some princely palace reign the envied mistress of wealth and station, unblest by love. We to each other will be *all in all*, our joy will be rich in the love that can never decay: for sweet content we will spread the feast, and love shall grace the banquet.

Perhaps you may think me a very strange creature, and I cannot deny the charge,—but the time may come, when you may give me credit for virtues, and for less faults than you now do, and in the *wife* you may forget the faults of the *affianced*. You came to our happy home a stranger sick by disease, and in being your nurse I learnt to love you. I have many faults, many faults to which I am no stranger. You told me before you left that you had read my heart. This I doubt not, for I never yet learned to think twice and speak once. I am forever saying something I should not, or doing something I ought not; and though always sorry for it, yet I cannot remember it long enough to profit by the lesson. I cannot improve the future by the past. I have many, many faults, O yes I have, and once was foolish enough to think I could make myself a perfect being, but the day when I thought so has long passed. For every fault that was blotted out I always found two new ones written, until, in hopeless despair, I have sat down discouraged and disheartened.

I have been reading over this letter this morning (a thing I seldom punish myself to do), and am ashamed that I should have written so much foolishness,—and when you receive it, do not be vexed with one that is vexed with herself. I was very unhappy last night, when I finished the opposite page of this sheet, but poured out all my unhappiness in the tears that woman so much loves to shed, and when I sought my pillow it was with a happy heart and a calm spirit. I sank into the sleep of forgetfulness, and awoke in the land of dreams. And O, such a dream as that! Its weary wings are resting on my very soul, and I cannot chase away its heaviness! O that I should dream such a dream! O my God!—and should it ever come true!

I dreamed that I was in the "Crescent City," and arrayed in bridal robes, was hastening with a sad heart and tearful eye (for I dreamed that the presentiment of coming evil was weighing upon my spirit)

to meet at the altar the chosen of my heart. I approached the altar, conducted by a kind and priestly father, trembling, doubting, almost fainting with the agony of suppressed emotion, and stood, unable to raise my eyes from very fear—fear that they might not rest upon you, and O God! I thought if he was not here—if he has thus trifled with this heart (O! the agony of that moment—though a dream, I can never forget it). I stood alone where I had thought to meet you—yes, alone! I felt, though I dared not look up to ascertain for a certainty, until I caught the glimpse of an approaching figure, and then I raised my eyes—but O, upon what an object did they rest! A masked figure!—so closely enveloped that I could not distinguish whether it were a man or woman. My heart was chilled to freezing, and life seemed about to depart from my pulseless bosom, as that mask and cloak were suddenly dropped, and the figure of a woman, with a glittering dagger, gazed upon me with the malignant smile of triumph and revenge. I tried in vain to speak, to move—I could not. My head grew dizzy, and was about to fall, when with a shriek that penetrated my very soul, she exclaimed, "He is mine, and *this shalt thou wed;*" and with those dreadful words the fatal dagger rested in my bosom, and kneeling beside me, she smiled to see the heart she had pierced send forth its deep current upon the bridal robes. O what a dream!

I was telling you my dream of last night, and did not get through, when my paper gave out—but yet I don't believe I will say any more about it. I am afraid you will laugh at me, indeed I know you will, but I could not help it, and do not conceive why I should have such a strange dream. I know you will laugh at me, and chide me for remembering it, or thinking that it can possibly mean any thing. But if you should ever smile at any foolish words of mine you read, never tell me of it, for I should be wretched indeed. O never laugh at me for any thing I say or do,—promise me this, and never wound the heart that loves you so deeply, that is yours so unreservedly, and I will be so happy! Will you promise this, and pardon me for asking you. I know you will always have much to forgive, the natural result of a nature so impulsive and thoughtlessly frank,—but O, when I do wrong, tell me of it kindly, and I will bless you with the prayers of a grateful heart.

Hoping that you have entirely recovered from your late indisposition, I am,

Very affectionately yours, ever and ever,
SULMA WILLOUGHBY.

This letter made me very happy. To be blest by the love of one as beautiful as a Hebe and graceful as a Venus, was a something more priceless than wealth. I could not contain myself; as the bounding roe, I leaped for very joy. What strange causes bring to man's heart strange effects. A few weeks ago there was nothing in life that promised any thing for which I could live, but O! how changed is the scene

since! Now, every thing is bright before me! The notes of the wild-bird, that I loathed to hear, have in them all that is sweet and musical. The sunshine, as it played through the ruffled leaves of the trees, making trembling shadows on the plaited grass below, which once had scarcely a charm for me, is now looked upon with delight and pleasure. The muffled stream, as it spouted its crystal waters from some coral cave, had no more of beauty in its looks, nor music in its voice than the slimy water in the ditch, is now blessed with the charms of brightness and the voice of the siren. These changes all have been effected in a few short weeks—and I am happy, very happy. The name of Delia has almost passed away like a something which has scarcely left a memory. But she shall be revenged, not by an assassin, but an honorable man, meeting man in deadly feud. The villain that insulted her I know is not entitled to these courtesies, yet I will extend them to him. He must and shall fall, but not by the hand of an assassin, but in a combat recognized by the laws of honor. When this is done, the spirit of Delia being revenged, on the wings of LOVE I will hasten to the bower of Sulma, and in her find all that I have lost in the departed Delia.

CHAPTER IV.

In the batch of letters received on the day on which I received the one from Sulma Willoughby, were three others,—from three of the most distinguished poets in America. The first one which I opened was from Professor Longfellow, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This gentleman is the professor of modern languages in the college at that place,—and stands deservedly high as one of the most accomplished and ripe scholars in that literary institution—the Harvard University. Professor Longfellow has travelled much on the European continent,—especially in the Germanic confederation, and from the peculiar people there, he caught something of their manners and their affectation. This, however, is more in their *tone* rather than in any servile imitation. He has too many resources of his own (mentally) to need those of others. The charges that have been brought against him, of *stealing* the finest ideas of his works from German authors, are so unfounded as to need no replication in this place. His letter was as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 17, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR.—Your favor of February 28th ult. did not reach me till yesterday. I beg you to accept my thanks for your expressions of regard. I feel sincerely happy when I hear that anything I have written from my own heart finds a response in another's. I feel this to be the best reward an author can receive; as his highest privilege is to speak words of sincerity to those who in sincerity will hear them.

Reciprocating your good wishes,

Very truly yours,

Henry W. Longfellow

The chirography of Mr. Longfellow is remarkably good, bold, and with every degree of *proportion*. The signature gives a just conception of the writing. The man who writes as he does will never send anything into the world half finished,—for the glowing richness of his fancy could not conceive in *abortion*. His style is purity itself. There are no extraneous thoughts, no embellishments, but all is rigidly simple. His poetry *rings* on the ear like the grand and solemn voice of the organ. It is not *wishy-washy*, but strong, vigorous and compact,—almost every part alike good, and none but what is of a high order. His "Psalm of Life" is one of the most beautiful compositions in the English language.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The MSS. of the Toddlebar family had become so disfigured by dampness in this place that it was with difficulty it could be deciphered. In some places the writing had entirely faded, and only a word here and there, and often so far apart that it was impossible at all times to make out the meaning. The words "Spanish Student" are discovered in one place, but the *critique* of more than a page is entirely obliterated. As I have but little doubt that the MSS. contained a very learned dissertation on the above beautiful poem, the loss of his reflections on this subject is much to be regretted. The "Spanish Student" is certainly a very beautiful composition so far as mere sentiment is concerned, but is a work of very feeble construction and of no dramatic power. Mr. Longfellow is unquestionably a very fine painter, so far as his own *individual* eye is concerned, but he ever fails to *transmute* into his writings the *individual* character of another. All is Longfellow—every echo being only a reverberation from his own voice. His *forte* is certainly not in dramatic writing.)

The next letter, the seal of which I had the honor of breaking, was one from that remarkable man, Edgar A. Poe. He is a *sui generis*, and in many respects one of the most remarkable man in the country. Mr. Poe was born in Virginia in the year 1811, and was adopted by a grand-uncle of his, a Mr. Allen, with whom he quarrelled, and left most abruptly his uncle's roof for the shores of Greece. He was only then in his fifteenth year. By some *mishap*, instead of landing in Greece, the first place he found himself after leaving home was in St. Petersburg, Russia. How he came there, the *fates* and *himself* only know—and how he got back, our Diplomatic Minister can best tell. I have often thought how it was possible (and with this *query* have often perplexed my brain) for a man to leave the United States, to participate in the glories of the Greek revolution, and immediately find himself, in the high northern latitudes of Russia. It was so, however, in the case of Mr. Poe,—and the distinction which he no doubt would have won in the land of Themistocles was *balked* by his untimely arrival in the capital of all the Russias,—the land of Peter the Great. To this strange freak of fortune American letters have been greatly indebted, however,—for had he landed in Greece, the impetuosity of his nature, like that of Byron's from the same causes, might have fell under the same influences.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It will be necessary to mention here, for the better explanation of some of the above passages, that the American vessel which took Mr. Poe out was *originally* bound for Liverpool, where he himself was to re-ship for Greece. After leaving New York, the captain, he being owner of the cargo himself, changed his direction, and instead of going to the place where he had agreed to land Mr. Poe, sailed directly for St. Petersburg. This is the true version of the affair, and the only one to be relied on, for I have had it myself from the mouth of Edgar A. Poe.)

The one hundred tales of the "Grotesque and the Arabesque" are the most remarkable ever written by one man of any in the English or any other

language. Each tale is perfect in its every part, and so unlike any of the others that each might bear the *paternity* of any other man of equal genius without detection. The "Murders in the Rue Morgue," in the way of tracing the effect to its cause, in the palpably obscure and shadowy distinctness, are superior to anything, in the way of a tale, that has ever been written in America. The "House of Usher" is also a grand and sombre building, made up of shadows, but all of its outlines are so distinctly seen that these *phantasmagorias* may be mistaken for realities. The intellect of Mr. Poe is of that order which never *obscures* his subject,—but out of the most misty subject he will make every thing plain,—and from the impalpable obscure he will give the obscure palpable. The letter which I received from him was in the following words:

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your kind letter of the 21st ult., and hasten to reply.

It is my firm determination to commence the "Penn Magazine" on the first of January next. The difficulties which impeded me last year have vanished, and there will be now nothing to prevent success.

I am to receive an office in the Custom House in this city, which will leave me the greater portion of my time unemployed, while, at the same time, it will afford me a good salary. With this to fall back upon as a certain resource until the Magazine is fairly afloat, all must go well. After the elections here (2d Tuesday in this month,) I will issue my new prospectuses and set to work in good earnest. As soon as printed, I will send you some. In the meantime, may I ask you to do what you can for me? Every new name, in the *beginning* of the enterprise, is worth five afterwards. My list of subscribers is getting to be quite respectable, although, as yet, I have positively taken no overt steps to procure names.

It is my firm intention to get up such a journal as *this* country, at least, has never yet seen.

Truly your friend
Edgar A. Poe

If Mr. Edgar A. Poe should devote his leisure hours to the cultivation of his poetic genius, there is no man in America that would be half his equal. He has all of the ingredients of a great mind—a poetical fancy and a high imagination—not so much as Shelley had—for, as the great minstrel of Ireland once said, he had enough to make twenty respectable poets. The temperament of Poe is subdued—his impulses brought down as subjects to his reason,—the man has been swallowed up in the circumstances of his destiny.—Notwithstanding all of these things, there is no man living, be he whom he may, of the high order of genius, half the equal of the author of the beautiful poem of "Lenore." I speak these things advisedly, knowing what I say, and defending what I believe. His powers of analysis are unequalled,—a rare faculty in the mind of a poet—a gifted organization that nature has not thought proper to bestow on the *many*.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The MSS. of the Toddlebar family are so *mildewed*, that it is impossible to make out in this place the meaning of our author. I have but little doubt but what the literary world has lost every thing that is great and glorious in the

opinions of this celebrated author. I should like to have seen his opinions of the "Raven" and "Ullahana," the two most remarkable poems ever published on this continent. Miss Barrett, who, it is known, is a poetess of some distinction in England, speaks of the "Raven" as the most remarkable performance of an American. I beg leave, however, to dissent from her opinion, not from malice, nor for any other thing incompatible with a sheer sense of justice, but from the known fact that she is an old maid, and wishes to marry. Notwithstanding the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant has had a great many admirers like N. P. Willis, I am solemnly impressed with the belief, that, since the days of Shelley, no man, dead or alive, has written a poem of half the artistical merit of Ullahana. Mr. Poe is yet quite a young man, comparatively speaking, and should he devote his leisure hours to the worship of Urania, for she seems to be his favorite muse, there is no telling to what high distinction he will arise.—There is no truth in the old *idea*, and common observation proves it, that the imagination decays with the passing away of years. Of the celebrated Bacon, of the epoch of Queen Elizabeth, it is said, in his old age, his imagination, instead of becoming weak, increased in intensity, and, like the glorious sunset, became larger at its setting. Milton, too, although in his Tracts,—his fugitive writings,—he had an *inkling* for the creed of Mahomet, or that part of it that impresses on the mind a multiplicity of wives, in his old age became the most remarkable poet of the world. In his decrepitude,—when it is believed that the faculties are all decayed,—the poetical one especially, blind and infirm, he dictated to his daughter the poem of "Paradise Lost." Dryden, too,—old glorious John, as he was called in the mis-called pseudo commonwealth of England—translated Virgil after he was sixty years old. With these *exemplars* before the mind of Edgar A. Poe, with a genius bright and clear as the noon-tide sun, if he wishes to become the *Byronian* temple at which scorn levels its arrows, the only thing which he has to do is to despise the opinions of man, and devote his time to the worship of his own high *genius*.)

The next letter which I had the honor of opening, was from the distinguished poet of Arkansas, Albert Pike—the man whom Professor Wilson, (old glorious Christopher North) lauded to the skies. And who is this celebrated Editor of the Edinburgh Miscellany? Although a man of high order of mind, like Sir Walter Scott, he is a dape of *Victoria Regina* or *Georgius Rex*. Mind is independent of place or quality, and he who thinks to make it subservient to these things is *reckoning without his host*. Albert Pike, in person, is the best representative of the olden gods of whom he has sang of any of whom I have seen—and with his form towering above common men, he seems the APOLLO BELVIDERE of the gods. Such is Albert Pike, the poet, and WOULD-BE United States Senator for the glorious State of Arkansas. The letter which I had the honor of receiving from him was in the following words, *videlicet*:

LITTLE ROCK, MARCH 9, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to inform you that the grief expressed in "Isadore" is entirely imaginative—suggested by reflections running through my brain as to what I should do and feel, if I *were* to lose my dear wife, who, thank God, is spared to smile upon me, in so good health that I have no ground to apprehend she will be taken from me, to leave my pleasant home desolate and my little ones motherless.

I had hoped for your candid opinion of "Isadore," of which, sincerely, I have but a poor opinion of my own.

I wrote a poem once entitled "Ariel." Did it ever meet your eye? It is the best thing I ever wrote, but it was published in a paper of little circulation—and so the world knows naught of it. I would really like to get it republished somewhere. It is somewhat long too.

Give me a long letter at your earliest convenience, and believe me, sincerely,

Yours truly
Albert Pike

The Acanthus that entwines its tendrils around some Grecian pillar, fallen from a temple dedicated to the Gods, represents, in the *greenness* of its foliage, the classic mind of the author of the "Hymns to the Gods." He has been a tenant in the wild woods,—he has hunted the Buffalo for a recreation,—and has made himself familiar with the spotted fawn of the mountains. The chirography of Mr. Pike, if not clearly represented in his signature, gives a just conception of the uniformity of his *writing*. No man that writes as he does can be devoid of genius,—and the State of Arkansas should be proud of such an inhabitant. Such is Albert Pike, the *poor boy*, who in his wanderings from Santa Fe, to find a *foothold* on the footstool of God's green earth settled himself a-down in the wilderness of forest that skirted the green banks of the Arkansas river. The idiosyncracies of his mind are plainly developed in his chirography.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The MSS. of the Toddlebar family having become defaced by the *mildew* of that invisible agent called *dampness*, I take this occasion to assert that Mr. Pike (although of a high order of talents) is not entitled to a crown of *poesy*. If imagination, as has been contended, is the highest order of poetic temperament, Mr. Pike falls far short of the standard. He is undoubtedly a man of talents, and that of a high order; but I have always had my doubts whether or not the Gods had beseeched to him the *divine afflatus*.)

I come now to the note of Henry Clay, written with an eye to the *discrimination of personal character*. This tall son of Anak,—of the F. F. V.,—and O God! tell me who are the *first families* of *Virginia*!—I know not, and indeed I care not. In 1844, and previous to that, I took no active part in any election, for the *great* reason that God, in his proper wisdom, had not thought proper, at a *proper time*, according to the laws and constitution of the United States, to bring me into a world of pain and sorrow. The letter which I had the honor of receiving from him is "brief as woman's love," and is embodied in the following paragraph, to-wit:

ASHLAND, 13th June, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in complying with the request, made in your letter of the 6th instant, for my autograph.

I am respectfully
Yours obed^t servant
H. Clay

The *idiosyncracies* of Mr. Clay's mind are vigor and force of *literary* style. His chirography comprehends clearly all these things. There is depth, breadth, and *proportion* in his *writing*. Notwithstanding that he is *dubbed* the great *letter-writer* of the United States, he is superior to ridicule, or any of these concomitants. Although he has suffered himself to become the *tool* of a party, he has too much of genius to remain long in this *thralldom*. Whatever may be the faults of Henry Clay, he is a man of too high an order of mind to become the dupe of a congregated world. He has, in an eminent degree, boldness and independence of character. In him we find much of the glowing and *compact* eloquence of a Cicero, with all the *daring* fancy of the indomitable Demosthenes. Although we shall never "look upon his like again," he is one of the most remarkable men in the annals of our time.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The humid atmosphere of this great Valley of the Mississippi, has so destroyed the MSS. of the Toddlebar family, that it is impossible to decipher what follows. That Henry Clay is a great man, there is no one so presumptuous as to gainsay. But with all his admirable qualities, he has stooped to the homage of inferior minds, which makes him less in the admiration of the *human family* than he is justly entitled to.

With these remarks I take leave of Henry Clay, now and forever.)

The insult given to Delia DeSaussure by Henry Leneau, has again seized upon my mind, and I must be gone to revenge her injured *manes*. In the code of honor, whatever may be its peculiar creed, I am determined to make one mortal account with his blood for the insult given to her remaining friends. Again, I am full of her love, and the one that dares to gainsay my right to the deepest affection of her *sainted mind*, is the veriest fool that God has ever created. I know that God creates a thousand fools for one sensible man,—and in this he shows his wisdom,—for God never intended the salvation of the *many*. My old love has come again, and I am the slave of Delia DeSaussure, the *maiden sainted* in heaven. The next time that you hear from me, my hands will be so deeply involved in blood that nothing can wash the stains from them. With these remarks, incoherent as they are, dear reader, in the solitude of your mind, be so good as to refer to the next chapter, for many things that will interest you in the same degree that the previous chapters have done.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT'S TRIP ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

[ORIGINAL.]

MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT, when at the age generally called of maturity, determined, despite the admonitions of his friends, to visit America. He did visit that land of milk and honey, and—but we'll see what he did while here. Like other distinguished foreigners, he resolved to write a book; and on the morning after his arrival, commenced a terrific tirade upon America and her institutions, and the vice and vanity of the great metropolis, as developed in his ride from the ship to his hotel. The article, if finished, would doubtless have incited a war between Germany and this unfortunate country; but luckily his stock in trade was exhausted before he reached the second page. After ascertaining the best method of examining the internal resources of the country, which information he gleaned from a young gentleman attached to the steamboat interest on the North River, he concluded to proceed to the magnificent city of Harlem, situated on the river of the same name, about eight miles from New York, and inspect its public buildings and places.

His young friend volunteered to call a cab to take him to the depot of the railroad, and almost contemporaneous with his offer the cab drove up to the door. It was not what might be designated a stylish cab, but, as the steamboat devotee remarked, "it was a cab as was made for use, not to look at." Mr. S.,

after looking through the door-window to see if he had forgotten anything, proclaimed himself



READY FOR A START.

The young man upon the box had apparently been watching with a sick person the previous night, for his eyes were terribly inflamed, his gait feeble and unsteady, his voice incoherent and weak, and his language peculiarly indicative of a disordered mind. In fact he was compelled, after mounting the box, to "go around the corner to the drug store and get some eye-water;" after the application of which he seemed somewhat better, and able to assume the reigns of government.

In half an hour everything being ready, they prepared to go.

The cabman and horse, after a long consultation, during which various inducements were held out to the latter to move, without any effect—he merely answering nay to all propositions—at last came to blows.

The horse, being of an amiable disposition, and not wishing to have any words on the subject, very peaceably laid down till the other's wrath should subside, and it was only after a violent remonstrance from three policemen and a continual use of numerous two-inch plank, that he was reinstated to his former position in society. Suddenly, as if to assure them that he was willing to accede to their wishes, he started off very rapidly, and after following a track which might consistently have been laid for the letter Z, managed to check very materially the progress of a cab proceeding in another direction. "They met, 'twas in a crowd," and exemplified, pictorially,



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Without waiting to hear the opinions of the gentlemen in the other cab, though they were personally directed to himself, the cabman applied the lash to his now furious steed, and immediately commenced the Utopian task of annihilating space. Away sped the infuriated beast—onward and still on he kept his course over cobble stones as well as cobblers, wooden blocks as well as blockheads, Russ pavement and rusty pavement, till his mission below, like Time's, seemed endless. At last, however, he came to a stand—an apple and confectionary depot on the corner of the street, and like John Van Buren, Mike Walsh, and Gen. Leslie Combs (we mention all names as we are perfectly non-committal in politics), took the stand for a knock-down argument so materially, that the vender presented spoilation claims to the driver. His sudden propulsion against an iron fence having now effectually stopped his gait, he presented to view a truthful picture of



DOWN AT THE MOUTH.

But it was only for a moment. With an energy peculiar to strong minds and energetic animals, and particularly noticeable in eccentric authors and able-bodied circus horses, he, like a quadruped Phoenix, rose from the ashes, and signified by actions, rather than words, his intention of making a day of it, and proceeding on his journey. But here he calculated without his host. The partially-inebriated gentleman upon the box, having been at first thrown into a doze by the gentle undulating motion of the cab, was, by the unexpected rencontre with the iron fence, brought to a sense of his "peculiarly perplexing predicament." With cabman-like instinct, he saw that a check upon his rein would be of no service to him (Louis Philippe had experienced something similar attended with no beneficial results) and he boldly resolved to put his shoulder to the wheel and stop the revolution instantaneously. No sooner said than done. Before the horse could recover from the shock occasioned by the little *emoute* between himself and the fence, he seized him by the head, and, while the animal was vigorously persisting in his endeavors to run upon the bank,



PRESENTED HIS CHECK.

It was duly honored, very much to the relief of Mr. Johannes Schmidt, who was now gesticulating violently, and with outstretched arms endeavoring to save himself.

"Sare," said he to his young friend upon the box, who was consoling himself with a huge quid of tobacco as a sort of *quid pro quo* for his exertions in the cause of his passenger, "sare, what for you lift de diable in dis mannare? I vish, sare, to be rode upon the rail, and sale insiste upon your driving dis animale at de very top of his speed."

"Well, old feller," said Jehu, quite composedly, "don't fret about it, for we'll be in time. This 'ere hoss, owing to the recent troubles in Ireland, and the great scarcity of provisions in consequence of the famine there, isn't in quite as good working order as usual. But the suppression of the recent disturbances in Europe having rendered the money market easier, provender, as a matter of course, will go down, and then you know there is, according to Mr. Greeley and other reformers, a good time coming."

To say that this was all *Dutch* to Mr. Schmidt would be wrong. It was all *English* to him, and the consequence was he didn't understand a word of it. But finding that his remonstrances were of no avail, he quietly settled himself down in his seat and stoically resolved to bide his time. Mr. Schmidt was unquestionably a philosopher. His friend on the box was decidedly a humorist, and where humor and philosophy go hand in hand there need be no fear for the result.

It would be useless to trace out the route our two heroes followed on their way to the depot. It would be folly to follow them in their sinuous windings through lanes, courts, high ways and by-ways. The ambitious spirit of the juvenile Jehu prompted him to undertake the accomplishment of impossibilities and

drive a four wheeled carriage over a portion of the street subject to repairs. The consequence can easily be foreseen. The impetus acquired by a very swift gait was insufficient to carry them safely over the Rubicon, and the animal of course



PROVED A DEFAULTER.

Here we would pause a moment but that the horse anticipated us by doing the same. Like or unlike Napoleon, (we forget which just now, but it makes no difference, as probably all the readers of Holden will know,) he had advanced to a position without calculating upon a retreat, and consequently remained perfectly impervious to every citation of the driver to proceed. Go on he could not, go back he would not, and the very natural consequence was he remained *in statu quo*, staring danger in the face. Like the western settler upon uninhabited land, he at last *squatted*, very much to the discomfiture of the driver and positive ill will of the unfortunate Schmidt.

As the novelists say, the rage of Mr. Schmidt is easier imagined than described. With a very perceptible determination of blood to the head, he addressed his young friend on the box in a strain of jocular rage, not calculated to cement the bonds of friendship between them.

"Sarc," said he, "you be one vere big, big-vat-do-you-name de animal with de long ears—donkee, ay, de donkee, and I vill ave de satisfaction."

The imperturbable youth turned slowly about, "more in sorrow than in anger," and calmly replied, "My friend, I easily discern that you are an outsider. With all due deference to your distinguished position in society, allow me to remark that your remarks exhibit

but a partial acquaintance with the English language. Under those circumstances, total silence, which would render you oblivious to comment, should be your choice."

"I no comprehend vat you mean," retorted Mr. Schmidt, "but vill you drive me to de vat-you-call-'em de top of de road."

Only one way of escape remained to them, and that was quickly decided upon. The youth, having taken the horse from the carriage, undertook to back the latter out of the difficulty, and Mr. Schmidt volunteering to lead the mercurial animal out, they were soon under way again. Afar off in the distance was seen the splendid depot of the road from Harlem, (*as a perspective view*), and the sight was a grateful one to their eyes. Suddenly was heard the deep tones of the bell telling them that the hour for the departure of the train was near, and the sound infused new energy into their movements. Away sped the horse, away sped the jovial youth upon the seat, away sped Mr. Johannes Schmidt, with double, ay, treble the speed of the cars themselves. Old gray-headed men, pale cheeked girls and ruddy youths fled before them like brick dust before the wind, and ere the horse-power of their locomotion was ready for a start they triumphantly drove up to the door. Their goal was reached but only by the



MOST STRING-ENT MEASURES.*

B. BLANQUE.

*Owing to our inability to procure the engravings we are reluctantly compelled to omit the remainder of this tale till next month. We shall in the January No. give an account of Mr. Schmidt's visit to Harlem, illustrated with some six or eight very humorous engravings, illustrative of the peril and inconvenience of railroad travelling. It will be a most amusing and readable account of a day's adventure in the cars, and we can recommend it to all who wish to enjoy half an hour of pleasant reading.

DECEMBER.

BY A. FELLOE.

[ORIGINAL.]

Departing leaves—despondent bowers—
Depictured gloom—decaying flowers—
Decanted ice in any given form;
Delighted, he with snowy wings,
Deums and solos constant sings,
Determined braves the storm.

Deserted are the pleasant fields,
Departed bloom which perfume yields,
Despoiled, and all the worse for wintry wear,

Despairing fowls in silence sit,
Desirous never more to flit,
Decidedly opposed to wintry air.

Delectable to me are yet thy joys!
Defeated clans of snow-balled, ragged boys
Deploying toward me—Ah! I do remember!
Dear me! Though hail, and sleet, and snow abound,
Depart not yet! In thee much peace I've found
Deserving praise, I'll give it thee—December!

TALKS WITH YOU—ABOUT MOUNT HOPE AND OTHER BURIAL-GROUNDS.

BY EVANGELINE SCROGGS.

[ORIGINAL.]

I WOULD fain hope that you, who are turning over the pages of Holden to-day, will not, when you glance at my title, pass by this *talk on burial-grounds*. For now there is no gloom in my heart, and I would not address myself alone to the heavy-laden with grief, the sad, and the comfortless, and the life-weary. I do not come to speak to you in a doleful manner of doleful things. Solemn, certainly *always* solemn, oftentimes saddening, are our visits to the voiceless "cities of the dead;" but it is a soothing, a grateful solemnity that overspreads one's mind as he wanders amid the quiet paths, in the pleasant shade of the gardens, where are gathered the flowers of numberless households!

And it is besides a particularly pleasing remembrance which is haunting my memory now of the visit I made to Mount Hope during the last mid-summer. With two of my dear young friends I was sojourning for a few days at the house of a "well-beloved," who resides in a lifeless village on the banks of the Great Canal.

During one of these too few days we found ourselves comfortably gathered in the carriage of the place, (which wagon by the way rejoiced in the *Christian-name* of Lumber!) with our faces bent Rochester-ward. A burning August sun looked down with the warmest and most loving smiles imaginable upon us—and numberless fathoms of dust and sandy soil lay beneath, but we went on our way rejoicing, with as merry hearts as are often gathered together. About noon-day we found ourselves entering the great gate-way of Mount Hope. On passing this entrance, the main road diverges almost immediately—that to the right winding gradually to the summit of the highest point—that to the left is more gradual still in its ascent, and takes in among its windings, what is called the "new tunnel." This tunnel has been newly formed—it is large in its circumference, and very beautiful. A foot-path winds to the bottom, and along this path there are many graves, and at the extreme point, at the foot of the tunnel, also, there are tombs; and a more lovely, desirable place for burial one cannot well conceive. There is greenness and freshness everywhere in this beautiful home of the departed—noble forest trees, bushes, and flowers, and moss, and the green grass beneath your feet, like to which *man* springeth up, but fadeth away speedily, and is cut down, and withered!

Greenwood, Laurel Hill, and Mount Auburn, I have never visited. Mount Hope I suppose to be inferior to these in point of the richness, and beauty, and *number*, (alas! that this latter should be counted as a *defect*,) of its monuments. But as far as natural beauty is regarded, Mount Hope I fancy cannot be surpassed. I do not know its exact extent—but the multitudes now buried there seem, if I may so speak, but as scattered inhabitants of the wilderness, and it is a strange, sad thought, what myriads *will* make there their last earthly home!

I have said it was in mid-summer that I visited this place. The skies were almost cloudless, and that heavenly quiet which seems so especially to mark this season of the year, never brooded over my senses so delightfully before. Once, and once only I heard the notes of a bird; how vocal this place must be in the spring-time with the music of the dear birds of the wild wood! It seemed strange when I thought of the little creatures building their nests so busily in the branches overhead while the leaves were freshly budding—of their bringing forth their young in early summer time, and teaching them to use their weak, almost useless wings—and of how, after a few weeks, these same nests would all be well nigh deserted—but a few remaining in their old homes to sing in those quiet places, of the fullness of their joy—it seemed strange to think how silently the night must fall over this Mount, when the voices of the birds, and the grasshopper, and the locust, are hushed, and only the silent, ever-shining stars looked through the trees upon those many graves—it seemed strange to think of the drawing nigh of Autumn, who would send away all the merry tenants of the trees and of the grass, and wind her sad livery around all Nature's living things—but strange still, and oh how cheerless the thought of the coming storms, the rains, and snows of winter—of the freezing winds—the frost-bound graves, the dull and hopeless skies—the sad, chill sunlight—and only those white monuments standing upon the Mount as ghosts of the departed, remaining ever the same! I say all this seemed strange to me, for beneath us, and around us on every side, were the graves of numberless passions, and loves, and desires, and ambitions; the graves of multitudes of men and women, and children, who have perhaps stood and thought what I was thinking then—of how wondrously beautiful, and perfect, and strange withal, are the works of our Creator! The passions, the hopes, and the desires, still for aye, as ours will likewise be ere long—but still the birds will sing, the flowers bloom—and summer and winter come and pass away! *is it not strange?*

As we passed on through the great roads, and through the smaller paths which led us higher and higher up till we came to the very "pinnacle," as we looked forward, and below us on the busy city, with its thousands, and on the distant lake beyond, not a sound of human life reached our ears, the labor of man, the business of the world could not find even a faint echo *there*! And for one brief moment it seemed to me as though I stood on Purgatory heights, gazing, oh not beneath and around me, to discover *our* promised land—but upward, upward through the immeasurable realms of space, upon the glorious gates of Heaven which *alone* shut out the splendors of that land which *the spirit whispered to me* lay beyond!

The "valley of the shadow" through which we must all pass before we come to that promised land! we *cannot* but think upon it at times with dread. There is much to make death a pleasant thought if we but

remember the "bright inheritance," and the "exceeding weight of glory"—there is much in the thought of a POSSIBLE *ultimate* PERFECTION that commends itself especially to every soul that pants for good—but we *cannot* drive away at all times the gloomy phantom which *will* herald in thoughts of the dissolution of all natural ties—and a departure *alone* on that wide sea over which we must be wafted to the eternal shore by the breath of "the Destroyer!" There is a fountain of grief which in every human heart is at one time or another most deeply stirred, perhaps never *more* deeply than when we have heard the rustling of *this* dark wing, and seen this shadow settling over a form beloved. There is a hope that to the Christian maketh death oftentimes *joyous*; alas! and there are woes, and wrongs, and sorrows, that *also* make him a welcome visitant!

Numberless were those graves around, beneath, and above us,—and beside each one the mourners have gathered,—and loving hearts have agonized, and bitter tears have fallen, and groans been uttered! Beside some of those mounds there were no monuments, not even the commonest tomb-stone—there is no memorial to tell the stranger who is sleeping quietly beneath. Yet I could not think these were neglected or forgotten graves. No, for the sod was green over them—the shadows of the trees fell kindly there—the wild flowers blossomed round—the near of kin may be far from those slumbering in those nameless graves—but Nature has not forgotten them, neither will Nature's God!

The dews of heaven—those tears the stars have wept—and the tears of the children of earth have commingled, and gathered, precious jewels in this great "treasure-house"—how green they kept the sod! Love seems emphatically to have made in places such as this her constant abiding place—and there is nothing more convincing of the universal, wide-spread nature of this divinest sentiment, than one visit to any burial-ground. Love for the dead! There is a peculiar and touching holiness in its very nature! it makes even the faults which characterized the spirit of the departed one, if things to be ever spoken of, to be mentioned with *almost* reverence, and *ever* with most forgiving tenderness. Love has planted by those graves, and by almost every grave in the wide universe, flowers which elsewhere bloom not with such *sacred* richness. Love, by the tombs of the humble children of earth, has raised the memorial of wood or stone; and it is also Love which has reared the proudest monuments "to the memory of the dead." If Pride has ever aught to do with perpetuating the names of the departed, it is with a "still small voice" she speaks, prompting to most noble and commendable acts.

A portion of this cemetery (as I suppose is the case in every extended burial-ground) is set apart for the interment of strangers, and of the very poor, who have not elsewhere to lay the head when the long sleep overtakes them. And a not ungrateful thought must it be to them whose life is a continued, joyless strife, that after the day of privation, and hunger, and wrong, and sorrow, and the unending distress is passed, and the night is come wherein no man can work, that they may also lie down and "slumber soft" in that peaceful home—a tenant whose right there may never be questioned! Tenderly, lovingly, the arms of earth will unfold them—she will give them

up no more to the power of the demons who have haunted them through life; and God alone may speak the great awakening word! No gauds of luxury or of fashion, may have surrounded *this* portion of slumberers during all their mortal pilgrimage!—little may they have known of satisfying the wants of nature, of indulgence and self-gratification;—they ate the bread which is the reward of hardest labor—the *bread* which but too often proves the sorry crust; and when they died, no marble told that they bore ever with resignation, and no murmuring, the yoke that was *not* easy, which galled them as they journeyed through the field, turning up the rich furrows, from which *others* gathered the precious store;—none know it of the myriad strangers who may stand beside those graves, if any, or if many there, have lived long lives of patient martyrdom—and died the death of paupers—what matters it that the "sounding brass" and the "tinkling cymbal" are wanting? God, who alone knoweth the hearts of men, will remember and "reward them openly."

Summer after summer the birds may build their nests in the branches of those forest trees—each succeeding year will bring new choristers for the hallowed temple, and one by one those tenants will depart into the Paradise of Birds,—seasons will come and go—the forest trees, now in their pride, will perish by slow decay, or the swift glance of the lightning, or the destroying winds, the grass will spring up fresh, and beautiful in the morning, and in the evening of the year it will grow gray, and crumble; dampness, and frost, and age, will blacken the monuments now white and pure as the wing of an angel; the flowers will utterly die away; the hands which plant and nourish them now so tenderly will have helplessly crumbled; day after day, year after year, the mighty sun will shine in heaven; and on earth, though his beams may not always pierce through the passing clouds—night after night the pure light of the stars will stream over the face of heaven—and the moon will look down softly on the world of change; the graves, now tended with such fond care, may be lost, other forms may fill the tombs when their present inhabitants have vanished quite away, but silently—silently and ever, guardian angels will hover o'er that "hallowed ground"—and unchangeably the eye of the Omnipotent, the God of "the quick and the dead," will hold in "remembrance," this place where his children are gathered; and the poorest, and the meanest, the vilest *mortal* slumbering there can *never* as an *immortal* be forgotten!

There is one monument which, though it stands among a multitude of others far more striking and imposing in appearance, I can never forget, nor think of but with *pleasure*, so peculiarly beautiful and appropriate is it. I say *appropriate*, because, though ignorant of who is buried there, I feel that it must be so.

It is a square block of white marble, perhaps two feet in height, and spread and drooping over one side is a representation of an unfolded scroll—on which was only traced by the sculptor's hand one name, "Frances,"—and a rose-bud folded—nothing more! Upon the stainless leaf Time had only written the name of the fair young creature buried there—and a fragrance and beauty like most, to that of the opening rose, had stolen up into the hearts of the parents of the beautiful child, and then she had departed—

and the measure of that story must be filled in heaven! It cannot be that those who with tears laid "Frances" in the grave, mourn as they who have no hope! White as the marble of her monument—pure as the breath of the opening rose—her soul had won the plumage of the angels, and floated away e'er the story of life had well begun—who can say what spirit-voices whispered to the little one of their own glorious home—who can tell what fearful angel, standing further on in the paths of life, made her eagerly look and long for a way of escape, till the good spirits bore her away? Who among the living can speak of the wonderful revelations, unutterable, which are made to the dying—who, among *us*, can doubt the continual presence of those

Who throng about us in our daily life,
The spirit-ministers of God to earth.

Around this grave of which I have spoken, there were blooming many bright-hued summer flowers, but the *living bud* was adorning far away the glorious "fields of light!" Joy to thee, who hast so fragrant a flower awaiting thee there! and the "peace which passeth all understanding" *must* fill thy heart when thou hearest that voice which has assuredly long ere this, and oftentimes, whispered

"To thy questioning heart, lo! an answer from Heaven,
'Is it well with the child?'—'It is well.'"

Nowhere is there greater versatility of taste displayed than in the monuments and inscriptions that are dedicated to the memory of the forever gone. Standing as a sentinel over one tomb, you will see a memorial stone that speaks with sounding words the virtues and transcendent goodness of the heart whose beatings are stilled for aye, which unfortunately, when the breathless sleeper trod the earth, were never recognized! And over another grave you will see, perhaps, words written on the stone which bears the dead one's name, words that came as from the voice of the departed, of self-commendation—or of warning—or of vulgar counsel, that grates shockingly on the heart of the reader,—and raises oftentimes an irresistible smile. If there need be *any* comment save what the faithful memory of the mourner supplies, it seems to me most beautiful are passages of Scripture appropriately chosen and applicable to the dead. In our own quiet, unostentatious, but pleasant burial-ground, there are the graves of nearly a whole family, and the inscriptions attending the several names always awaken the thought in the mind of the observer that this indeed must have been a happy household—one sure of re-union in heaven! In memory of the father there is this: "Blessed are the merciful;" and of the children—one is, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" another, "Blessed are the peacemakers;" and another still, "Blessed are the meek."

Of late years a vast change has taken place in the regard which is manifested on the part of the living towards the remains of their dead friends. Burial-places are not cheerless and desolate to the eye. All that can be done to make our last home lovely and *desirable* is done. We see not at the entrances of our cemeteries the death's-head nor the cross-bones, neither the fearful balances in which we *may* be weighed and found wanting. There hangs not *now* so dark a gloom around "the Valley and the Shadow of Death." More frequently stands the figure of

Hope before the outward eye, pointing upward to the Heaven that *may* be won. And if the inverted torch, and the broken column, the severed bud, the broken wheat-spear meet our eye, oftener still do we see the emblems of hope, and of peace, and of sacred joy. More and more distinctly breaks there on our ear the glorious promise, "I am the resurrection and the life"—and if with tears we are tempted to exclaim, "In Adam *all* died"—the close following words force themselves on our memories with healing on their wings, "Even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive!"

What irresistible thoughts crowd upon one standing amid so many voiceless witnesses of the last great change! What romances the imagination will continually be weaving while slowly passing from one tomb-stone to another, and reading the name, and the age, and the sentiment inscribed thereon! What struck me most forcibly was the great number gathered there while yet the "dew of youth" was glistening upon them! Children, and young men, and maidens, all in the stainless robes, awaiting the marriage-supper of the Lamb—awaiting it not with smiles, and glad voices of rejoicing, as any earthly festival—but in that dread immovableness which death fixes upon all.

What hopes of the heart have been crushed out forever as the sod was heaped over some of those graves! Aged men and women have bent over them—trail reeds as they were, swaying in the wind of many years—and seen the glory of youth concealed from them forever; for the boy, on whose strong arm they leaned for support in the future, has faded away before them; the rainbow of promise died away; the meteor vanished; the sunlight was withdrawn; and feebly and tremblingly went they back to their homes which the bright youth may gladden nevermore! And they who wore the fresh garments of early manhood—towards whom prophetic eyes were bent—to whom were given kindly words, and glorious hopes of the to-come;—over them, too, a solemn voice has spoken amid the silent wood, and "ashes to ashes" has proclaimed their race is over!

By how many a hearth-stone in yon busy city has the pleasant light gone out for ever! The voice of the singing maiden is hushed—her light feet are heard no more dancing in the joyousness of her heart—they who delighted in her presence, have seen her cheek grow pale, and her eye dim—they have seen her laid a stricken, frost-touched flower, silent and motionless in the grave! The infant blooming so freshly and beautifully on the giant tree of life, has been suddenly struck with blight;—the young mother has perished in the arms of the husband and lover, whose heart died within him when he knew that death had won. The idolized father, who was the joy and the support of his offspring, has fallen pierced with a mortal wound; the death-angel remorselessly pointed towards him; children of one household have followed one of the dearest of the little family group to his resting place upon this "Mount"—friend has wept over friend—and so, so, till the tale is fully told over all the wide world—it will be. Constantly tolleth the funeral bell, the warning to us all. How listen we?

Mount Hope! consider for a moment how strikingly appropriate the name! MOUNT HOPE! now beautiful the thought! They go up those heights with tears, for they bear with them their dead whom they will hide

from their sight for ever, ere they go thence ! They take the last look of the coffin, which hides as a veil the beloved face from their tear-filled eyes—they hear the earth poured into the opened grave—hear it rattling over the cherished form of the unconscious one ! They return again through the silent paths which are bordered by the flowers other hearts have planted there, and moistened with fond tears—but they return without the precious burden—their treasure they have buried deep. They go back to the noisy city ; to homes which now seem *so* desolate—they move through life with a sense of bereavement sore in their minds, often they look, almost thinking that they who have utterly and for ever vanished away, will return again ; and as often they turn with a heavy-thronging remembrance from the pleasant dreams that were so filled with *them*—and, perhaps, with labor and want for their bosom friends in place of the last, they plod on.

And yet despite this yearning in the heart over the memory of the dead, even in that hour when the gates were opened to them and they went up the Mount to burial—aye, even in that hour, *Hope* spoke to them—*she* whispered a soft word to them when they went back to their homes—she left a ray of joy in the sad heart that seldom beams brighter than when the way seems hardest, and the life most lonely ! she breathes a joy in the darkest hour of night that cannot *often* fade, and *never* wholly, because she speaks of the eternal, and that which *cannot* die !

So through all their lives the blessed angel who guards that Mount, the blessed, God-sent angel breathes her holy, life-inspiring thoughts into the stricken hearts of men ! How fitting to set *such* a place apart, and consecrate it to the dead ! and when the holy baptism of tears had bedewed it, how appropriate to give to it the beautiful name, Mount Hope !

If, in this prolonged "talk," I have wearied you, friend reader, pardon me—but it is well, is it not ? to think *sometimes* of *such* things—and when I make my next monthly call on your attention a merrier topic for gossip may present itself. And even at the risk of being thought "shockingly dull" to-day I will add these few verses, written last mid-summer, on my return from Mount Hope. Trusting that you will remember me as, *yours* sincerely, I wish you a good morning.

DEATH.

The splendid skies of mid-summer are hung
Over my home—gentle is the wind's breath—
Fair are the scenes o'er all the broad world flung,
Oh why so oft come o'er me thoughts of death ?
Why amid all this glory of creation
Spreads there such sadness o'er my inner soul ?
Why comes such joy, when thinking my probation
Is swiftly passing, and nigh won the goal ?

The summer reigns in majesty and glory,
But I am thinking of yet fairer climes,
Whose splendor passeth all the pomp of story,
Where the far nobler sun of heaven shines !
I'm thinking, oh with trembling, and with longing,
Of the swift-coming time, when I shall be,
Along with myriad immortals, thronging,
Through thy great courts, oh blest eternity !

I think, but not with a regretful sigh,
On the earth-home I love, on hearts I cherish
When I shall calmly lay me down to die,
I *know* their blessed memory will not perish !
The better part of all that I have loved,
The excellency, and the joy of earth,
Which *here* so oft my panting soul have sooth'd,
With me I *know* will have a second birth !

It seemeth strange the thought should ever trouble
That the time speedeth when we all must die—
Death—'tis the breaking of a feeble bubble !
We know not life until we live on high !
Oh beautiful are the bright flowers of earth,
Their fairy fragrance in my heart I cherish,
But—flowers of the garden, and the hearth,
I have seen wither, and decay and perish !

Sweet is the murmuring of gentle streams
That in the spring-time dance along the plain,
Soft as the spirit voices of our dreams—
It falls upon the ear like summer-rain
On the parch'd fields—and oh, all nature teems
With fulness, and magnificence, and love ;
But far surpassing all our wildest dreams
Of beauty *here*, will be that home above !

'Tis that the soul is *never* satisfied—
But ever panteth for some better thing,
Which makes me crave the hour when I shall glide
O'er the vast stream to where the angels sing :
I know—I know that care, and pain, and sorrow,
May haunt my feet through all this earthly way,
But who shall tell the peace of that to-morrow ?
Ah, who may speak of that eternal day ?

Too frequent dreams of the great busy world
Come o'er me and I pine, and strive for Fame,
Widely my life-boats' sails are all unfurl'd,
And I forget where bound, and whence I came !
Yet oft I pause, and pray I may remember
Where leads my path, and why I sojourn here—
Perilous 'tis to wait 'till chill December,
To gather in the fruit frost-touch'd and sear !

Another summer sun may not shine on me—
It may look on my earth-conch, the cold tomb ;
Ah, who can tell the hour his soul shall flee
From this dear earth of sunshine and of gloom ?
Away ! away ! no human eye can measure
That track of radiance through Immensity !
Let us lay up in that bright home our treasure,
And may God's mercy dwell with you and me !

God's mercy ! lo ! upon the sighing wind
An angel's voice ! it tells "good will to men !"
Oh, with that word so loving and so kind,
Assuring us, shall we fear death or pain ?
How shall I speak the love of God to man ?
Nature proclaims it with her every breath—
Peace to the world ! oh, 'tis no woful ban !
Peace ! for God ruleth over Life and Death !

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

[ORIGINAL.]

THIS eminent novelist has often been called the Smollett of the Nineteenth Century, but he might have been called the Homer of the Nineteenth with nearly as much propriety, for there is very little in common between the authors of Roderick Random and Peter Simple. Smollett knew next to nothing about a ship, and made but an indifferent hand at describing the characteristics of the British sailor: he was a surgeon, and spent but little time on shipboard; Captain Marryatt, on the contrary, knew hardly more about the shore than Smollett did about the sea. Although sea novelists have been as plenty as blackberries among English authors, yet no one can be said to have succeeded before Captain Marryatt published his Peter Simple. The sea novels that had been written before his time bore about the same relation to his matchless stories that the Scottish Chiefs and works of that class did to the Waverley novels. Captain Marryatt had published two or three novels before he came out with Peter Simple, which at once took the reading world by surprise, and made the author one of the most famous literary men of his day. He never surpassed Peter Simple; although some of his other novels, particularly Jacob Faithful, were quite as popular, and produced him more money. His poorest novel, which was Mr. Midshipman Easy, was sold to Messrs. Saunders & Otley, who published the greater part of his works, for fourteen hundred pounds sterling, which was the largest sum that he obtained for any of his naval stories. In the description of the sailor character, in all its phases, no author has ever approached him in the spirit of characterization, and in describing the minutiae of sea life, he was equally happy. Cooper's sea stories are of a character totally distinct from those of Captain Marryatt. Mr. Cooper's sea experiences were comparatively limited, and he never seems to sympathize heartily with the sailor character. He invests his ships, schooners and boats with a marvellous interest, but the men with which he has peopled them have not more character or individuality than the belaying-pins or cat-heads. We get absorbed in the interest which grows out of the vessel, but hardly think of the crew. Not so with Marryatt; the ship is a secondary affair, although we never lose sight of the fact that we are afloat, but it is the people who inhabit the ship that engrosses our attention in his sea novels. The infinite variety of character, yet all bearing the stains of salt water, and with the unmistakeable smell of tar about them, is surprising. It is not only the sailor that he described with such accuracy, and embodies so truthfully in his pages, but all the different classes which live by their connection with the navy, are sketched with equal felicity. Thus, his tales abound with pilots, lightermen, warehousemen, dock-yard men, bum-boat women, landlords, pimps, brokers, ship-carpenters, publicans, marine store-dealers, tobaccoists, jacks-in-the-mud, and all sorts of amphibious English monsters. The whole race is rapidly undergoing a change, owing to the substitution of steam for canvass in propelling ships, and the entire revolution of character effected in the character of the sailor by a new system of economy in the man-

agement of ships. Captain Marryatt's novels, therefore, will have a higher value a century hence than they have now, as they will serve as a gallery of portraits for an extinct race of mortals.

While the literary sailor was in the height of his popularity, he got into a foolish quarrel with our countryman, Willis, the poet, who is the antipodes of the rough, burly, and unaffected sailor author. From what we have been able to learn in relation to this foolish quarrel, we are compelled to think that our countrymen was in the wrong. In one of his letters from London, while he was giving his impressions of Europe in the Weekly Mirror, Mr. Willis alluded in a very supercilious way to Captain Marryatt, and said that his books had an immense sale in Wapping, but they could not be called literature. This, we believe, was the beginning of the difficulty. Captain Marryatt was, at the time, editor of the Metropolitan Magazine, and the difficulty grew into so serious a matter that a challenge was passed between the parties, and letters published, but no battle was fought, except on paper. In the height of the quarrel the two gentlemen met in the library of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, in London, and exchanged angry looks, but nothing more. Mr. Willis was certainly wrong in saying that Captain Marryatt's writings were not literary productions, for they are such in the highest sense of the term. They are written in a style of great purity and force, remarkable for its idiomatic simplicity, and they abound in purely imaginative descriptions. The only true literature consists of the written creations of the imagination, and according to this interpretation, Captain Marryatt was as much entitled to be called a literary man as Scott or Milton. It is said that his expected duel with Mr. Willis gave rise to that whimsical description in one of his novels, called the triangular duel. But we do not see any connection between the two.

It was unfortunate for the reputation of Captain Marryatt with us Americans, that he came to the United States. People were disappointed in him; they expected to see a man of delicate appearance, wearing a seedy coat, with a sad, author-like countenance, and a mincing manner; but Captain Marryatt was a bluff, hearty, boisterous sailor, blunt in his manners, and not particularly squeamish in his phraseology. Our literary people had never before seen such a Boreas-like character with a pen in his hand, and they didn't know exactly what to make of him. They looked shy at his rude jokes, and suspected that he must be worse than he appeared because he appeared so differently from what they had expected. For our own part, we had a great liking for the unaffected and blunt manners of the literary sailor.

When his book of travels in the United States appeared, he was at once hooted at, denominated a Male Trollope, and sent to Coventry; but what it was in his observations in American peculiarities that gave such offence we could never exactly understand. He came to the United States, travelled extensively over the Union, looked at the surface of society, as every traveller must of necessity do, saw the worst side of our National character, and very naturally



FREDERICK MARRYAT.

concluded that England and English institutions were better than our country and our institutions. It was not strange that a Captain in the British Navy should think so, nor that he should have looked upon us with partial eyes. It is a difficult matter to write a book about us that will give satisfaction, for as our condition is novel, it is a most difficult matter for an European to understand it sufficiently well to enable him to make an accurate report of an actual State. It is, after all, but a very small matter, let English Authors write or think what they may about us; we are an independent nation, abundantly satisfied with ourselves, and we should be entirely indifferent about the reports that are made of us; we can afford to live down all slander and evil reports.

Captain Marryatt is now among the departed, but he has left behind him works that will keep his name in the memories of mankind for many a year to come. The last work which he published was "The Children of the New Forrest." His death was melancholy; he was in his fifty-sixth year, and had been sometime unwell, but his disease was hastened, if not caused, by the death of his eldest son, a lieutenant of the

British Navy, who perished in the wreck of the steam frigate *Avenger*, on the coast of Africa, last winter.

Captain Marryatt was the son of Mr. Marryatt, a well-known banker of the city of London. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy; served, while midshipman of the *Imperieuse*, in the operations conducted by Lord Cochrane on the coast of Catalonia, and was in the attack on the French squadron in Aix Roads in 1809. Subsequently he formed part of the Walchern expedition; and, when lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, in her barge cut out four vessels from Boston Bay in 1814. In the Burmese war he commanded the *Ariadne*, and was, for some time, the senior officer on the station.

In person Captain Marryatt was short and stout, his countenance was open and frank in expression, and he had mild grey eyes. The portrait accompanying this sketch was taken when he was much younger than when we saw him, but it bears a strong resemblance to him. We believe that he has another son living, in the Navy, who has distinguished himself by a journal of a cruise in the Indian Ocean, which he recently published.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TIMES OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

NO. IV.

TRIAL OF THE SUPPOSED INCENDIARIES.

[ORIGINAL.]

THAT the United States Treasury Building was sacrificed by the hand of an incendiary, there could be no doubt. When the flame was first discovered, it was confined to a room in which there was no other combustible than a single desk and its contents; and these had been ignited by applying a slow match to the papers; and, if any desire had existed on the part of the discoverer, the building might have been saved without the smallest difficulty. No effort was made to suppress the flames, till it was quite too late to arrest their progress. The building, with most of its contents, were destroyed, and party—the fell monster and curse of all countries—rejoiced over the desolation.

Congress took no efficient steps to discover the incendiary; and the whole affair was rapidly sinking into oblivion, when General Jackson, whilst glancing at the story, one day, said to a friend that he would pay ten thousand dollars if he could only detect the wretch who committed the outrage.

This remark was simply incidental and commonplace; but it was repeated and reported abroad, and finally, after General Jackson's term had expired, reached the ears of a man named Kelley, who had occasionally officiated as a Deputy United States Marshal in the State of Ohio.

Kelley had spent the earlier part of his life as a horse-jockey, gambler, and tavern-keeper, and, in the way of business, had become acquainted with the gangs of counterfeiters and horse thieves who lurk around the borders and the shores of Lake Erie and Ontario; and among them he had picked up a scoundrel named Hicks, a fellow who had been a tenant of half the penitentiaries of the Union, and who always stood ready to commit any crime for pay, that lay anywhere in the range between arson and murder.

To Hicks, Kelley communicated what General Jackson had said; and he speedily agreed to fasten the crime of firing the Treasury Building on two men of the City of New York—the one named Richard, and the other Henry White, who were brothers, and who had not, it afterwards appeared, always lead lives of the strictest propriety.

Hicks was perfectly confident that he could convict them, for he said that he could produce any number of witnesses to establish their guilt. He had his men at hand, who would swear to anything and everything that he might desire, or that might be necessary to accomplish Kelley's objects.

Hicks was at the time in the Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, charged with robbing a bank: but, so important was his testimony to the government, that at the instance of Mr. Secretary Woodbury, he was released, and returned to society to act the part of informer and prosecutor, in the legal affair in question.

As soon as Hicks was at large, he came on to New York and caused the arrest of Henry White, who was keeping a stable in the Bowery. Richard was not to be found. He had migrated to the Western country, and no positive intelligence of him could be obtained, till Kelley was one day informed that he was in the Valley of the Mississippi, and had been seen on board of a New Orleans steamer.

Accompanied by Hicks, Kelley started for New Orleans, where he found a man that Hicks said was named Richard White, although the individual most stoutly denied any such identity; and, clapping him in irons, brought him on, and lodged him in the jail of the City of Washington. It subsequently proved that Hicks was right in the matter of identity, and that the man he had captured was indeed Richard White.

The two brothers were now in the same jail, but in separate cells; and it was decided that they should have separate trials. Henry's was the first to take place; and, as might have been expected, elicited intense curiosity. Kelley, with Hicks and his other witnesses, some fifteen or twenty in number, were ready for action. And such a band of witnesses the world never before saw. There was not among them a man who had not, on his own showing and confession, been confined in some prison for felony; and, as for Hicks, he had no hesitation in boasting of his own infamy. And, among this band of assimilated villany, there was more than one man who had proceeded to Washington under a writ of protection. They swore to anything that was required, with the utmost promptitude; but as the counsels for the Whites defended their clients with very great ability, and were exceedingly accurate in their cross-examinations, they foiled them, and it was apparent that they would be able to prove an alibi.

The witnesses that Kelley had employed had made some miscalculations; and, though they swore most positively that they saw the Whites in Washington on the day the fire took place, they had failed to swear that they had seen them at the hour, or within five or six hours of the time the conflagration happened. Whilst, on the other hand, the Whites proved that, at the hour when the fire was discovered, they were at the little Patapasco bridge, or within ten or twelve miles from Baltimore, and some twenty-five from Washington!

Kelley and Hicks were now in a dilemma; it was but too apparent that the Whites would escape by establishing an alibi, and the prospect of obtaining the ten thousand dollars reward, which General Jackson had been supposed to have offered, was indeed most gloomy.

Kelley boarded at the same hotel I did; and I was

curious enough to watch him, and inquire daily of him in reference to the progress of the trial. On the day on which the alibi was set up, he took a seat next to me at the dinner table, when I said to him:

"Well, colonel, how goes the trial?"

"Bad enough," was the reply; "and I am afraid I shall be defeated. My men have sworn badly and not to enough. If I could go over the ground again, I'd make it all right."

"In what does the wrong consist, colonel?" I inquired.

"Oh, my men have made a mistake in time, and the Whites will prove an alibi, unless I can procure a new witness. A new witness must be had!"

"A new witness, colonel!" I rejoined; "pray, tell me, are you in the habit of manufacturing witnesses just as the exigencies of the case may demand?"

"Why, no, not exactly so, either; but, you see, in a case like this, it won't do to be over nice or scrupulous. The fact is, that the Whites are so bad, and my witnesses are so bad, that the case is a bad one altogether, and we must do the best we can. *Them* ten thousand dollars must be got at, any way!"

Here the conversation yielded to the operations of the knife and fork; but presently Colonel Kelley dropped both, and fell into a temporary fit of abstraction. He sat motionless in his chair; his eyes were riveted on some imaginary object; when, bursting from his reverie, he emphatically slapped his hand on my shoulder, exclaiming: "I've got it, I've got it; I'll convict the Whites without difficulty, and touch the ten thousand dollars."

"You've got it, Colonel? Got what?"

"I now know where to go and get a witness, who, I think, will do the thing I want."

"And that is what?"

"To swear that the Whites were in the city when the alarm of fire was given, and in immediate proximity to the Treasury Building."

"And you think that you can do this?"

"O yes; I'm very sure I can, if the person I mean is in town. Never fear, sir. I'm quite sure of my prize now, and the Whites must be convicted."

"And do you think that they are guilty?"

"Why, as to that, I don't exactly know; Hicks says they are, and he ought to know."

"And can you confide in Hicks? Do you think that Hicks is entitled to credit? Would you believe him on his oath?"

"Now you are asking too much. You talk too fast, and ask too many questions. My lawyer says that Hicks is my main dependence, and I know he is. He is a bad fellow, I suppose, and would commit any crime for a trifle, but nobody has thus far impeached his integrity; and do you think that I am a-going to destroy the main prop by which I stand. After these trials are over, I'll tell you all about Hicks, and then you'll know what you do know. But stop; I'm wasting time; I must be off, and get my witness, or I shall be too late. Adieu! and mark me, before I sit down to this table, Henry White will be a convicted man!"

And away went Colonel Kelley in pursuit of this new witness. And was he successful? Ay! indeed, was he, and, ere an hour had elapsed, he went into court with a woman for a witness, who swore that Henry White slept in her house the night the fire occurred; that he got up in the course of the night and

was absent an hour or two, and then came back. That, when the cry of fire was given, he was seen to leap out of one of the windows of her dwelling, and make all possible speed for the Baltimore and Bladensburgh road.

Such was the substance of the testimony procured from this "new witness," according to my recollection. As I depend upon memory alone for my second, I may err in some immaterial particulars.

At any rate, the evidence elicited from the new witness did the job for Henry White, and he was sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Washington Penitentiary. He went there, and I saw him, a year or two afterwards, working very diligently at the business of a shoemaker. I think he had entered on the third year of his imprisonment, when the then President, Mr. Van Buren, received satisfactory evidence that he had been convicted through perjury and the subornation of perjury; that he was innocent; and, accordingly, he ordered him to be discharged. Poor White might have escaped conviction, if he had availed himself of the statute of limitations, which required that all criminal prosecutions in the District of Columbia should commence within seven years. The indictment against him fell within the limits of that statute; but, as he had said that he would pass through the ordeal with a clean verdict, or none, he would not avail himself of its benefits, and to prison he went.

In the meantime, the trial of Richard White came on, and the jury empanelled in the case could not agree. He was arraigned the second time, with the same result; and the prosecution was continued to the sixth time, extending some three years, when he was acquitted and discharged.

In consequence of his long imprisonment, his business in life was destroyed, and every farthing he had had in the world had been exhausted in paying costs, and in feeing lawyers. He came out of jail an innocent and heart-broken man. The sufferings he endured demanded redress; but none was to be had. He had been made the victim of a body of the vilest villains and cut-throats that ever lived; and, to know it, was to know that he had nothing to hope for, even at the hands of that government which had been duped by Kelley and his association of cut-throats. I believe he did receive some little sum of money from the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodbury, when he left the Washington jail; but it amounted to nothing more than his incidental travelling expenses from the Capital to New York.

Kelley, although he managed to convict Henry White, did not succeed in getting any ten thousand dollars reward.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who had paid some thousands of dollars to Kelley, which had been exhausted in collecting his gang of cut-throats, and in subornation, and in rioting in the taverns and brothels of the city, declined paying any specific reward for services rendered in conviction. He did pay, I believe, a per diem salary to Kelley; beyond this, he could not and would not go.

Finding, after the conviction of Henry White, that public opinion and the Secretary were both changing, and rapidly assuming a hostile attitude toward him, Kelley, in a fit of indignation produced by disappointed hope, vented his denunciation and malediction against the government and the administration, and boasted

that he had duped and bamboozled both. His suborned witnesses, disappointed in not sharing with him the anticipated reward of ten thousand dollars, "threw up their hands," and boasted of their infamy.

There was not the shadow of a shade to justify the charge that had been preferred against the Whites; nor is it probable that the government would have dreamed of prosecuting them had it not been ascertained that they had resided at one time in one of the moral towns of Vermont, where had lived a Judge Paere—I do not recollect his christian name—who had been detected in perpetrating numerous frauds on the Pension Office; and who, to avoid the ignominious punishment which was sure to await him, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out at Gadsby's Hotel, in Washington.

This Judge Paere had been a member of Congress,

and had held, I think, seats in both houses. Be this as it may, he had secured the confidence of the government, and had been appointed to the office of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the time that he committed suicide, or shortly anterior to the act, the Whites had been seen with him, and it was said that, when he destroyed himself, he was fearful that the Treasury Buildings would escape the match of the incendiary. At any rate, he became desperate, and did the deed.

General Jackson, I believe, ultimately became satisfied of the innocence of the Whites and of the guilt of somebody else; but as Judge Paere left behind him a family that I would not annoy, and which cannot be held responsible for the delinquencies of a father and a husband, I will not longer dilate on this most unhappy and unfortunate subject.

TIME'S CHANGES.

A TRUE TALE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

"TIME, the Avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift."—CHILDE HAROLD.

CHAPTER I.

SOME fifty years ago there was living in the city of "Brotherly Love," a young widow named Clarissa Thornton. She was of a respectable family, and her husband, while living, was one of the first physicians in the Quaker city; but the family had seen affliction, and her partner in life, dying suddenly, had left her without fortune and without protection in the world. At the time our story opens, she was thirty years of age, and her only child, a son, called Theodore, had seen scarce eleven summers. These two individuals—the mother and son—being left without friends in the midst of a heartless populace, lived alone together in a small apartment in one of the humblest quarters of the town. Mrs. Thornton supported herself and son with her needle, to do which she was obliged to work continually, sometimes sitting up during the entire night.

Little Theodore, at ten years of age, used to devote his time to reading, to his mother, passages from her favorite authors. He was an intelligent boy, full of generosity and a noble ambition; but his affection for his mother outweighed all his other good qualities. For her he would leave his play without a murmur—he was glad when he saw her happy, and he wept when he saw her weep. This was owing in part to the natural warmth of his heart, but more perhaps to her uniform kindness to him on all occasions. She did not scold him, as many mothers do their children, and then caress him fondly; but when he needed reproof she did her duty in a kind and gentle manner,

which could not fail to have an effect upon his heart. From his mother Theodore learned the first rudiments of science, and under her instruction, both moral and intellectual, laid the foundation for future usefulness in society.

Thus the mother and son lived together; but it was a hard life the devoted widow led. Theodore did all he could to comfort her, but she became melancholy notwithstanding his kindness, and often, while she was engaged with her sewing, large and sorrowful tears rolled down her sunken cheeks.

Her sunken cheeks were paled by anxiety, and grief had made such sad ravages in her once beautiful face, that the companions of her girlhood would scarce have known her then. The rose had fled from her features, the lustre from her eye; and the pale, sickly complexion told too plainly that CONSUMPTION had marked her for his victim.

So it was!

Mrs. Thornton was at last unable to work. A sudden illness stretched her upon a bed of suffering and sorrow. Then would the unhappy woman hold her poor child to her heart and pray Heaven silently to watch over and protect him after she was gone. The wretched boy knew that his mother was very ill, but he had not divined that DEATH was so near at hand.

Confined to her bed, the widow had no one to take care of her and administer to her wants save Theodore, and his cares were altogether insufficient to procure her necessary comforts. Had she been possessed of money she would not have wanted friends,

and any number of physicians would have been ready to do all in their power to alleviate her sufferings; but as it was, there was none to bring her assistance or consolation.

One day the poor woman called Theodore to her bedside, and while his tears fell thick and fast upon her withered hand, said to him:

"My dear child, when your father was alive, and we were prosperous, there were a few who were not ashamed to be called our friends; but when misfortune came, they all turned coldly away, and now we are deserted and alone. As long as I could support myself, I was too proud to remind them of their former professions of friendship; but want, and helplessness, and bitter sufferings, crush the spirit which is naturally full of pride. Theodore, my son, there is one individual who can relieve us, and who will, I trust, as soon as we stoop to ask him to come to our assistance. He was a friend of your father, and he is very rich. Without an effort he could lift us from the dust, and ah! if he has a heart, I am sure he will!"

"Oh! let me go to him at once, mother!" sobbed the boy; "then he will come and see you—he will!"

"Do not indulge in vain hopes, my child," interrupted Mrs. Thornton; "you do not know yet how cold the hearts of professed friends often become. But bring me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I will write a note for you to take to Mr. Harley."

Theodore, full of new hope, bounded off, and dashing away the tears of joy which gathered in his eyes, began to search for a piece of paper suitable to write a letter upon for the rich Mr. Harley. The paper at last was found, and the boy held it upon a book, while with a feeble, trembling hand his mother wrote a brief petition to her husband's friend.

Theodore wrapped his mother's letter up in a clean piece of newspaper, and holding it tightly in his hand, set out, following his mother's directions, to find the residence of Mr. Harley.

At last he came to a house that had the name of that gentleman on the door, and with a fluttering heart he ran up the marble steps. Grasping the important letter in one hand, he rang the bell timidly with the other, and then waited for a servant to appear.

He had not long to wait; but when the domestic came, Theodore's heart beat so violently with anxiety and fear, that he could scarcely speak. At last, however, he told his errand—it was to see Mr. Harley in person. As it happened, that gentleman was at home, and Theodore was, after some delay, shown into his presence.

Had the boy been to ask alms for himself alone, he would have dreaded to see the alms-giver's face, but he thought of his suffering parent, and every scruple pride suggested was forgotten. With hopeful countenance he advanced into the presence of a man about thirty-five years of age, who, he was told, was his father's friend.

"Well, my lad, what is your errand?" asked Mr. Harley, looking up with a careless and business-like air from a paper he was reading.

Theodore felt the blood rush to his heart like a frozen torrent, for there was something so cold in the gentleman's air that his hopes were destroyed like flowers beneath the frosts of autumn. However, the boy thought of his mother, and summoned all his courage to put the letter into Mr. Harley's hands.

"What's this?" said the gentleman.

"A letter," stammered Theodore, "from—from my mother."

Mr. Harley's cast his eye over the contents of the note, and as he did so, Theodore, with an indescribable sinking of the heart, saw his brow darken with displeasure. Then the gentleman raised his eyes to Theodore, and regarded him with such a scrutinizing and unfeeling look, that the poor boy shivered like a culprit.

"Was your father's name Charles Thornton?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Theodore.

"Let me see—Charles Thornton!" mused the gentleman, "*I have some faint recollection of such a person.* Was he a doctor?"

Theodore replied in the affirmative.

"Well, well—I must do something for you, I suppose. Tell your mother that she need not take the trouble of sending you around here again, for I will call on her in a day or two. That will be the best way," and he added in a lower tone of voice, "there's no knowing when this sort of people are in want unless one sees with his own eyes.—Go now, my lad, and don't forget to tell your mother that I will call upon her in a day or two."

So saying, the rich Mr. Harley turned his back upon the starving boy, and glanced upon his paper again as if nothing had happened.

As Theodore turned to go, a young girl of near his own age entered the room, and when she saw how wretched and full of sorrow he appeared, looked on him kindly and held the door for him to pass. Her air of tenderness touched the unhappy boy, and large and silent tears rolled down his care-worn face.

Theodore hastened home to acquaint his anxious mother with the manner in which he had been received by his father's friend, and his reply; yet he said nothing of the freezing air of contempt with which Mr. Harley regarded him, for he feared to destroy the hopes of relief which his mother indulged.

On the following day the mother and son looked anxiously for the expected visit, but night came, and Mr. Harley did not arrive. It was the same the next day, and the next, and the next! Then the widow wept over her son, and prayed God to stand by her in that dark hour of affliction.

Meantime, Mrs. Thornton was sinking rapidly into the grave. A few individuals who resided in the same house, touched with pity, contributed something towards supplying her wants, else she might have died long before she did. Theodore was with her always, watching her as if his existence depended upon her own. As he saw her fading away, and knew that she was about to die, the grief of his boyish heart knew no bounds.

Meanwhile, the rich Mr. Harley was proceeding about his business as if nothing had happened, and as if he had never known that such a being as Mrs. Thornton existed.

One day, when he was in a good humor with himself and with all honest people, his little daughter—the only child he had—got upon his knees, and asked him in winning tones what had become of the poor boy who was there some days before—meaning Theodore. The merchant recollected the circumstance, and then he remembered the wife of his former friend.

"Humph! well!" said he, musingly, "I promised to do something for her—it is now more than a week—I ought to go and see how they are getting along. Give me my hat and cane, Julia, and I'll go and see what I can do for that little boy."

"Do, pa," said the girl, gratefully, running for her father's cane. "He did look so sad when he was here!"

The merchant walked leisurely into the street, and took his way towards the residence of Mrs. Thornton. He found the number without difficulty, and on inquiry, was directed to a room in the fourth story of the house. Mr. Harley toiled up the dilapidated staircase, and at last arrived at the door of the apartment to which he had been directed. He knocked; no one bid him enter. After repeating his summons thrice, with the same result, he threw open the door and entered.

A sad, a heart-rending spectacle met his view. Upon a wretched bed, on one side of the room, lay the corpse of a female, and in its cold, emaciated features the merchant recognized the wife of his deceased friend. It was Mrs. Thornton; and, kneeling by the bedside, his hands clasping those of the corpse, and his face buried in the bed-clothes, was Theodore, as motionless, and apparently as lifeless, as his mother. Indeed, the merchant might have thought that the boy was dead, had not his frame, at long intervals, shook with a convulsive sob, and then become as still and motionless as before.

The merchant felt strong misgivings on account of his neglect of the family of his friend, for his heart was not sufficiently hardened to withstand the silent eloquence of that sad scene. For some time he could not summon courage to approach the boy, and make his presence known. At last he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and spoke his name.

Theodore started, and raised his tearful eyes to the merchant's face; but no sooner did he discern who it was, than he recoiled with a look of indignation and horror.

"You have come," he said, bitterly, "but it is too late! Begone, for we do not need you now—*she* is dead. *You let her die!*"

And the boy threw himself upon his mother's bosom, bursting into tears.

The merchant, conscience-stricken, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, and throwing it at the boy's feet, hurried like a culprit from the house.

CHAPTER II.

It is ten years after the scene I have just described, and the subject of this history has reached his twenty-first year.

I have not space to detail how the youthful Theodore's time was passed during those ten years, but will simply state that through honesty, perseverance, and sober conduct, he had, without the assistance of friends, succeeded in rising gradually in the world. After his mother's death he was obliged to become an errand boy. Then, as he grew up, his employer kept him in doors; and at last he had been made clerk in a wholesale establishment, with a fair salary. It was but a small sum, it is true, but Theodore was

young, and being of sober and industrious habits, he needed no extravagant salary for his support.

Theodore had been introduced into the first society in the city of "Brotherly Love," and he mingled with the rich and fashionable of the town. True, he was often looked upon contemptuously because he was only a clerk, but those who regarded him in that light, being people he despised, he was altogether too independent to notice.

Theodore saw frequently, in company, a young girl toward whom, at first sight, his heart warmed in the mysterious sympathy of love. Like those who feel, for the first time, the influence of the "tender passion," his sensations were so new and strange, and yet so delightful, that he yielded his heart without asking himself whether it was wise for him to do so or not. At last the young man succeeded in getting an introduction to his unknown, and was not a little surprised to learn that she was the only daughter of the rich Mr. Harley, and the young girl whom he saw at her father's house ten years before!

Theodore felt a strange sinking of the heart on receiving this intelligence, for it brought up old associations, and opened wounds which time had failed to heal. He remembered all the circumstances of his mother's death, and the sweet face of the child who had looked kindly on him after he had been coldly repulsed by her father, was painted in vivid colors upon his imagination. And that child, having "grown to womanhood" stood before him!

I need not dwell upon this portion of my story. Suffice it to say that Theodore, on becoming acquainted with his unknown, found her every way worthy of his love; and that Julia, struck with the kindness and attention of the young man, as well as his good looks and agreeable manners, insensibly to herself, and still less so to her lover, yielded him her heart.

There is something heavenly in the pure affection of two young beings whose love is unconfessed. To the fervor of passion is added that respect which permits not familiarity as when words have passed between them on the subject. This stage of the passion is that which most abounds in sidelong glances, remarks with hidden meaning, sighs, tears, keen sensibility to the slightest contact with the object of affection, shivering at a touch, a look or word, and all that strange combination of pantomimic tragedy and comedy attendant upon love.

This stage of things did not, however, endure long with the young lovers. It very naturally happened that Theodore took the first opportunity to declare his passion, and at the moment he did so, the happy, blushing Julia gave him to understand that it was returned.

This is the second stage of love; and let me assure the reader that it was a very embarrassing one for Theodore and Julia. They knew very well that the consent of the wealthy merchant—the father of Julia—could not easily be obtained, and the thought of disobeying him had never entered their minds. However, with as much courage as he could command, Theodore proceeded one evening to ask the consent of Mr. Harley for their marriage.

The merchant heard the proposal very coolly, and then, in a very business-like manner, asked Theodore how he was situated with regard to property, and "all that sort of thing."

The young man colored slightly, but replied in a firm voice that he was receiving a salary of five hundred dollars, and had a little laid by. On the reception of this news Mr. Harley was thunderstruck. He looked at Theodore as if he had been a dog making application to go into partnership with him. True, he was at first inclined to consider it all a joke, but Theodore looked altogether too serious to allow of such a supposition. Then, without uttering a word, with a look of pity and contempt, he gave the young man to understand that it would afford him great pleasure to see him leave the house.

The order needed no urging. Pale with suppressed indignation, he turned his back upon the haughty merchant. It was the second time he had applied to that gentleman for favors; before, he was turned away with a promise, now with a contemptuous refusal: then his little heart was bursting with grief for his mother's sake; on the present occasion his love for Julia was forgotten in the bitterness of the anger which was boiling in his breast.

It was about a week after this event that the young man met Julia one evening in company, and led her aside to speak with her on the subject of his refusal. The young girl was very unhappy. She said that a wealthy young man in the city had made proposals for her hand, and that it was the determination of her parents that she should accept. She could not, conscientiously, and for that reason her parents persecuted her as if she were guilty of a heinous crime.

"My God!" exclaimed Theodore, bitterly, "this is too much! With me you could be happy, I believe, although I am poor; but they choose to have you miserable with him, because he can boast of wealth. It is infamous!"

And in the heat of his indignation, aided also by his strong affection, he allowed himself to be led away, and he spoke of that which in his moments of cool reflection would never have entered his heart. He proposed an elopement, and urged his cause with all the eloquence of love. He said he had an offer to go to New York at a salary of six hundred dollars, and painted to the imagination of Julia such a glowing picture of their happiness with each other, although poor, that the unhappy girl, after hesitating long, and considering all the sacrifices she would be obliged to make, brought herself to believe that the step he proposed was not wrong under the circumstances, and promised for his sake, to leave her home, and risk her father's anger.

A week after this interview, the two lovers arrived at New York, as happy as a young married pair can be, except that the thought of Mr. Harley's anger caused any thing but pleasant reflections in the bosom of Theodore and that of his young wife. Soon after, Julia wrote to him for his forgiveness; but, on receiving a brief reply, Theodore, pale with indignation and high resolve, crushed the paper beneath his heel, and requested his young wife never to write to her haughty father again.

Julia complied. For a long time the thought of her father's displeasure caused her much unhappiness, but Theodore's presence soothed her, and she soon learned to forget all her cares in the enjoyment of his love.

The young couple were obliged to struggle with poverty at first, but they bore up nobly, hoping for better times. And thus they lived together—frugal,

industrious and honest, and more than all, happy and contented.

CHAPTER III.

As this history is not written merely to please the imagination, but also to instruct the heart, the reader will excuse me for being so irregular in my narrative; and now, when I ask him to pass over with me the space of twenty years, he will do so, I trust, without a murmur.

It was a stormy night in the month of December, 183—. A cold rain fell pattering upon the pavements of New York, and a biting wind drove about the corners of the streets, and into the faces of those who were abroad.

At half past seven o'clock in the evening, an old man might have been seen wandering, homeless, friendless, without an object and without hope, along one of the principal streets of the city. His hat—or rather the article he wore upon his head—not only let the cold rain through, but even discovered to the eye of the observer a few thin locks of grey hair straggling through divers apertures in the sides and top. His coat was buttoned close around him, and muffled about his face as if to hide his features from the rude gaze of passers-by; but beneath his hat which was drawn closely over his brows, might have been seen a sunken, lustreless eye, and a visage where fearful ravages had been made by time and sorrow.

As this old man was plodding slowly and wearily along, a carriage drove up at a door but a few paces before him. He saw a man in the prime of manhood alight, and drawing his warm cloak about him, ran lightly up the marble step of an elegant mansion.

At sight of such comfort, the heart of that old man sank within him; but in a moment, fatigue, and hunger, and the pitiless cold, overcame both envy and pride, and staggering forward, the aged sufferer reached out his withered and trembling hand for alms!

When the rich man who was on the point of entering his house where wealth and every comfort awaited him, looked about and saw before him the half-clad, half-starved, and shivering object who humbly asked for a shilling to buy his supper and his lodgings, he was touched with pity, and spoke kindly to him, and dropped a piece of silver in his hand.

"May God bless you!" exclaimed the old man, earnestly; and tears of gratitude coursed down his cheeks.

He turned away; but in doing so, emotion, combined with the fatigue of his body, caused him to stagger, and fall like a corpse upon the cold wet pavement. In a moment the rich man was by his side; and like a good Samaritan, he lifted him up, and speaking kindly, assisted him to reach his own door.

Then the rich man ran for assistance, and recommending the other to the care of his servants, with a heart that beat with the happy consciousness of having done good to a suffering being, hastened to forget the cares of the day in the bosom of his family.

Meanwhile, the old man was fed, and warmed, and comforted, and his heart was made happier than it had been for many a day before. At nine o'clock the servant conducted him into a small, but neat room, in

which everything that could add to his comfort was to be found, and left him alone, wishing him a good night's rest. The old man went to bed, and slept until the light of broad day was streaming through the curtain of his window; for the storm had passed, and it was a lovely winter's morning.

When the aged wanderer had breakfasted, he desired to see his benefactor, that he might thank him for his *more than human kindness*; and was shown into a parlor where he was left alone. A door leading into another room, was left partially open, and the old man heard voices engaged in an earnest conversation. They were those of a gentleman and lady; and the old man gathered from what he heard, that the daughter of these was desirous of marrying a young man of whom they disapproved. More than once as he listened, the old man pressed his hands to his brow, and once he arose, approached the door hastily, and sat down again. He appeared greatly agitated, and his limbs trembled violently.

At last the voice of a young girl was heard, and as the clear silvery tones fell upon his ear, they made the old man start.

"He is poor, I know," said the young girl, "but I believe him worthy, and I love him. Forbid our marriage if you will—but I will *never marry another!*"

And then the old man heard a door close, and it seemed that she who had spoken so firmly, and yet so feelingly, had left her parents alone.

Shortly after, the door between the two apartments was thrown open, and the gentleman who had given the aged sufferer food and shelter for the past night, accompanied by a lady, advanced into the room where he was in waiting.

The old man arose, and with a degree of politeness one could scarce have anticipated, judging from his appearance, thanked them for the kindness he had met with at their hands. To see him as he stood, a trembling, destitute old man, and more than that, to hear the feeling accents of his voice when he thanked them, brought tears into the eyes of both the gentleman and his wife. The old man hesitated, but appeared desirous of saying something more. The gentleman told him to go on.

"I was here," said the old man, "when you were talking in the other room, and without intending it, I overheard your conversation. You will pardon me if I speak boldly, but I believe I am doing my duty. It seems that you have a daughter who would accept a proposal of marriage of a poor but worthy youth, did you not oppose her wishes. Forgive an old man who has seen much of the world, and of the world's bitter experience, when he says to you—beware! Do not oppose your daughter's marriage merely because the young man is poor. I once had a daughter myself—and I was rich then like you—and when a young man without property proposed for her hand, I rejected him with contempt. He was as proud as I, though poor. He sneered at my pride while my daughter wept. I treated them both cruelly, and Heaven punished me as I deserved. Would you know how? The young couple married against my will, and my daughter left my roof forever! My God! when I think of it, my heart seems bursting with grief! You cannot imagine what agony of remorse I have suffered—what vain regrets have pursued me ever

since. My daughter would have come back, but I repulsed her angrily; and I never heard from her again. From that time I have met with nothing but misfortune and sorrow. My wife died of grief—would to God I had accompanied her to the grave and been buried by her side! But Heaven willed it otherwise; I have lived to see my property forsake me as if the curse of Job were upon my head, and I have seen the friends of my prosperity desert me. O God! it is just! As I did to others, so have I been done by until now. You—you are the first who have spoken to me kindly—you—but why do you weep? Why, lady, do you cover your face with your hands? and you sir—you are touched! Thank Heaven that not all the world is cold and selfish! But why, madame, do you regard me thus—you kneel before me—"

Unable to proceed, the old man staggered to a seat.

"My father? my father!" sobbed the lady, throwing herself at his feet, and bowing her head upon his outstretched hands.

"My God! it is you! Julia! my daughter—my child," murmured the old man, drawing her to his heart, and mingling his tears with hers.

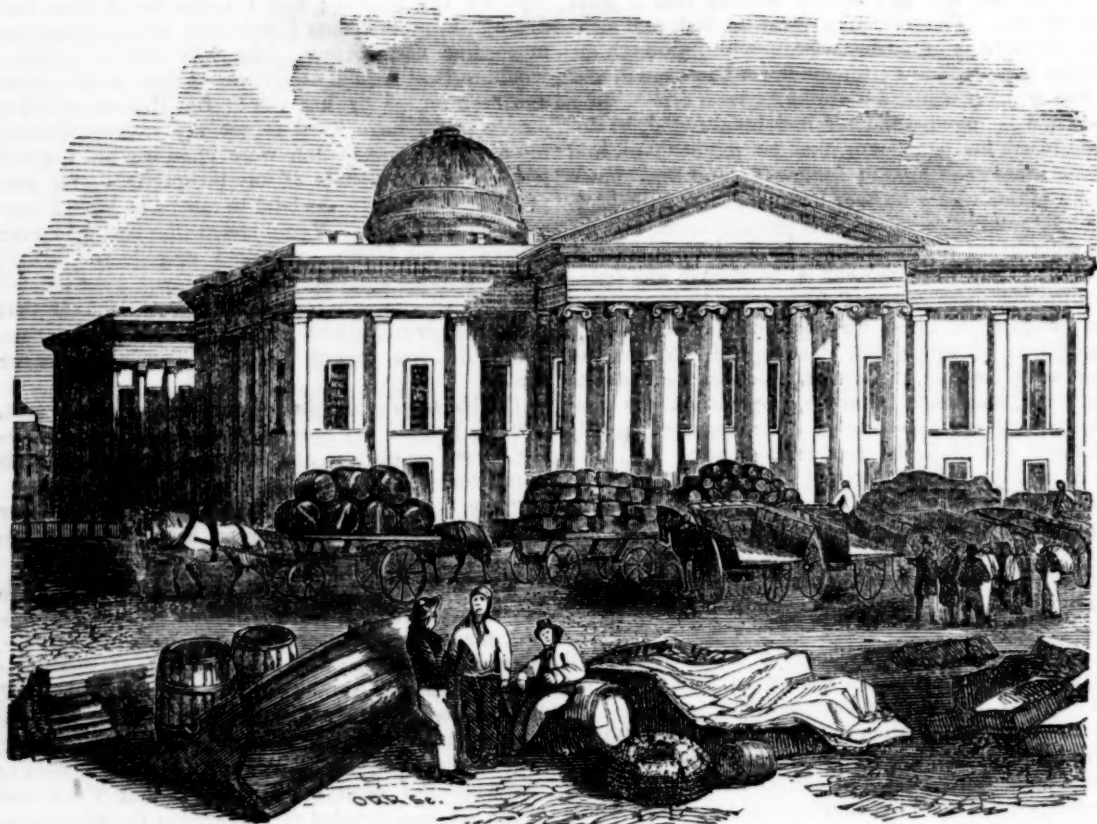
Theodore Thornton stood by in silence; but the father and daughter were not alone to shed tears on that unexpected meeting. He who, thirty years before, was coldly turned away from the door of that same old man when he went to him to ask, not for himself, but for his dying mother—he who was thrust from his presence contemptuously ten years after that event, when he went to him to ask the hand of his Julia in marriage—he wept more to think that *TIME, THE AVENGER*, had granted the vengeance for which once he prayed!

In effect, the high had been brought low, and the lowly had been raised up. Mr. Harley, the rich and haughty merchant, by reverses which it is not necessary that I should explain, had become the houseless, friendless, miserable old man his children now beheld him, while Theodore, by honesty, industry, and perseverance, had built up a fortune for himself and family.

It was in warning him against this, that the old man discovered to Julia that he was her father. I not need dwell upon the scene that followed. When Theodore and his wife learned that those time-worn features, and that shrunken, feeble form, were the remnants of the once rich and haughty man, they raised him from the dust, and instead of forgiving him, prayed humbly that he would forgive them for having disobeyed him, forsaken him, and left him in his old age to suffer privation and want.

There is something sweet and heavenly in mutual forgiveness. It opens the fountains of feeling, and heals wounds that have long rankled in the breast. It was so with Mr. Harley and his children. All was forgiven—all was forgotten, and buried with the past, save the holy lesson of charity and forgiveness, which was too sweet to the memory to be forgotten.

Theodore no longer withheld his consent to his daughter's marriage with the man of her choice, but recommending the young couple to be industrious, and honest, and charitable—even as he himself had been—blessed the union of two hearts God joined together.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

[ORIGINAL.]

THERE is nothing which causes so much astonishment and admiration in the mind of an American, on visiting the commercial towns of England, as the stupendous and magnificent structures which he everywhere sees devoted to the purposes of trade. He feels, at a glance, that he is in a trading country, and in the midst of merchant princes. Immense as London is, its commercial structures bear no proportion to those of Liverpool, which is, beyond a question, the first trading city in the world. New York possesses a thousand grand natural advantages, which give it an immense advantage over Liverpool, but it is a mere rambling shabby town, in respect to structures for commercial purposes, compared with that city. The Liverpool Custom House, of which we give a very fine wood engraving, is one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in Europe; yet on the very spot on which it stands, not many years ago, we saw large ships afloat, and discharging and receiving their cargoes. It is the centre of what was once an extensive dock, and the dock itself was once a creek, or pool, which gave the name to the city. The first stone of this building was laid in 1828. The German traveller, Kohl, in his notes on Liverpool, says of the Custom House—"Trivial as the name and object of such a building may appear in the eyes of philosophers, the Custom House of Liverpool is really a won-

derful pile; and the enthusiast, for the fine arts will not fail to admire it, however worthless or odious may appear to him the business transacted there. To me it seems that this building is not merely the first of its kind in the world, and incomparably the finest of any kind in Liverpool, but that it deserves to rank even with St. Paul's Cathedral, and with other architectural marvels of the first order. If a stranger were placed in front of the pile, without knowing where he was, he would certainly be apt to believe that there, at the least, must be held the meetings of a senate, to whose consultations the welfare of a mighty empire was committed. It is not merely the extent of the building (500 feet by 100) that commands our admiration; but the simplicity of the style harmonizes so beautifully with that extent. The Ionic columns which support the porticoes of the centre, and of the two wings, are fifty feet in height. . . . It is unquestionably one of the most magnificent pieces of architecture that our age has produced; and if it has not acquired as much fame as the Isaac's church in St. Petersburg, or the Museum in Berlin, or the Glyptothek, the Pinacothek, or the Walhalla in Bavaria, or the church of St. Magdalen in Paris, or other colossal piles of modern erection, the reason must be the comparatively vulgar use to which it is applied."

THE DEATH OF ALICE THEALL.

BY A. FELLOE.

[ORIGINAL.]

It was near the close of a lovely day in the season our Poet has well termed "the saddest of the year," and nature seemed undergoing her annual change from the bright and lovely to the sad and mournful. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and not a single cloud intervened between him and earth to obscure the brightness of his rays or dim the lustre of his radiance, which, despite the brown fields, the withered grass, the drooping flowers, and the falling leaves, gleamed upon the face of the earth in such exquisite splendor, that, for a moment, a concentration of the beauties of all the seasons in one bright glance seemed to light up the horizon. And yet about the house of Farmer Theall there brooded a spirit of sadness, which even the unusual splendor of the setting sun could not dispel, a cheerless, despondent sorrow which was in keeping with the gloom of the season. The windows were all closed, the curtains drawn up to admit no light, the handle of the door muffled in crape, and apparently every possible precaution taken to preclude the possibility of noise. The very animals of the household were inoculated with the spirit of deadly repose, and even the beautiful little moss roses and pink blossoms, which bloomed in their resting-places near the threshold, seemed to droop their tiny heads to the ground in suppliance and sorrow. Anon the wind would whistle shrilly through the barren branches of the grove, and die away in a faint echo amidst the dense shrubbery which encircled the little garden, while the low, monotonous murmur of the rippling brook, whose cadences were apparently measured by the solemnity which presided over the scene, rendered the dreariness more drear, the awful majesty of sorrow more sorrowful. God, in his terrible retribution, seemed the presiding spirit of the place—dethroned beauty and joy the victims of his power.

In one corner of the principal room of the house stood a temporary couch, erected more for alleviation of pain than tastefulness of symmetry, and stretched upon it at full length reposed a female form. Her face, clear and transparent as the purest alabaster, was overshadowed by a tint of such perfect paleness, that she was to the eye more an inhabitant of another world than the beautiful, bright-eyed, sportive creature a few summers since had known. Her hair, black as the shroud of gloom about to fall upon the hearts of her friends, fell in disordered ringlets about her shoulders in such profusion, that one could scarcely trace through their dark luxuriance the outline of a snowy neck, which lay, as it were, like a bright and beautiful bed of flowers half buried in the exceeding loveliness of forest foliage. Upon a coverlet of pure white was extended her tiny hand, bereft of ostentatious jewels, and marked with purple blood, which coursed but slowly through their veins, while even the very fingers bespoke the emaciation eating in every direction into her very life. Her eyes glassy and bright as ever, as though to mock the organs which but too plainly spoke of growing weakness, now burned with the premonitory brilliance peculiar to

immediate dissolution, and fixed their earnest gaze on one and another about the bedside, alternately. Occasionally they would rest mournfully for a moment upon some well-remembered face, as though to recall recollections long since buried in oblivion, and then mechanically glide to another equally welcome countenance. Upon her face appeared no contortions of a continuous pain—her bosom heaved not with the tumultuous throbs of writhing agony—her limbs were not distorted by the violence of suffering and agitation; but the life-blood—alas! now ebbing fast—passed as gently through her veins, and kept as steadily upon its regular way, as though the fair and delicate creature was but in the incipient stage of a dreamy sleep. No sudden suspension of nature's functions, no tearing asunder the slender thread which binds the soul to earth, could be read in the calm, sweet smile which encompassed her countenance and wrapped her every feature in the beauty of heaven which gleams but seldom o'er the visage of mortality, and, but for the crowd of weeping beings hovering over the bedside, she could have slept the everlasting sleep of death, and calmly glided to the invisible land beyond the grave without a prayer from those who loved her well. And yet upon that vitality, seemingly in all its pristine vigor, was stamped the broad seal of Death, in letters graven deeper than the lowest depths of earthly sin! And the erasure prayed for by loving hearts around, would blot both life and the impress from the things that are, into the oblivion of things that were! And Alice Theall knew that she was now relinquishing to God the spirit which he had breathed into her soul to startle the little world her presence blessed with the melody of her delicious voice. She knew that earth and all its pleasant retrospections were to her memory now as the fleecy clouds which waved upon her new home, only to be dissipated by a breath of adverse wind; and her grief at passing away from the joys of evanescent life was lost in the eternity of happiness which brightly shone beyond the shades of death. She knew that she must die; that even now she was within the vortex of that terrible whirlpool from whose terrific gulf the shadowy spirit cannot hope to soar in safety, and upon that blessed hope of immortality which freights many a precious cargo for the rapids of earthly destruction, she based her prayers, her thoughts, her wishes for the joys of dissolution.

Young, lovely, and light-hearted, she had for years breathed the pure air of perfect happiness, without the taint of its grosser particles, and to her friends and companions had always seemed the embodiment of buoyant innocence and grace. Foremost and first in all the girlish sports which are the prevailing characteristics of youth, she never wounded the feelings, or touched the tender chord in others' hearts, but displayed in those little traits of mind which stamp the character and tone of the whole being, the most melting tenderness, the most exquisite sensibility. As free from selfishness as guile, she would forget her trivial

sorrows in the sufferings of others, and tender, unasked, the sweetness of female sympathy which smooths the most rugged paths, and strews with flowers the desert plain of life. Living for others rather than herself, continually offering at the altar of pain, misery and misfortune, the glorious beauty of affection which sometimes encircles with a heavenly halo beings of earthy mould, she seemed an angel from above, straying from realms of bliss in search of rankling wounds to heal, and mortal sorrows to lighten by the smile of devotion, love and tenderness. The vilest wretch, in her presence, felt impressed with the spirit of divinity which stamps the truly good with the sublimity of heaven, and those "who came to curse" would often turn to pray, and implore of God eternal blessings upon her lovely face.

And must all this goodness succumb to the rude grasp of un pitying Death? Must this bright shadow of Heaven, this reflex of the virtues of spirits in the spirit land, help to swell the band which discourses most eloquent music at the foot of the throne? Can not goodness and the beauty of holiness claim an exemption from the mortality entailed upon mankind? Alas! her virtues cannot save her from the grave, her perfect spirit cannot smile longer upon the places that once knew her. Her home is in another and a better land!

"Dear Alice," murmured, rather than spoke, a comely youth, who knelt by her side, and pressed her delicate hand gently in his own, "look up again and smile upon me sweetly as of yore. You are better, Alice; the tints that once marked your cheek with rosy health are freshening now, and the lustre of your eyes bespeak returning bloom. Say you will live and bless us with your joyous voice in all its tenderness." And then, in the bitterness of his heart, he pressed his heavy eyelids down, and faintly endeavored to stem the tide of scalding tears which swept across his cheek. *This was their final trysting place.*

"Edward," answered she, in a voice as melodious as that of the most tiny forest bird, "think not of Alice, the atom of mortality now waiting a transformation to immortality. A withering flower, a fading, yellow leaf, a branchless tree, I calmly await the final approach of the common enemy. I tremble not, for there no pangs of sorrow ever come to stain the cheek with misery of grief. I have had dreams, sweet, precious, waking dreams, since heaven has brightly shone within my earthly grave, and I, who, sickening unto death, had feared to yield my spirit up, who dared not hope, by the merit of holiness, for redemption from my sins, can now as easy close my eyes to life and its constituents as though to-morrow's sun should bid me rise secure in healthful life. But I am growing feebler now. My words will find but little breath ere long, and you will soon have the dust of poor Alice to lay within the earth." The youth could speak on words of grief which lay most heavily upon his soul. But the tears, more eloquent than words, flowed faster now adown his cheek, and he felt that soon, alas, too soon, he would be, as it were, alone in the world with but the recollection of her he loved, to heal his wounded heart.

And now old farmer Theall tottered toward the bed which contained the most precious flower that bloomed upon the earth for him. His white hair, tumultuously tossed about by the agony of his grief, and the deep wrinkles of his cheeks filled to overflowing with the

outpourings of his manly sorrow, inspired the feeble girl for a moment with unearthly strength, and she wildly threw her long white arms about his neck, and hiding her face in his snowy locks, wept aloud.

"Father, dear father," said she, and her voice was tremulous and feeble with emotion, "do not thus weep for me. For the sake of her who gave me birth, and now in the decline of years and strength implores of you assistance and encouragement, bear up under the infliction, and look above, rather than here, for the spirit of sympathy. I cannot, dare not wish to live, but seek a consummation of happiness at the foot of the throne. Beyond the blue ether where dwells the infinite space mortality never penetrated, my eyes have discovered the outlines of a kingdom where joy and happiness are perpetuated, and the psalms of eternal life sanctified by the blessing of God, are continually sung in angelic strains. There is yet a vacant seat in the midst of the seraphs, reserved for one who shall leave the earth in the beauty and purity of childhood, and my soul whispers that I shall be immortal there. You would not curse your child with a pilgrimage of sorrow here when the gates of heaven are opened for her. Nay, dear father, immortality before mere earthly joy. Communion with God rather than commingling with man."

"My child! my Alice!" sobbed the old man, as he hid his face in his hands and turned away,—"am I, indeed, consoled by sympathy from the door of the tomb, by sweet words of consolation, as from the depths of the grave?" And he tottered silently to a chair and softly moaned away the grief which "passeth understanding."

And now a slight flush passed over the face of the girl, as the lightning's flash illumines for a moment the sombre darkness of the cloud, and then passes away. Closer and closer around the bed gathered the silent group—softer and more quiet echoed their footsteps upon the oaken floor—hands were clutched convulsively, and low respirations became imbued with the solemnity of death gasps, so clearly defined did they strike upon the ear in the sadness of their tones, while eyes, which but a moment before were raised to Heaven in search of the consoling spirit, now eagerly watched the gentle undulations of the white bosom whose heaving should so soon die away into the calmness of death, 'as though the claimant might seize the prize, and bear it secure away, ere they had cognizance of more than a deathlike sleep. The thin lips of the fair creature were slightly parted by the intense emotions of her contending spirit, while the eyes were hidden in the deep fringe of the long lashes which completely obscured their sight, as though they dared not look upon the incarnation of sorrow, which unfolded all its gloomy phases around her, and hovered about her pillow to mournfully chaunt a requiem when the spirit should leave its shroud of clay. Gently, and yet more gently, rose to the air the almost imperceptible outline of her fair breast, each moment seeming to solemnize more completely the solemnity which reigned supreme, and eagerly, and with more intense watchfulness were the surrounding eyes strained to catch the last deep throb as Nature left her throne. And now the dying girl seemed to revive, and those who knew not the inexplicable contradictions of fleeting breath, bespoke a revival which marked returning strength. Silently she opened her eyes—now alas! bereft of their won-

ted lustre, turned upon the trembling forms, hovering like guardian spirits about her, the dimmed radiance of their brilliancy, faintly murmured the sweet word "Heaven," with touching earnestness of tone which thrilled the hearts of all present as the dying aspirations of a dearly beloved one, and then, with the faint shade of a smile playing upon her cheek, so faint and dim that tearful eyes could scarce behold the sight—her spirit faded away into that eternal sleep whose

couch is neath the sod. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord," said the old farmer, falling on his knees by the bedside, and then he lifted up his voice in prayer, while mother, sister, brother, and lover, in supplication raised their eyes as though afar off in the blue sky beyond the gates of heaven, and about that throne of whose glories she had so sweetly sang, they could discern with earthly eyes the apotheosis of the heavenly Alice.

LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NO. VII.

SKETCHED BY MOTLEY MANNERS, ESQ.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

Necessary judgments have their determinate, individual, psychological primitive.—VICTOR COUSIN.

Trifles light as air.—OTHELLO.

But now thou mayst perceive
The weakness of thy wings,
And that thy noblest strings
To muddy objects cleave.—SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE acts of a man are his character. By this we are far from meaning to assert that the startling, or beautiful, or sublime actions which stand out like *bas relief* from the ground-work of certain lives, are to be taken as the index of what those lives were by nature. This *bas relief* may fill the eye of the beholder, and prevent his observation of all minor details; and to the cursory view of the general world, no other key is necessary to satisfy it of the entire good or ill of the subject. The magnificent achievements of a Marlborough, dazzling us through the haze of history, may be sufficient to invest him in the eyes of the unthinking majority with the lustrous halo of a hero, and his name will at once awaken in their minds visions of glorious battles and triumph. But if we view the conqueror of Blenheim stript of the meretricious splendor of military skill and prowess, how he at once sinks into the peddling politician, or the grooping, avaricious, speculating John Churchill.

The avaricious and mean Churchill is the true Marlborough. The continuous mediocre acts of the man made up his character. They were small, but they were innumerable—the fabric, the ground-work, whereon were grafted the fortuitous glories of the warrior and statesman. As a general rule, we may hold, that the few prominent acts which we are prone to believe are characteristics of great lives, are merely the parenthesis of character, formed by certain elliptical circumstances, and seldom or never having affinity with the original nature of the subject actor whom they influence.

When we say *subject actor*, we do not endorse the

doctrine of *necessity*. The life of a certain man may run in a peculiar channel, and be continually swayed by the currents of that channel, and yet he shall apparently control and direct those currents. No one believes that Napoleon was a cruel-hearted barbarian, whose pastime was havoc, and who possessed a cannibal appetite for human blood. And yet picture to yourself the victor of Austerlitz. Eylau, and Borodino—place him alone, upon the pagan mountains of dead and dying men—with groans and curses rising around him, and the thick bloody mist bring before your vision, to deepen the picture, the hundreds of thousands of orphans, widows, cripples, maniacs, outcasts, stretching far back in the track of his horses' hoofs. Dwell for a moment upon this *one man*, NAPOLEON, as the author, the achiever of all the woe, crime, and blood which you behold, and then tell us if he does not appear like an incarnate demon upon earth!

Yet were we to rest satisfied with such a deduction, the *character* of Napoleon would be to us a sealed book. The man himself was not bloody; his nature was averse to the infliction of human suffering. He wept upon the battle-field, mingling sentimental tears with the blood of his soldiers, that at his word had been poured out. He patted affectionately the cheek of the page, who was to carry his orders into the midst of the fight, and fall hacked to pieces within sight of his master. These trifles from their number and continuity, inform us what indeed was the true Napoleon—not the conqueror—but the human being.

And Maximillian Robespierre!—wearing that sad

platonic smile while viewing from his window the horrors of the Place de Greves; perfuming his attire, and anointing his delicate hands, before signing a pile of death-warrants. Which was the true Robespierre? the man of blood, or the man of perfumes? It was the latter, unquestionably; for the Revolution and the Reign of Terror, were but terrible parentheses in the life of the peaceful Advocate of Arras, who would have lived and died, had it not been for them, a moderate Jacobin, and an opposer of capital punishment.

Great crimes and isolated acts of virtue, then, are not the legitimate exponents of the natural man. The hero, the statesman, the discoverer, the reformer, may be exalted and sublime in the prominent achievements of their lives; and the tyrant, or the malefactor may present tremendous examples of turpitude to the view of the world. But we shall have no true idea of the nature of each, unless we divest them at once of extraneous and arbitrary acts, and follow the thread of those innumerable trifles which form and stamp the entire fabric of character.

But with the poet we must use a different and peculiar gauge. Poetry is itself character, and is, in fact, the development of the poet's internal nature. To win a battle, like Marlborough, or Napoleon, or to superintend massacres like Robespierre, require something more than the individual nature of a man—demands extraneity of events and forces. But to produce poetry no outward influence is necessary. It is spontaneous and uncontrollable, defiant of the will, and independent of the reason. It is an afflatus, whose channel is the soul, whose origin is mystery, but whose mission is to go forth—whose destiny is a continual *exodus*! It may be a dumb spirit, inaudible to the great world, but it nevertheless must breathe, and must be recognized. Therefore is the true poet known in the world—whether he preach on Mars Hill, or by the banks of Avon! whether his theme be heaven and earth, or the lowly humble heart: he is known by the continuity and symmetry of his teachings, by the harmonic beauty of his character, revealed in the divine chords which his soul breathes upon and awakens to music.

It is the beautiful continuity of poetic truth that reveals the presence of the poetic character. A true poet can neither be a retrogressor nor a fanatic, for the deity whom he worships is truth, and the fire that he kindles upon her altars is lit by the divine flame of love. Whatever emanates from his soul, under the name and garb of poetry, is and must be purified by the atmosphere of his heart; because the poetic heart is the seat of all inspiration, and the divinity of poetry can be tested only by its influence upon the holier feelings of our natures.

Show us a perfect poet, and we will show you a Christian like unto the man of Galilee. "An undevout astronomer is mad," but an unbelieving poet cannot exist; for the very soul of his inspiration is the longing, the hope, the assurance of immortality. He may not, it is true, shackle himself with forms or creeds, but in the depths of his heart he shapes out for himself an altar and religion. He beholds with higher, spiritual vision the wings of cherubim overspreading his inward shrine; and he brings the first fruits of his soul as offerings to the Holy One. And, evermore, in the music of birds, the ripple of streamlets, the whispering of leaves, and the murmur of

fountains, he recognizes the eternal response of Nature to the minstrelsy of his own spirit.

Thus is the true bard like Jehovah's High Priest—standing before the presence of Nature, and swinging back and forth the golden censor, in which the incense of his soul is burning. The veil of *unlikeness*, perhaps, is between himself and the world; but, while his offering ascends to heaven, the fragrance of pure thoughts and holy imaginings disperses itself among the thousands who kneel without.

A lovely and glorious mission is that of Song! Though scorn and harshness and distrust await the true preacher of the great poetic gospel of life, yet are they powerless in his path. From afar off the lisplings of his soul are echoed in the depths of gentle hearts. Never, never, will the true poet cast down his genius at the feet of the great and mighty ones of earth; but his song will ever be found softening and harmonizing the wild hearts of the uncharitable, and falling like a soothing dream upon the bruised and broken spirits of earth. And never shall his song be checked by the fear of the world's unbelief, nor misled by the will-o'-th'-wisp false light of popular praise. Ever and ever it gushes up like a crystal fountain—straight from the home of truth.

In one word, the poet must and will preach Nature! Bowing at the shrine of eternal song, he flings away all that clogs the bright wings of inspiration, or binds down the heart's yearnings to the dust. He has no sympathy with the faith of the cold hearted, presumptuous Pharisee—the lip-serving adulation of hypocritic seeming. Evermore searching in the depths of humanity—sinking the sounding-line of sympathy into the secrets of hearts—the bard casts forth to the whole world the grapnels of his own kindly soul, and brings near unto himself the kindred of noble thought.

Never alone nor apart is he in the creed of his holy religion; for the festival of his being—the high-mass and passover of his existence—shall be one glorious and eternal *αγαπας*.

After this long, and it may be wearisome dissertation upon poetic character, it is perhaps an agreeable relief to come at once upon so piquant a *morceau* as must be presented in the literary consideration of *Nathaniel Parker Willis*, an author who has had for the last twenty years, more *opportunities* of fame than any other of the craft this side of the Atlantic.

It has been said that "the perfection of art is nature," and it is at least syllogistic to aver that nature must be the ground-work of art. The great painter of Nature's works must have a living landscape in his soul before he can transfer it to canvass, and were it possible for a *blind painter* to do so, his work would be a perfect transcript of his natural mental original—that is, if the blind man were in reality a *painter* by the "grace of God." And this, because the image of truth must have a place within the minds of genius, before it can become visible to the world-without.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS was born in that hot-bed of poets and authors—"Portland, in the State of Maine," somewhere about the middle of January, 1807—and is, therefore, now in his forty-second year. His father, long known as the publisher of the "Boston Recorder," printed at Boston, removed to that city in the early childhood of our author; and at fifteen, Nathaniel entered Yale College.

It was during his collegiate course, that the spirit of truth and beauty which is forever floating around

the world, less seen than felt, recognized an affinity with certain components of the youth's heart, and developed itself in a series of "Scripture Sketches," which, had the gods so loved the author as to make him "die young," would have given him a poetic claim on immortality. Mr. Willis was then what is technically known among prudent mothers and serious fathers, as a "good young man," with very slight erratic tendencies, and allowed to possess tolerable *material* for a position in the pulpit, or the Sandwich Island missionary field. But the publication of such articles as the "Scripture Sketches" above alluded to, is an extremely hazardous experiment for any young gentleman of religious tendencies; especially when it induces, as in this case, a perfect golden shower of favorable criticism. Nathaniel was incontinently spoiled for a missionary, but he was on the high-road to literary distinction.

There are a great many authors *blighted* (we think that is the favorite term) by first receptions; and perhaps it would be quite as well if there were a great many more. It might be well if the "Quarterly" should slay a hundred or two of Keats' imitators, as it slew their unfortunate prototype. And we do most tenaciously believe that if Willis had provoked, by his first attempts, a scathing like that which made Byron a poet, we should be either much wealthier in our poetic literature at the present time, or else "Pencilings by the Way" would never have been written. "In point of fact," as Cousin Feenix says, Willis *slid* into public favor much too easily. He *unfortunately* did not have "early struggles" enough, to bring his energies into play, and teach him, like John Tyler, to "head" popularity. The first bottle of champagne is a dangerous thing, but the first criticism is far more perilous; and doubtless the majority of young authors can recover from the former much sooner than from the latter. Had Willis in his infant soarings been lucky enough to be pounced upon by some vulture of a reviewer, we are morally certain he would have proved "game," and his whole life might have received an impetus which was absolutely necessary, and from lack of which he is now, at forty-one, "N. P. Willis, the Journalist."

To doubt that Willis had a "talent confided to him," would be foolish. He had, and we want no better evidence than those "Scripture Sketches,"—he had, indeed, a golden talent; but unhappily, he bartered it very soon for notes of hand, and began trading on "promises to pay," which have at length nearly made him a literary bankrupt. Willis stepped over the threshold of his minority with an enviable poetic reputation, and if he had "held fast to the things which are good," that reputation would have endured and culminated to the present hour.

In the boy's heart of our author nestled the divine dove of beauty, and he sent it forth to the world in those exquisite paraphrases—no, not paraphrases—*transfusions* of Scripture. Would it had come back from its first wanderings with no token that the world would receive it! for then it might have brooded over the youth's heart, and united forever the formless elements of poetry which slept within its depths. Power was then in the soul of Willis—power, and love, and the unblent proportions of all symmetry.

There are no more vivid, electric marks of the genuine bardic character presented in all the poetic

past, than are revealed through the descriptive passages of passion and feeling, in the "Sketches." In a line, sometimes—in a flashing sentence—we encounter whole volumes of that spirit which *passes into our own*. And in the *tracery*, if we may so call it, of nature's beauties, we have perfect pictures continually before us.

"The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn."

But the Poet knows that

"All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loneliness, and fragrant air, were sad
To the dejected HAGAR. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing, as if life
Were a new thing to them. But O, it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a mirth in anything it loves.
She stood at ABRAHAM'S tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes as it had been flame."

There is *pride*, written out. And HAGAR'S child feels the same overwhelming spirit.

—"He had looked up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom—and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man."

Now, these passages are beautiful—albeit they are not so polished as some of the author's later and mediocre productions; and we wonder not that at their advent they created what foreign vocalists call a "*sensation*." But we look upon these and kindred verses less as illustrations of the poet's *powers*, than as expressions of his real character. The predominant idea of the last quoted lines, as well as of the following passage, is the key to "Willis." That idea is, *pride*!

"Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak has shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O, no! by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!
Make her a slave; steal from her easy life
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes life's cup a bitterness,—yet, give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But O! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong, or slight, or anything that tells
A change has come across your tenderness—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven,
Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strange step and slow,
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit."

Willis could never have made a good missionary but if he could be permitted to live his life over, we

think he would become a great poet. Twenty years ago he had dreams—but we will wager that those dreams never foreshadowed “Jottings down in London,” nor “Home Journal” editorials. Very likely he felt like the lover of Melanie,

“A noble’s high desires,
Forever mounting in his heart;
The boy consumed with hidden fires.”

and had his birth-place been the aristocratic locality of St. James, and his cradle surrounded with a coronet, he would have been as perfect an English gentleman as ever curried in Hyde Park, or carried a smelling-bottle to the crater of Vesuvius. He would not, then, have been a poet, it is true, but he would have been true to nature, and might have lived and died a patron of white gloves and the fine arts. He was born between extremes, one of which would have made him a true bard, and the other a true aristocrat. From a hovel he would have soared, and snatched “honor from the pale-faced moon;” but from mediocre respectability he had not the incentives to rise, and contented himself with the commonplace adulation which was his own, unsought.

“God makes the Poet, and the Poet makes himself a God,”

—but Willis either was not a deity-formed poet, or else he concluded to stop short of apotheosis; for he certainly *now* gives little outward evidence of the divinity within. The “Scripture Sketches,” quoted from above, gave him, as we have said, a *hold* upon great poetic reputation. They are enough, in themselves, *had he written naught else*, to immortalize his name. But unfortunately he has written *much* else, and much that has as little affinity with them as can well be imagined. He has too often descended from Shakspeare to the Circus; he has sunk the great poet in the mere wit, and masqueraded with his muse in the tinsel garb of fashion. Heaven gave Willis the elements which should have made him a priest of nature, and he stepped forth from her temple to become that sparkling nonentity—a man of the world.

But, *n’importe*, as Willis, doubtless, now says himself—for he has probably left off dreaming since evacuating Glen Mary. We would, by the way, that he had stepped from Yale to Glen Mary, and remained there till now; because it would have saved us much unpleasant criticism of him, and he would have been, what he should have been at forty-one, and what he will not be at eighty-two (unless he astonishes us), a true American poet. However, as matters stand, *n’importe*. We have now to do with Willis, the journalist, and his “day of small things.”

Griswold says, “Willis is, more than any other, the poet of society,” and we will endorse the opinion, merely begging leave to strike out “poet,” and insert “editor.” He never was, and now, at least, he *cannot* be, the *poet* of society; simply because the new developments of social things have left him far behind them. The poet of a particular creed, or

theory, or state, is in effect the teacher, and must be in the van. Willis, as a poet, is in the van of nothing—he is a “waiter of the tide.”

“But he is the ‘editor of society,’ we grant with all our heart—the editor of that society which is compounded of arbitrary distinctions and frivolous conventionalities. He is the editor of that class of opinions which never soars and never descends—which presents one unvarying fretwork of pinchbeck conservatism. And this is no more the proper sphere of the natural WILLIS, than is the gold-mine the legitimate eyrie of an eagle.

It is painful to view the sliding scale of our author’s descent from the empyrean on which anticipation placed him some fifteen years since. But, we could be satisfied with the beautiful memory of what he was, the divine conception of what he might be, as a poet, if we could even now behold some manifestation of long dormant but vigorous nature. At this hour,—if he have a spark left of that sacred fire which has at times inflamed his heart,—he might, with the inherent breath of his natural poetic power, awaken it into a new and glorious life, and dissipate at once the atmosphere of vapidity which has obscured but not entirely hidden the WILLIS of former years.

Had our author never written a line of poetry, *par excellence*, we should not be angry with him. As the writer of “Pencilings by the Way,” “Jottings down in London,” “Letters from under a Bridge,”—as the mere literary gossip of the magazines, or the inditer of sparkling but flagree paragraphs—and this and that, and nothing more, Willis would have satisfied us, because we should have contented ourselves in thinking that he was in his proper field, and pursuing the “curve line” of an agreeable and versatile talent. But we have read “Parhassius,” and “Hagar,” and “Absalom,” and the “Leper,” and studied out grand thoughts in the pages of the “Usurer,” and “Visconti,” and so, consequently, (we may be odd, but) we confess a disrelish for the euphonism of “N. P. W.” of the realms “above Bleeker street, New York.”

We will quote Griswold again, and then add a word, premising that we endorse the quotation to the letter. Mr. G says, “The prose and poetry of Willis are alike distinguished for exquisite finish and melody. His language is pure, varied, and rich; his imagination brilliant, and his wit of the finest quality.” We repeat, we endorse all these praises, but contend that they relate merely to the “ornamental trappings of the muse,” and that a small extract of the poetic “heart” of “lang-syne” is worth more, far more, than the whole cabinet of delicate *bijouterie*, which has usurped its place.

And so, with a “longing, lingering look” backward, across Willis’s literary path, we will leave him at his journalistic standpoint, inwardly moralizing upon the past and the present. Willis was “called” to be a poet, is our conclusion; but “many are called, and few chosen.”



THE OLD ENGINEER.

BY SEDGELEY.

[ORIGINAL.]

'Twas broad, high noon :
 The sun, the " burning heart of heaven," lit
 The calm, bright face of Nature o'er the brow
 Of each gold-crested hill upon the cheek
 Of rip'ning meadows in their summer bloom ;
 O'er tangled vines and teeming forests all
 The priceless warp of Nature's gayest robe :
 O'er silver streamlets in the quiet vale
 That seem'd the same bright mantels' glitt'ring woof ;
 And that upon the bosom of the lake
 That ever lay so placidly and calm,
 A polished mirror for the bearded pine,
 Or shaggy willow close upon its shore.
 O'er these the noontide set in splendor, while
 Within a cottage sheltered by an oak,
 And lightly bound with clamb'ring vines and flow'rs,
 A woman sat.
 Meek mercy was her office, and she bent
 At this, to her full lonely hour, beside
 Her father's stricken couch. A suff'ring man
 He lay with all his hopes for Time, transferr'd
 Unto Eternity. His daughter, she,
 And this her latest, loving task, to watch
 And softly ease the burden of his ill.
 But now she starts—a light is in his eye—
 His trembling hand is lifted in the air—
 His quiv'ring lips are parted—and she bends
 To catch unwelcome words—

" My Mary, child,

I feel a chill upon my forehead, here,
 A cold, cold chill—it gathers round my heart,
 And lo! a voice is whisp'ring in my ear
 That bids me come and join thy mother, dear !"

Rochester, N. Y., November, 1848.

His arm relaxed—his eyelids clos'd again—
 Yet breathed and 'twas not death.

In manhood's prime
 His noble, dang'rous task had been to guide
 The " iron horse" that daily swept before
 His cottage now ; yet leading, as of yore,
 Its long, bright train of restless, busy life :
 Still motionless he lay—a piercing sound,
 As if an eagle, bursting galling chains,
 Had greeted freedom in one lengthen'd cry,
 Was borne across the plain. Again he starts
 As if the warm voice of a welcome friend
 Had broke his slumber, while his eager eyes
 Turn swiftly toward the sound.

Along its path
 The chafing, steel-clad engine dashes on,
 Likesome proud, fiery spirit, doom'd to drag
 The heavy worthless burden that it spurned.
 He marked the dense and blacken'd mass that hung
 Along its gilded train ; he heard a hiss,
 As of a serpent wounded in its coil,
 And saw a swift and glitt'ring stream dart forth
 And break into a thousand liquid gems.
 Still on ! the glowing pageant swept, till lost
 Amid the mazes of the city's wealth.
 But even there, above the ceaseless din,
 A round, glad welcome from a brazen tongue,
 Awoke the slumb'ring echo and was borne
 Like softest music to the old man's ear.
 He heard it, and it seem'd to breathe " Farewell !"
 He waved his hand and sank upon the couch
 No more to rise !

SONNET.

BY SEDGELEY.

[ORIGINAL.]

Come out with me upon old ocean's shore,
 His warrior-waves have armed them for the fight,
 A thousand crests are dancing in the light,
 A thousand voices swell the mingled roar.
 Behold yon wave—it rideth proudly on—
 And as it rideth still it gathers strength
 And baries all before it. Till at length

Rochester, N. Y., November, 1848.

In one proud surge it seeks oblivion.
 Behold again, along its glittering path
 The myriad-foaming wavelets quickly rise,
 And fling their murmurs to the troubled skies,
 Mid deeper swellings of the tempest's wrath.
 So on this earthly tide, the mountain wave
 Sweeps on in grandeur but to swell the grave.



**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.**

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XV.

REV. CHARLES G. SOMERS.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY ORR AND RICHARDSON, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY A. MORAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

In the midst of the newspaper offices, publishing houses, printing establishments, book stores, magazine depots, and stationery shops crammed into Nassau street, the Paternoster Row of America, there stands a plain and modest church.

The merchant in his chase for game; the editor rushing to his upper loft, to manufacture a new batch of public opinion for the coming day; the compositor hurrying to his daily toil; the book-seller bent on a new edition; the unconscious author grumbling out some

brilliant illustration as he stumbles along, might pass on and pass by this church without noticing its actuality.

But there it stands so quietly and resignedly, as if it were always looking down upon the rush for gain and fame, but "more in sorrow than in anger;" never upbraiding, never reproaching, but only reminding by its silent presence that there is a gain higher than earthly gain, that there is a fame wider than the author's fame—that there is a book, more important than

any new editions, a book whose preface was written "in the beginning," whose final chapter will close with the end of time, whose author is Jehovah, and whose title is the "Book of Life."

It is a long time since we first observed that church, and when we did it gave rise to more reflections than it is worth our while to note down here. It gave us pleasure to see it, for it seemed like good leaven in the lump of evil workings all about; like a sheet anchor cast in the rushing tide of selfishness; a pledge of Heaven's forbearance; and it stirred some sadness too, for it always stood so retired and silent, and looked so deserted, as no one of all the world of people going past turned one thought towards it. It seemed as if everybody had come to forget the unobtrusive church, and as if it felt neglected; and mourned not so much for its own sake, as for those upon whom would fall the fearful retribution of such neglect.

The church seemed to us to stand, the representative of the Christian faith, as like that it lived underegarded, almost unknown in the midst of life and din and bustle; while around, its overshadowing neighbors, the newspaper buildings, personating worldliness, there ever crowded, excited, watchful, anxious men, passing in and out, like devoted worshippers. And then when the Sabbath comes, and the doors are gently opened, a few gather into the quiet church and worship; how few compared with the great mass that all the week pressed each other round those loftier buildings!

Thus often looking at this unobtrusive church we feel impelled to visit it on its Sunday, when it might look happier and livelier, and relax the settled seriousness of its expression. So one Sabbath we stole away from our accustomed path, and went to this Nassau street church. The organ was playing, and the choir were singing when we entered. It was an old familiar tune; and it was sung in such a plaintive, melodious, serious way, that the music seemed all in harmony with the reflections we had had about the quiet unobtrusive church.

Then when the pastor arose for prayer, and all were hushed in silence, and he prayed with so much feeling and came right unto the throne of grace with such strong entreaties, and pressed his petition for the salvation of all so fervently, we felt more than once the sacred inspiration that had gathered about that church, which, silent all the week, was now uttering its voice of warning and of supplication.

After another season of soft and serious music, the preacher read his text, and commenced the preaching from it. He spoke with great deliberation, a deliberation that seemed to grow out of his appreciation of the importance of the subject, and the solemnity of the place. Again we recurred to our first impressions of the church, standing in such calm solemn quietness, all through the week. He preached more earnestly, if that could be, than he had prayed, with deep, deep earnestness, so hearty in his strong entreaties to each and all for the enrolment of their names in the Book of Life—so full of love, anxious moving love towards his little flock, so fearful lest they should fail of the great salvation, so intent on their highest good. There was but little of "the orator," according to the popular meaning of that term, just as there was little architectural elegance or beauty about the church. The rounded sentences, the silver-ringing

voice, the artistic grouping of ideas, the glowing imagery, the startling illustration, were not in such rich repleteness, in such fascinating power as we have seen them in other pulpits. But there was the hearty earnestness which does not issue from all other pulpits. The preacher himself felt all that he uttered, without which self-appreciation he would not make his hearers feel. He had passed within in the veil and knelt in the presence of the Holy One; he had realized in his own soul the blessedness of forgiven transgression; he had looked beyond the world of sense to the world of spirit; he had felt the pulsations of the new and higher life. So he spoke from his own heart to the hearts of others, and from many a bosom we believed there was a response which beat heavenward in answer to those appeals. Plain, unstudied, and unpretending was his style; and still strong, earnest, well-founded; altogether like the church which had already so won our respect.

After a while, we learned that the Rev. Mr. Somers was the minister who had preached, and that the staid and quiet church of Nassau street, so hidden between the printing offices, was the church of Mr. Somers. We learned that he had been preaching in that church twenty-seven years, Sabbath after Sabbath, with scarcely any intermission. In time we came to know more about this plain and earnest preacher, and we found that he was widely known, and universally respected, and warmly loved; that he was one of the long-tried laborers in the holy vineyard, one of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day—that he had been scattering the seed of truth for many a long year, and had gathered unto the garner many a precious harvest, had often "come again bearing his sheaves with him," that he had wrought out many a gem for his crown of glory; that he had been shedding the sunlight of love and happiness about him all his earthly pilgrimage; and that now though a veteran in the ranks, though he had buckled on his armor before many of us were born, and had battled steadily and manfully ever since for the Truth and the Right, yet still with undiminished ardor he was found in his own place fighting "the good fight of Faith."

In time we chanced to meet him, and we found him full of kindness and human sympathies, and wide-embracing charities; we saw that his purposes and plans with their direction towards the good of mankind, that he was moved towards the elevation of the fallen, the enlightenment of the benighted, the healing of the broken-hearted, and the restoration of the self-abandoned; that it had come to be a habit, a settled life with him to work for other's good, for he had been so working more than thirty years. We inquired about his early life, and found that it had been a varied one.

And so at last we have come to note down some of the incidents we have heard about the pastor of the quiet and sad church of Nassau street. We cannot say that these incidents will interest others equally with ourselves. They spoke to us of singleness of heart, of enthusiasm of sentiment, of self-sacrificing toil, and the guidings of an overruling Providence. Perhaps all will not find in them so many lessons. They are not startling, though somewhat striking. The biography is peculiar, but not extraordinary. Yet we would sketch a few of the doings and experiences of this faithful worker, that others besides our

selves may know that there are, in this world, men who toil and toil, on and on, year after year, for the love they bear to Christ and their fellow-men; that there is disinterestedness in this selfish world; that, there are open hands and open hearts, in this close calculating world; that something is being done for the elevation of the race; and that as in the midst of all the business, and excitement, and wear, and tear of Nassau street, there stands an unobtrusive church; so in this world's din and turmoil, and wear and tear, there stand some steadfast men, unnoticed by the crowd, unknown to fame, who labor on unobtrusively, and faithfully for the good of all, and for the renewing of a world.

Rev. Charles G. Somers was born in the city of London in the year 1793. His father was a Norwegian, whose birth-place was Tronekeim, also the native place of Ole Bull, the distinguished violinist. His Christian name was also "Ole," a favorite name in Norway. The early part of his life was spent in Denmark, where he received the usual school instructions allotted to boys in early life. It is an interesting fact that he was in Copenhagen when that city was bombarded by Nelson, on the eventful 2d of April, 1801.

It was the day before, that the English fleet, consisting of fifty-one sail of various descriptions, of which sixteen were ships of the line, came to an anchorage within two leagues of Copenhagen, off the N. W. end of the "Middle Ground," a shoal lying before the town, only three-fourths of a mile distant. In the King's Channel, between this shoal and the town, the Danes had arranged their line of defence, consisting of 19 ships and floating batteries, flanked at one end by the Crown Batteries, works of a most formidable character, the larger one mounting eighty-three guns. Late in the afternoon the British fleet weighed anchor, doubled the farther end of the shoal, and came to anchor within two miles of the Danish Batteries. Here three mighty battle ships lay all night, in awful, foreboding silence, broken only by the splash of the waves dashing vainly against their huge black sides, or by the sound of revelry, and the low murmur of preparation that ever and anon issued from the open port-holes. In the British fleet it was a night of wild joy, and hope, and glorious anticipations of the morrow's victory, with the deep, thrilling excitement that nerves the arm and steels the heart of the soldier, and the seaman, in the prospect of such an awful, furious, desolating contest. But the gloom of the night that settled over the doomed city of Copenhagen was but a faint image of the dark forebodings that settled so heavily on the hearts of all its desperate defenders. About ten o'clock on the following morning Lord Nelson's ships had taken their allotted places, and at the appointed signal opened their tremendous fire on the Danish armament. It was returned by the shot of one thousand guns, which spoke in terms not to be misunderstood of the desperate bravery with which the Danes would defend their native land, and of the terrible destruction through which the British flag must pass ere it waved in triumph on the citadels of Copenhagen. For more than four hours did these two tremendous combatants, the flower of the English Navy, the concentrated strength of Denmark, wage upon each other a warfare of magnificent bravery, but of awful carnage. At the end of that time the batteries of Denmark were

silenced, most of her ships had struck, all of them were riddled, one had caught on fire, and blown up, while six thousand of her brave sons had been taken from her. It was one of the hardest fought battles that Humanity has ever been called to mourn over—on one side a nation's honors, on another a nation's safety were the stakes—on both sides were marshalled men who knew no inspiration equal to that of their country's call, and paid no heed to personal safety when her safety was endangered.

Young Somers was witness of it all, in all its terribleness, its havoc, and its magnificence. He was then only nine years of age, but with the curiosity and enterprize of youth, which he possessed to an uncommon degree, he determined to see a sight which for awful sublimity is rarely equalled. In the confusion which reigned in every household, he escaped from home and steering for the sea side, came to one of those immense cranes, which are sometimes seen about docks, employed to raise heavy timbers. It consisted of an immense upright beam, perhaps twenty feet high, with an arm standing out from its top at an angle of one hundred and thirty-five degrees, of great length, and reaching over the water. This crane the daring little fellow climbed, and slipping out to the end of the arm, quietly surveyed the whole battle scene. And it was a glorious sight he had; we wish we could have been perched on the end of that beam with him; and if ever a panoramist should make an attempt to represent that battle, we think that in the foreground he should place this valiant young Somers with his feet dangling over the side of the huge ship crane, with one hand holding on, while with the other, he swings his hat in patriotic exultation as he sees the broad pennant of his countryman Nelson bearing down so savagely on the batteries of the enemy—his throat swelling with the shout which finds no hearing amid the roar of ten thousand cannon, and over his head rolling the huge sulphuric war cloud, that bore in its folds the stifled groans of four thousand wretches. While there he saw the ship *Glatton* when it caught on fire, left to her fate and blown up. A young mason, an acquaintance of Somers' was fighting on board of her, and to give some idea of the horror of the fight, we repeat the account given by him to Somers. He said that the gun at which he was stationed had been cleared three times before he took his stand, that several times he gathered up with his hands the broken legs, and arms, and bodies torn in piecemeal, and threw them into the sea, to clear a place to work in, on the encumbered deck; and more dreadful than all, he was obliged to pull off his boots that he might by the roughness of his stockings maintain a footing on the slippery deck, so freely had human blood flowed on its drenched surface!

That evening Lord Nelson came on shore, and Somers with his usual enterprize got a good sight of him, though the streets *were* cleared by the police. Villemoes too, he often saw—and describes him as of a very modest and retiring appearance—of whom that interesting story is told by Robert Southey, which no one will blame us for repeating:

"A youth of seventeen, by name Villemoes, particularly distinguished himself on this memorable day. He had volunteered to take the command of a floating battery; which was a raft, consisting merely of a

number of beams nailed together, with a flooring to support the guns: it was square, with a breastwork full of port-holes, and without masts, carrying twenty-four guns, and one hundred and twenty men. With this he got under the stern of the *Elephant*, below the reach of the stern-chasers; and, under a heavy fire of small arms from the marines, fought his raft, till the truce was announced, with such skill, as well as courage, as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration."

When Lord Nelson went on shore, after the business of negotiation was transacted, he requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him; and, shaking hands with the youth, told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The prince replied: "If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

It was some six years after this, we believe, that a British fleet suddenly appeared off *Elsinore*, the toll-gate city of Denmark. It amounted to nearly a score of line ships, a large number of frigates and gun boats, with transports carrying some twenty thousand men. As they swept into the straits under a light wind, with all sails spread—the flags and pennants, and streamers, flying from the mastheads, bows, and sterns, every yard throughout the whole fleet manned with seamen, Mr. Somers describes it as one of the most magnificent sights that eye of man ever rested on. And then, when the bands of eleven regiments, at a given signal struck up that spirit-stirring, national air, "Rule, Britannia, rule the wave," he speaks of it as unequalled in its thrilling excitement, and bounding inspiration. With his usual enterprise in search of incident, or information, he jumped into a skiff with a companion, and pulled off for the *Prince of Wales*, a ninety-eight gun ship. Going on board he was most kindly received, and invited below to a repast with the officers. He frankly inquired where they were going with such a fleet. An officer replied, "We do not know; sealed orders have been given us, which will be opened this afternoon, and we *hope* it is not to Copenhagen." But alas! it was. That afternoon the fleet weighed anchor for that unfortunate city, and the next morning the booming of cannon was heard at *Elsinore*, twenty-four-miles distant, and Copenhagen was again bombarded and taken. This attack was made under the command of Lord Gambier; Sir Home Popham being the field officer in command on board. It was done for the purpose of getting possession of the Danish fleet which lay dismantled in its harbor. This fleet the English Government was informed by their active minister abroad, Jackson, was to come into the possession of the French.

This John Bull could not, and did not allow. The fleet was captured, English sailors swarmed on board of the stripped vessels, rigged them, and got them ready for sea in a week, and the two fleets passed over to England. In this engagement, the enthusiasm of young Somers' nature would not allow him merely to sit quietly on the end of a ship crane, but he must assist in the defence of his adopted country. So he joined the company which manned the old fort *Kroneborg*, whose guns swept the straits, and there played away at the ships as they passed. But we must leave any further description of these exciting times, and turn to other incidents in the life of our

hero—more in accordance with the peaceful principles he has been so long and faithfully advocating. Suffice it to add, that these very scenes excited no admiring longing for "all the pomp and circumstance of war," but left on his youthful mind an indelible impression of its dreadful horrors, and moved a deeper earnestness in enforcing the truth of that Gospel whose motto is "Peace on earth, good will to men."

At the early age of ten he was introduced into the counting-room of the well known house of Mullins and Knox, at *Elsinore*, Denmark. Here he was regularly educated in the mercantile department—being favored with a training of a higher order than that which is vouchsafed to clerks of the present degenerate day. At that time the system of working clerks, which has grown up so deplorably of late, did not exist. A clerk was not hired on a nominal salary, or no salary at all, kept hard at work, during half of the year, fifteen out of the twenty-four hours, and turned off at the whim of his employers; but then the mercantile profession was conducted in a nobler, more generous, dignified way. In the first place, a youth was admitted into a mercantile house only by the most unexceptionable recommendations, both from friends and personal appearance. After his adoption into the house he was conducted up through all the stages of business, from the simple copying of correspondence to the responsible book-keeping; and then, if he had faithfully performed the duties of his term of service, his employer provided for him, either by taking him in as a partner or setting him up in business. True, such cases occur now-a-days, but not so generally as in the "good old times."

In the year 1808 Mr. Somers satisfactorily completed his term of service in the house of "Mullins and Knox," and immediately left Denmark for this country. He had heard of our free institutions, of our glorious civil liberty, and he had become enamored of them, and looked with longing towards "the home of the free and the land of the brave." He knew also of the energy of American character, and the boldness of American enterprise, and both these were in harmony with his own traits. It was in such a land, with its free air, and among such a people, with their manly enterprise, that Somers most wished to live and act. So he started off in the reckless, hopeful, spirited way that characterized most of his boyish undertakings. Hearing, one morning, that a friend, a young man by the name of Ole Konning, was on the point of starting for America, on board the ship *Servia*, bound to Providence, he packed up his things, hastened to the ship, and found himself under way that afternoon. It was not till they were out at sea, and the low outline of the land of his education had faded from his sight, that he seriously inquired, What shall I do in America? and How shall I get on? We wish nothing better for a young man than the hopeful spirit of young Somers, founded upon as good a character, which straightway answered, Oh, you can do anything that the Yankees can do—and there the matter rested.

On her way to America the ship visited Lisbon, and while lying there the passengers went on shore; but their pleasant land-spell was suddenly brought to a close, for couriers came rushing in with the news that Marshal Junot was approaching with an army of 30,000 Frenchmen. The ship got quickly under way,

and as she cleared the river Tagus, the French entered the open gates of Lisbon.

Mr. Somers, soon after his arrival in this country, connected himself with the firm of White, Brothers & Co. in this city. After having remained with them about a year, application was made to the firm for his services, by John Jacob Astor, who was then largely engaged in the fur trade and in the shipping interest. Mr. White generously advised him to accept of Mr. Astor's proposal, from the fact that his chances for success in mercantile life would be enhanced by the change, as Mr. Astor was doing such a heavy and profitable business. The desire of Mr. A. to secure Somers as his clerk, is only one proof among many of the high recommendation the youth ever carried with him, in his open, bright countenance and manly bearing. He was one of those, to whom every one seemed to "take a liking." Nature had blessed him with a handsome face and finished person, while the brightness of his eye and the bloom of his cheeks gave good evidence of the perfection of his health and the elasticity of his spirits. He had, too, an active, off-hand way of doing business, which the steadiest, sternest man fancies in a youth. Always wide-awake, he was on the alert for the advantage of his employer, when business demanded, and ready for a little boyish sport, when work was done. He had also a kind and generous heart and gallant sentiments, which made him a favorite among his fellows, while he was perfectly upright and pure in character. He strove to live on good terms with all, and ever stood ready to do a favor. Those who have known him in later years, will not be inclined to doubt the early possession of these traits. His natural activity, however, had disinclined him to close application over books, and his ready tact at acquisition, and habits of observation, relieved him, in some measure from the necessity of confining study. In this latter particular he changed with the increase of years, and when the responsibilities of life came to press upon him he became most assiduous and persevering in literary toil. It was in 1811 that he was fairly installed in the counting-house of Mr. Astor, the same building which now stands at the corner of Pearl and Pine streets.

He had been about a year connected with this house, when it happened to be for Mr. A.'s interest to send a swift schooner with a valuable cargo to the Mediterranean, to run by the British guns at the straits of Gibraltar, this country being then at war with England. It was about ten o'clock on Saturday evening, as all hands connected with the house were busily employed in getting the papers of the schooner ready, that Mr. Astor, whose desk stood opposite to Somers', suddenly looking up, and addressing him by his given name, said—"Well, Charley, I suppose you will come down to-morrow morning, and help us off with the schooner?" "Charley" looked up in return, but said not a word. It was a trying moment for him. On the one hand, he felt that it would be wrong "to do any manner of work" on the Sabbath, and yet he was confident that a refusal in the emergency would be followed by his "walking papers" on Monday. He paused but a moment, and replied—"Mr. Astor, I cannot come down to-morrow, for it is God's day, and I will do no man's work on that day." It was a trying moment, but great was his relief when Mr. Astor laughingly turned to another

clerk and said, "By the devil, John, I'm glad we've got one Christian amongst us.—Well, Charley, you go to church to-morrow and pray for us; and the rest of us will come down and get off the schooner." A week had not elapsed before Mr. A. came to Somers with an order that he should be ready in twenty-four hours for a two month's journey of importance.

At the time appointed he was ready, and going to Mr. A., received from him letters of introduction to the firms in Canada with which he had business connections, letters to the officers on the line, his own instructions, and ten thousand dollars in money. Thus he started on the difficult and perilous enterprise of bringing safely to New York a large amount of furs, in the dead of winter, and in the midst of the last war with England. This commerce was carried on in accordance with certain stipulations between the Governments. It was a department of business that Mr. A. had hitherto entrusted to his eldest clerk; and never would he have consigned it to Somers, who was then only nineteen, if in addition to his usual enterprise and judgment, that reply on Saturday night had not come as convincing proof of his incorruptible integrity and true independence. On his journey he had many narrow escapes. Once the speed of his horse saved him from a lurking savage, and on his journey out he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried to La Cole Mills, where General Pike not many hours after made an assault upon a chosen brigade of the United States Army. He was soon released, however, by a pass from Col. Hamilton, but was again detained by order of the notorious Col. Murray. With great difficulty he at last reached Montreal, transacted his business, and safely escorted his valuable cargo to New York, within the prescribed two months—having expended during the whole term only seventy-five dollars. So greatly was Mr. A. pleased with the execution of this commission, that he was getting ready another letter of instructions for an expedition to Mackinaw—before Mr. Somers had hardly time to warm himself. But when Mr. A. made his proposal, he was met to his astonishment, with a decided "No, sir, I can not go." "And why not?" "I have determined, sir, to become a minister." Without a word Mr. A. turned on his heel, but after Somers had left the room, broke out with an oath unusually heavy for him to utter, saying, "By—, the boy's a fool. He might make a first rate merchant, and he is going into the *priesthood*." Yes it was so—our promising merchant had determined to be a minister.

Rarely has a young man possessed brighter prospects of wealth, station, and ease. He was endowed with precisely those traits which insure success—health, energy, perseverance, judgment, integrity, and winning manners. He was thoroughly educated in the mercantile department, and a favorite of his employer. His fellow clerks have become wealthy men. Why should not he have become so? But he turned his back upon these high prospects; he relinquished all hope of wealth on earth, that he might lay up treasures in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." And now, think you, that he would exchange the good he is conscious of having accomplished for all the millions of John Jacob Astor? No, no. He might have been rich now—Ah, he *is* rich, "Souls have been given him as seals of his ministry," and they shall be bright gems in his coronet above.

The fact was, that on his southern tour, Somers had accomplished some business for himself, of which Mr. Astor was ignorant, and the importance of which the millionaire, busied in plans of making-money, could not appreciate. He had consecrated himself to the service of his God. At that time there stood on our Northern frontier a deserted smuggler's hut, so situated that goods rolled in at one end, would, before reaching the other, cross the line. In this building Mr. S. on one night took shelter, and there kneeling in the darkness, but with the light of Heaven in his soul, he consecrated himself to the noble work of the Gospel preacher. He crossed "the line" that lay between his own and his Master's business, and brought over with him all the enterprise, the perseverance, and the fearlessness that would have made him, had he remained, "a first rate merchant."

But he heard the voice of duty, "still and small" though it is, above the music of ringing gold. That voice he heeded, and that voice he has ever followed, and never since he turned his back on the flattering patronage of John Jacob Astor, has money been deemed by him as anything but "the small dust in the balance." As we would illustrate the first part of Somers' life, had we a painter's gifts, by the scene of the ship's crane on the beach of Copenhagen, so would we represent the second part by the scene in that deserted smuggler's hut—the moon stealing in between the logs—the stars looking down through the chinks above—the fire burning low on the rough hearth stone, and this boy of nineteen, with his pocket Bible lying on a broken chair near by, kneeling in the solitude, and offering up his consecrating vow to the great Jehovah.

It was before this time, however, that Mr. Somers had experienced that great change when the soul breaks away from the fetters of sense, and expands with a higher, and a spiritual life. He had ere this ceased to be swayed by the interests of time, and had already bowed beneath "the powers of the world to come." The circumstances connected with this change have the peculiar interest which warrants their narration. Soon after he came to America he was urged by a friend to hear the celebrated Dr. Mitchell, an Universal preacher of New York. He went, was captivated by his elegance, won by his persuasion, and embraced the doctrines so enticingly presented. His mind was predisposed to those doctrines. The propriety and purity of his habits, together with the partiality of his friends, had engendered in his mind a very favorable opinion of himself, while the buoyancy of his spirits inclined to a hopeful future, or at least precluded all forebodings of evil. The seed was sown on good soil. He immediately entered with his usual ardor into the study of the subject, obtained Universalists books, pored over Universalist's arguments, and ere long became so conversant with the principles of that faith, and the strong points of defence, so well versed not only in the *modus operandi*, but also in the *modus loquendi*, so familiar with the verbal minutiae of their warfare, as well as with the leading features of the system, that he could readily upset any ordinary opponent in debate, and keep up a good running fight with the best. He entered largely into discussion, and his success increased his confidence and inspired his zeal. While in this state of mind he arose one morning in his usual perfection of health, without the slightest ill of body or mind; but was

soon attacked with headache, and in consequence sent to the counting house an excuse for his absence. He lay till afternoon enduring a pain entirely new to him, when the question was suggested to his mind, Is not this death? I am ignorant of the sensations which accompany death, this may be its premonition—what if it should be death? What is my probable destiny beyond the grave? Shall I live forever? Am I certain of salvation? After all, are my doctrines true? There was now no opportunity for self-support by the overthrow of an opponent, nor for the increase of confidence by a successful debate. He was alone—with his conscience and his God. If he could have met a disputant, the rising doubt would have been crushed; but now in the solitude of his chamber it went on increasing, and the spirit of questioning grew mightier and mightier. But have I not been faithful to business, and kind to my fellows, and loved my friends? Am I not better than most and approved by all? Yes, the voice of conscience seemed to reply, you have been true and kind to man, but have you *loved your God*? Ah! that was of all the most searching question. Have you loved your God?—the being who created you, sustains you, redeems you; who demands the deepest love and adoration of your being? It was an honest hour with Somers, and in the silence and solemnity of that hour his inmost heart responded, No. Then there came up before him in fearful array, the sins of his past years—not dishonesty, for he had never cheated—not intemperance, for he had been always abstemious—not profanity, for he had never blasphemed—but simply, forgetfulness of God, the disregard of the promptings of his better nature, the conviction of having always lived to himself, even in his generosity, and never having followed in humble faith and child-like love the guidings of his Heavenly Father. His ingratitude, his want of love to God, his obedience to base and earthborn motives, all came up like evil witnesses. He saw it all, he acknowledged it all, and in this fearful revelation of himself, he felt—deeply and painfully felt, that he had no claim to that inheritance promised only to the sons of God. In an agony of penitence for the past, and of supplication for the future, he knelt in the presence of the Holy One. From that day he was changed. Not so much in external behavior—though, perhaps, his words of kindness bore a more earnest tone, and his deeds of charity, sought more secret places—but he was changed in the whole spirit and motive of his life. Higher objects for which to live rose up before him, noble ends for which to labor were suggested; conscience became more authoritative—life seemed more intense and solemn, and the future world appeared nearer at hand, and more full of glory. It was not long after, as we have seen, ere these higher objects of life and labor were laid hold of, and conscience held undisputed sway. And ever since, the present life has been growing more earnest to him, and the future life still more "full of glory."

In a short time after, Mr. Somers made a public profession of religion in the Mulberry street Baptist Church, and was very soon licensed by the proper authority to preach. He commenced the duties of his profession by holding meetings in the old Alms House, the same building which now stands in the rear of the City Hall. Ere long he had preached in nearly all the rooms on the three floors of that build-

ing. In this "labor of love" he was succeeded by the Rev. Stiles Ely, D. D. From the work he went to Philadelphia, to ensure a more thorough preparation, and studied Hebrew and Theology under the direction of the celebrated William Staughton, D. D.

Having followed the course of Mr. Somers through the leading incidents of his varied experience to the time when he entered upon the great work of his life—having become somewhat acquainted with his character, and having seen that he possessed the power of accomplishing, let us mark what he has done during a professional career of nearly thirty years. Of course, much that he has done can never be told. The private charities, the friendly advice, the words of sympathy, the instructive conversations must all remain unrecorded, except in that Book of which his church reminded us. But some of the work he has accomplished we may point out, we wish specially to do it that some worthy people who seem to be ignorant of the circumstance, may know that *some* ministers, at least, (although, occasionally one becomes somewhat corpulent) *do work, work hard, work late, outwear themselves in work.*

In this presentation, the six years of pastoral life spent in Troy, comes first in order. He was called to the First Baptist Church in that city, after the completion of his studies in Philadelphia. Here he labored with good success, and large numbers were added to the church. During his stay there, he preached frequently at Pittstown, a village not far from Troy, and an interesting revival of religion followed his ministrations. He has ever recurred with pleasure to his connection with these two places. He removed from Troy to New York city, and was installed pastor of the South Baptist Church, with which church he has since maintained an unbroken connection during a period of twenty-seven years. The German Church, that formerly stood in Nassau street, near Maiden lane, was purchased for the congregation of Mr. Somers by his father-in-law, Thomas Skelding, Esq., and his brother-in-law, Hon. John B. Yates, and the title-deed presented to him. This gift, however, he refused. It was in this building that the distinguished Baron Steuben worshipped and owned a pew. After his death, John Jacob Astor occupied the same pew. This pew was an old-fashioned, aristocratic affair, quite unlike anything of our day. It was square, with high posts running up from each corner, from which curtains were suspended, very much after the old-fashioned bedsteads. In these degenerate, democratic days, if some worthy patriarch feels inclined to take a brief nap, he cannot draw any protecting curtains snugly about him, but must do his nodding in the presence of the whole congregation. But to return to our subject. After occupying this building for four years, the church removed to the place of public worship in Nassau street, which it now occupies, and to which reference has been made. This building was also presented to Mr. Somers, but this, as well as the other, he peremptorily declined. Why he should have refused to become the owner of that property, we do not know. The fact that he did, was stated to us on the best authority. The property is worth to-day, between thirty and forty thousand dollars.

During the whole of his pastoral charge of this church, Mr. S. has conducted three services on the

Sabbath and one weekly conference, with scarcely an omission. When he was installed, a stipulation was made by his friends that he should have six weeks' vacation each year, but not until this last summer has he availed himself of the privilege. Before this time he had not, for the sake of recreation, left the city a *single day*, during a period of twenty-seven years. He had abundant means to go, and plenty of inducements, but he never had the *time*. There was always some work left for him to do. And even when he was sent to England as a delegate by the Canadian Education Society, the American Bible Society, and the Baptist Home Missionary Society, he only remained just long enough to accomplish his mission, without allowing one additional day for pleasure, travelling, or sight-seeing. Not but that he was alive to the beauties of nature, or the magnificence of ruins, or the poetry of old associations, but he had not *time*. The South Baptist Church was constituted with only twelve members, since which, it is believed, several hundreds have become heirs of a heavenly inheritance in connection with its ministrations. Fifteen licentiates have gone forth from its bosom, three of whom have formed branch churches, among which is the First German Baptist Church in New York. It is well to state in this connection, that Mr. Somers has performed the duties of a pastor longer than any Baptist minister in America, with the exception of Dr. Sharp, of Boston. In this city, Drs. Spring and Knox only are his seniors in the pastoral service.

Now, the faithful care of a church is usually considered full employment for one man, sometimes for two, and when this care is extended during the entire year, it *borders* at least on the arduous; so that, if Mr. S. had done nothing more, provided he had well done this, he is deserving of the encomium from us of "well done, good and faithful servant." But secondly, he was chosen, in 1823, one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, an office which is not by any means a sinecure. In this department he served faithfully six years. At the expiration of this time the American and Foreign Bible Society was formed by the Baptist denomination, and he was chosen its first corresponding secretary, having been very active in its establishment. In this he served about the same length of time as in the previous department, and it was a service indeed. We happen to know something about the amount of labor performed by Mr. S. in connection with this society, and we speak within bounds when we say that it would average six hours of hard work, for every day of every year during the whole time. He conducted the whole correspondence of the society, wrote the annual reports, and edited the quarterly paper. Besides all this, there was a great amount of miscellaneous business to do, most of which came upon him, from his familiarity with the whole department. Besides, there were all the society's meetings to attend, not only the public gatherings, but the weekly meetings for consultation, from which he has often gone home, with twenty and thirty letters to answer—some of them short business letters, others requiring close deliberation, and in their replies the exercise of nice discernment and comprehensive judgment. On many a night have the hours of one and two found him still driving his pen in behalf of the society; and after this he was very likely to put on his hat, run down

to the post-office, and deliver, in propria persona, his letters, in readiness for the morning mail.

Thirdly, Mr. Somers has been an active upholder of Sabbath schools. He commenced the first Sunday school in America, upon the plan of Robert Raikes, in the year 1811, in Division street. This is a fact not only interesting in itself, but a pleasing evidence of the pioneer spirit of the man—his readiness to work when work was to be done, and to originate work where it was needed. And fourthly, Mr. Somers was one of the founders of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and has been an important instrument of its success. He also participated in the organization of the American Baptist Triennial Convention. He has also labored more or less in connection with the Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews, the American Seamen's Friend Society, American Education Society, and Christian Alliance; of all which he is a member.

But we have yet to speak, under the fifth head, of what has probably been the most laborious work of Mr. Somers' life. We refer to his connection with the American Tract Society. Mr. S. was an active instrument in bringing this Society into existence; nursed it in his infancy, cherished its first feeble life, guided its youthful steps, and controlled its manlier ongoings. In a public meeting in New York, he made a motion for its organization, and was appointed chairman of the Committee, consisting of himself, Arthur Tappan, and James L. Bliss, whose duty it was to correspond with the Tract Society then existing at Boston, with reference to the formation of a National Society. He wrote the first letter in which the proposal was made, and which being finally acceded to, resulted in the absorption of the Boston Society in the American Tract Society. He was also on the Committee in connection with Arthur Tappan and William A. Hallock, to which was allotted the responsible task of drawing up a Committee. They met in a little schoolroom in Cedar street, and agreed upon the form which exists to this day. It was the pen of Mr. S. that wrote that striking article in the Constitution which gives the Society its distinctive character, and which has since occasioned such warm discussion. It reads as follows: "To promote in the highest degree the objects of this Society, the Officers and Directors shall be elected from different denominations of Christians; the Publishing Committee shall contain no two members from the same ecclesiastical connection; and no Tract shall be published to which any member of that Committee shall object." It will be observed that this article gives the power of veto to each member of the Examining Committee, and through him as their representative to each of the six denominations, embraced in the Society. On no other principles could a Society be organized which should efficiently unite so many different denominations.

On the 11th of May, 1825, the Society was unanimously organized, and the following clergymen were chosen for the Examining Committee; Dr. Milnor, of the Episcopal Church; Dr. Spring, of the Presbyterian; Dr. Knox, of the Dutch Reformed; Dr. Edwards, of the Congregational; the eloquent Summerfield, of the Methodist; and Mr. Somers of the Baptist Church. We would remark, *en passant*, that the Society has since so extended its operations, that, during the last year, it has printed 713,000

volumes, 8,299,000 publications, 217,499,000 pages; and circulated 693,303 volumes, 6,987,262 publications, 211,730,285 pages; exceeding the circulation of any previous year by 58,150,661 pages. The total amount circulated since the formation of the Society is, 4,068,928 volumes, 96,949,992 publications, 2,035,001,326 pages, and that the total resources of the year amounted to \$237,296. On this Committee Mr. S. served until the last annual meeting, a period of twenty-three years, when he tendered his resignation, and Mr. Wm. R. Williams was at his request elected to fill his place. We shall fail in our duty as biographer, if we do not in some degree set forth the labors and responsibilities of a standing in this Committee. To it is referred all the works presented for publication by the Society. It has the deciding power. Each member of the Committee privately examines the prepared work. It is there discussed by all in a meeting of the Committee, and voted upon.

Now when we remember that the Society has issued 1,213 publications, of which 231 are volumes, that each one of them had to be carefully examined, and that probably twice as many more were examined, which were rejected, we will be convinced that the position is one of no ordinary labor. But to Mr. Somers it was specially laborious. He was the only Baptist in the Committee. He had not only to look out for heresy and weaknesses equally with the others, but also to guard with Argus-eye any subtle attack on the peculiar tenet of his denomination. He was placed there by his sect to perform that duty, he was amenable to them; they trusted their interests to him, and if any thing should run the gauntlet of his scrutiny, which militated against their views, upon him would fall the opprobrium. Moreover, it so happened that most of the books published by the Society are written by Paedo-Baptists, and hence every presented work had to be examined by Mr. S. with the scrutiny which an author bestows in reading over the proof sheet of his maiden book. It was no cursory glance, no skimming over of pages, with the reading of a sentence here and there, but a close critical study, a rigid analysis—continued hour after hour, and sometimes day after day. And when we know that Mr. Somers performed this service for twenty-three years without any pecuniary compensation, for which an old member of the Society remarked that he deserved an handsome annual support, that the six years service under the American and Foreign Bible Society was undertaken because no one was found who could afford to do it without a compensation, that all his labor for benevolent societies has been gratuitously rendered, and that all has been accomplished in addition to the demands of a profession, and to the duties of a father, a friend and a citizen; there can not but burst forth from each one of us the hearty encomium, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and over his declining years the gratitude of the church pour its refreshing light.

This Committeeship necessarily led Mr. Somers to an extensive investigation of the controverted subject of Baptism, and finally brought him forward as one of the champions of the Baptist Church. He was thus urged more or less into discussion, and much of his time has been expended in the defence of the distinguishing tenets of his sect, either in a private way, or through the public press. Lastly, we must allude

to the labors of Mr. S. in the department of editorship. Under this head much of the work for the Tract Society might be included, but we refer to the editing of a volume of Psalms and Hymns for his denomination; of a work of three volumes entitled "The Baptist Library and Selections of Standard Baptist Writers," and to the authorship of a "Memoir of Rev. John Stanford, D. D." The preparation of these works demanded much patient reading and critical comparison.

Thus stands the facts of Mr. Somers' life-work. We may fairly sum them up by saying that he has accomplished since his entrance into the ministry, the work of fifty-six years—twenty-seven pastoral years, twenty-three Tract Society years, and six Bible Society years—equalling in all just the years of his life. He is yet in sound health and of active habits. He may yet do the work of twenty years more. We have presented him not as a great orator, or erudite scholar, or profound metaphysician. The lack of early advantages, and perhaps his early tastes precluded the formation of such a character. But we have presented him as a working man in the department of associated benevolence, and to this point attention is demanded.

We wish that some of those who deem the life of a minister to be such a lazy, money-making life, (we have several such persons in our mind's eye now, sensible and intelligent on other subjects), would contemplate the facts about Mr. Somers, not as unusual facts, for they are not very unusual—many a minister has worked quite as hard as the subject of this sketch, though perhaps, not as many have had the unfailing health and strength essential to the accomplishment of so much—but as good insight into the lives of the clergy of America, as evidence of the immense amount of labor performed by this self-sacrificing class of men. We are speaking of them now as a class; we doubt not there are individual cases of those negligent of duty, which make exceptions to the general rule; but as a class we regard them, as the hardest-worked, and poorest-paid set of men in our whole land, the South inclusive. Public sentiment is such that the clergy are expected to reform society, renovate the world, enlighten the ignorant, and attend all the funerals, with thanks alone for their reward, and poor pay at that. If we had space, we would like to substantiate our position by some facts. The case of Mr. Somers is one, as illustrative of the work imposed upon the clergy. We know a dozen other instances within our limited experience, perhaps as striking as this. We may recur to this subject another time, but we wish our friends, referred to above, would consider these facts, and if in consequence they do not feel less envious of the clergymen's ease(?), we only wish that they would make a trial of the life themselves.

To all the envious and the sceptical we commend the life of Mr. Somers, with its six departments of labor—all performed by one man, and he a minister. And not to these alone, but to those who see naught but cold clammy selfishness over all this broad earth, we commend the self-sacrificing life of Mr. Somers, and ask them to dwell on one fresh spot in the naked barrenness. And to those also, who send up a daily prayer that "the fields already white for the harvest" may be covered with reapers, we commend as a cordial, to their drooping faith, the living example of Mr. Somers.

SIGMA.

A few words from "Sigma" to the friends of Dr. Cox and Dr. Dewey respectively, and to the readers of the Magazine:—

RESPECTED PATRONS—

WE have written a number of pages concerning others; may we ask the reading of as many lines about ourselves? We were far away from New York when the Sketches of Dr. Dewey and of Dr. Cox were published, and were therefore, unable to correct the proof sheets. The consequence is, that these sketches have been issued with a sprinkling of inaccuracies, for which, like the bursting of steamboat boilers, "no one is to blame." Still we can not but feel a pang when we reflect to what painful investigations the metaphysical readers of the Magazine may have been prompted, in their vain effort to discover the rise and progress of that novel system entitled "the Raconian Philosophy." We regret also that we are made to say that "we happened to read a sermon" which never was written, (in the manuscript written "hear") and that "Dr. Cox was licensed to preach in *one* year after his conversion, when he was twenty-one years of age," when any one by referring to the previous page will see that it should read in *three* years, when he was twenty-three years of age, (or more accurately, in three years and seven months after the profession of his faith). Again, in the sketch of Dr. Dewey, it provokes us (perhaps more than it does any one else, an author you know, is peculiarly sensitive) to see "a relation—a man" printed for "a certain man"—(first column of page 681). It would require an acute mind to detect the *relation* which that word has to the subject. Again "intelligence" is printed for indulgence—(first column of page 682), "staisical" for satirical, "cause" for come—(first column of page 684); "know" for borrow, (ditto); "dropping out" for cropping out; "an" for our, (first column of page 685); "rotund" for orotund, &c. But there is in this sketch a blemish more important and more trying to our feelings than any petty misprint. In justice to Dr. Dewey, and in justice to ourselves, we must direct attention to it. It consists in our being made to say what we do not believe, and what it would be unwise for us to say if we did believe. We requested a friend to correct the proof sheet of this sketch in our absence. He kindly consented, but stimulated by an excess of kindness of which our poor human nature can hardly conceive, he took the liberty to interpolate his own opinions. We had fondly hoped to represent these sketches free from all sectarian or partial sentiments; our friend seems to have been bent on defeating our purpose. Hence, by his interpolations, comparatively slight and seldom as they are, our train of thought is broken up, and our argument neutralised. The careful reader can not fail to detect some of the insertions by the difference of style. However, we are most happy to inform all interested, that an opportunity for correction is to be afforded. Mr. Holden proposes to re-publish the sketches in a bound volume. They are to be thoroughly revised; and he promises, if life and health are spared, that all inaccuracies and one sided views shall then be "found wanting; to this forthcoming edition we refer our friends for a correction of those misstatements to which we have felt the painful necessity of allusion, being respectfully and truly,

SIGMA.

New York, November, 1848.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The Bee-Hunter: or, the Oak Openings. By the Author of the Pioneers. New York. 1848.

The time was when a new novel from the author of the Pioneers put the whole literary world—authors, readers, reviewers, and booksellers—in commotion; but that time has long since passed, and now a new novel from Cooper is announced, brought out, sold, read and forgotten, without the existing race of literati appearing to know anything about it. The Oak Openings has been published two months, and we do not remember having heard a soul allude to it; and the only "notice" that we have seen of it was in an English periodical. Cooper can hardly be said to have outlived his popularity, for he is still very popular, but the reading world no longer looks to him for anything new. He exhausted himself long ago, and the novels, or romances, which he now publishes, are but old ones with new names. The new race of readers who read Cooper prefer going back to Natty Bumppo and Long Tom Coffin, to reading their shadows in his later works; while the novel devourers, who care for nothing but the story, are content to read anything that he publishes, knowing that if they persevere and get through with two-thirds of a novel that the exciting interest of the close will repay them for their trouble; there are a very few persons, perhaps a dozen, in the whole of Christendom, who read Mr. Cooper's novels for the sake of the politics which they contain, but we doubt if he have any readers at all for his new novels, among the present generation of literary men and women. He has become a classic, and his old works are preferred to his new ones. Who would care to read a new volume of the Spectator, a new epic by Milton, or a new ode by Gray? We have all they were capable of producing already; multiplying their works to eternity would not add to their value.

In the Fable for the Critics occurs this very good criticism on our great novelist.

His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo daubed over with red.
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a son's wester hat
(Though, once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have slipped the old fellow away underground.)
All his other men-figures are clothed upon sticks,
The *dernier chemise* of a man in a fix
(As a captain besieged, when his garrison's small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall.)
And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
As sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character's wanted, he goes to the Task
As a cooper would do in composing a cask;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden and empty.
Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities,
If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
The men who have given to *one* character life
And objective existence are not very rife,
You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

There is an increased value in a work like the Bee-Hunters on account of the interest which attaches to it from the local descriptions; the characters are nothing, the politics are of the same sort that the author has so perversely dosed his readers with the past ten years, and the story is not constructed much differently from his other narratives. The Oak Openings of Michigan where the scene of the Bee-Hunter is laid is new ground to Mr. Cooper, and as he is undoubtedly well acquainted with its peculiarities, we may safely trust in his descriptions. There is not a more de-

lightfully sylvan scene in the world than may be found among the Oak Openings of Michigan, and Mr. Cooper describes them with as much beauty as Milton describes the fresh and dewy scenes of Paradise before the fruit had been plucked which brought sin and death into the world. It has been the fashion with some critics to decry the Indians of Cooper, and deny their vraisemblance, and for our own part we must confess that we never saw any that resembled them, but they satisfy the sentiment of European readers entirely, who discover in them the beau ideal of their fancy. A recent English reviewer says: "There may be better novelists than Cooper—more original in thought, more eloquent, more correct, more wise, more learned—but they have not made the Red Man their property as he has done; they have not carried us into the midst of the American forests, through the prairies, over the great lakes, up the vast rivers, and down the rapids, as he has done; therefore, till such time as Brother Jonathan produces a better artist, in this kind, we readily offer our thanks to the indefatigable veteran who made us so happy in childhood that we gave up game and feast that he might make our hair stand on end with his terrible tales of Indian cruelty and the hair-breadth escapes of the pale faces."

Whoever has travelled through an oak opening will assent to the faithfulness of this familiar description of these changing scenes which abound in the central part of Michigan:

"The region was, in one sense, wild, though it offered a picture that was not without some of the strongest and most pleasing features of civilization. The country was what is termed 'rolling,' from some fancied resemblance to the surface of the ocean, when it is just undulating with a long 'ground-swell.' Although wooded, it was not as the American forest is wont to grow, with tall straight trees towering towards the light, but with intervals between the low oaks that were scattered profusely over the view, and with much of that air of negligence that one is apt to see in grounds, where art is made to assume the character of nature. The trees, with very few exceptions, were what is called the 'burr oak,' a small variety of very extensive genus; and the spaces between them, always irregular, and often of singular beauty, have obtained the name of 'openings;' the two terms combined giving their appellation to this particular species of native forest, under the name of 'Oak Openings.'

"These woods, so peculiar to certain districts of country, are not altogether without some variety, though possessing a general character of sameness. The trees were of very uniform size, being little taller than pear trees, which they resemble a good deal in form; and having trunks that rarely attain two feet in diameter. The variety is produced by their distribution. In places they stand with a regularity resembling that of an orchard; then, again, they are more scattered and less formal, while wide breadths of the land are occasionally seen in which they stand in *copies*, with vacant spaces, that bear no small affinity to artificial lawns, being covered with verdure. The grasses are supposed to be owing to the fires lighted periodically by the Indians in order to clear their hunting-grounds."

The date of the story is the beginning of the last war with England, in 1812, and the characters are Indians, British soldiers, and Yankee settlers. Mr. Cooper accuses the British, and not unjustly, as there is good reason to believe, of exciting the Indians to acts of cruelty against our settlers on the defenceless frontier. Speaking of Pigeonswing, he says:

"He knew enough of the history of the past to be fully aware that, in all periods of American history, the English, and, for that matter, the French too, so long as they had possession on this continent, never scrupled about employing the savages in their conflicts. It is true that these highly-polished, and, we may justly add humane nations—for each is out of all question entitled to that character in the scale of comparative humanity as between communities, and each, if you will take its own account of the matter, stands at the head of civilization in this respect—would, notwithstanding these high claims, carry on their American wars by the agency of the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and the brand. Eulogies, though pronounced by ourselves on ourselves, cannot erase the stains of blood. Even down to

the present hour, a cloud does not obscure the political atmosphere between England and America, that its existence may not be discovered on the prairies by a movement among the Indians. The pulse that is to be felt there is a sure indication of the state of the relations between the parties. Every one knows that the savage in his warfare slays both sexes and all ages; that the door-post of the frontier cabin is defiled by the blood of the infant, whose brains have been dashed against it; and that the smouldering ruins of log-houses, oftener than not, cover the remains of their tenants. But what of all that? Brutus is still 'an honorable man,' and the American, who has not this sin to answer for among his numberless transgressions, is reviled as a semi-barbarian! The time is at hand when the Lion of the West will draw his own picture, too; and fortunate will it be for the characters of some who will gather around the easel if they do not discover traces of their own lineaments among his labors."

We wish there were less truth in these remarks, but we are willing to forget that such things have been. Pigeonswing explains to the hero of the story, Boden, the Bee-Hunter, the political state of his own and his confederates' feelings:

"'Pottawattamie got long ear—come fudder,' said Pigeonswing; 'go cook-house—t'ink we want breakfast.'

"Ben did as desired, and the two were soon side by side at the spring, in the outlet of which they made their ablutions—the red-skin being totally without paint. When this agreeable office was performed, each felt in better condition for a conference.

"'Elkfoot got belt from Canada Fadder,' commenced the Chippewa, with a sententious allusions to the British propensity to keep the savages in pay. 'Know he got him—know he keep him.'

"'And you, Pigeonswing—by your manner of talking I had set you down for a King's Injin, too.'

"'Talk so—no feel bit so. My heart Yankee.'

"'And have you not had a belt of wampum sent you, as well as the rest of them?'

"'Dat true—got him—don't keep him.'

"'What! did you dare to send it back?'

"'An't fool, dough young. Keep him; no keep him. Keep him for Canada Fadder: no keep him for Chippewa brave.'

"'What have you then done with your belt?'

"'Bury him where nobody find him dis war. No—Waub kenewh no hole in heart to let king in.'

"'And you are friendly to the Yankees, and an enemy to the red-coats?'

"'Waubkenewh grasped the hand of le Bourdon, and squeezed it firmly. Then he said, warily—

"'Take care—Elkfoot friend of Blackbird; like to look at Canada belt. Got medal of king, too. Have Yankee scalp, bye'm by. Take care—must speak low when Elkfoot near.'

"'I begin to understand you, Chippewa; you wish me to believe that you are a friend to America, and that the Pottawattamie is not. If this be so, why have you held the speech that you did last night, and seemed to be on the war-path against my countrymen?'

"'Dat good way, eh? Elkfoot den t'ink me his friend—dat very good in war-time.'

"'But is it true, or false, that Mackinaw is taken by the British?'

"'Dat, too true—gone, and warrior all prisoner. Plenty Winnebago, plenty Pottawattamie, plenty Ottawa, plenty red-skin dere.'

"'And the Chippewas?'

"'Some Ojebway, too,' answered Pigeonswing, after a reluctant pause. 'Can't all go on same path, this war. Hatchets, somehow, got two handle—one strike Yankee; one strike King George.'

"'But what is your business here, and where are you going, if you are friendly to the Americans? I make no secret of my feelings—I am for my own people; and I wish proof that you are a friend, and not an enemy.'

"'Too many question, one time,' returned the Chippewa, a little distastefully. 'No good have so long tongue. Ask one question answer him—ask anoder, answer him, too.'

"'Well, then, what is your business here?'

"'Go to Chicago, for gen'ral.'

"'Do you mean that you bear a message from some American general to the commandant at Chicago?'

"'Just so—dat my business. Guess him right off; he, he.'

"'It is so seldom that an Indian laughs that the Bee-hunter was startled.'

"'Where is the general who has sent you on this errand?' he demanded.

"'He at Detroit—got whole army dere—warrior plenty as oak in opening.'

"'All this was news to the Bee-hunter, and it caused him to muse a moment ere he proceeded.'

"'What is the name of the American general who has sent you on this path?' he then demanded.

"'Hell,' answered the Ojebway, quietly.

"'Hell! You mean to give his Indian title, I suppose, to show that he will prove dangerous to the wicked. But how is he called in our tongue?'

"'Hell—dat he name—good name for so'ger, eh?'

"'I believe I understand you, Chippewa—Hell is the name of the governor of the territory—and you must have mistaken the sound—is it not so?'

"'Hull—Hell—don't know—just same—one good as t'other.'

"'Yes, one will do as well as the other, if a body only understands you. So Governor Hull has sent you there?'

"'No gubbernor—gen'ral, tell you. Got big army—plenty warrior—eat Breesh up!'

The following description of an Indian Council is in Mr. Cooper's most simple and picturesque style:

"As soon as the two men had taken their stations, and began to look around them, a feeling of awe mingled with their curiosity. Truly, the scene was one so very remarkable and imposing, that it might have filled more intellectual and better fortified minds with some such sensation. The fire was by no means large, nor was it particularly bright; but sufficient to cast a dim light on the objects within reach of its rays. It was in the precise centre of a bit of bottom land of about half an acre in extent, which was so formed and surrounded, as to have something of the appearance of the arena of a large amphitheatre. There was one break in the encircling rise of ground, it is true, and that was at a spot directly opposite the station of le Bourdon and his companion, where the rill which flowed from the spring found a passage out toward the more open ground. Branches shaded most of the mound, but the arena itself was totally free from all vegetation but that which covered the dense and beautiful sward with which it was carpeted. Such is a brief description of the natural accessories of this remarkable scene.

"But it was from the human actors, and their aspects, occupations, movements, dress, and appearance generally, that the awe which came over both the Bee-hunter and the corporal, had its origin. Of these near fifty were present, offering a startling force by their numbers alone. Each man was a warrior, and each warrior was in his paint. These were facts that the familiarity of the two white men with Indian customs rendered only too certain. What was still more striking was the fact that all present appeared to be chiefs; a circumstance which went to show that an imposing body of red men was most likely somewhere in the Openings, and that too at no great distance. It was while observing, and reflecting on all these things, a suspicion first crossed the mind of le Bourdon that this great council was about to be held, at that midnight hour, and so near his own abode, for the purpose of accommodating Peter, whose appearance in the dark crowd, from that instant, he began to expect.

"The Indians already present were not seated. They stood in groups, conversing, or stalked across the arena, resembling so many dark and stately spectres. No sound was heard among them, a circumstance that added largely to the wild and supernatural aspect of the scene. If any spoke, it was in a tone so low and gentle, as to carry the sound no further than to the ears that were listening; two never spoke at the same time and in the same group, while the mockasin permitted no footfall to be audible. Nothing could have been more unearthly than the picture presented in that little, wood-circled arena, of velvet-like grass and rural beauty. The erect, stalking forms, half-naked, if not even more; the swarthy skins; the faces fierce in the savage conceits which were intended to strike terror to the bosom of enemies, and the glittering eyes that fairly sparkled in their midst, all contributed to the character of the scene, which le Bourdon rightly enough imagined was altogether much the most remarkable of any he had ever been in the way of witnessing.

"Our two spectators might have been seated on the fallen tree half an hour, all of which time they had been gazing at what what was passing before their eyes; with positively not a human sound to relieve the unearthly nature of the picture. No one spoke, coughed, laughed, or exclaimed, in all that period. Suddenly, every chief stood still, and all the faces turned in the same direction. It was towards the little gate-way of the rill, which being the side of the arena most remote from the Bee-hunter and the corporal, lay nearly in darkness as respected them. With the red men it must have been different, for they all appeared to be in intent expectation of some one from that quarter. Nor did they have to wait long; for, in half a minute, two forms came out of the obscurity, advancing with a dignified and deliberate tread to the centre of the arena. As these new comers got more within the influence of the flickering light, le Bourdon saw that they were Peter and Parson Amen."

There is a fair maiden and a love story of course, for Mr. Cooper could no more play his game of romance without these

materials, than the game of chess could be played without kings and queens. Margery Waring, the sister of a drunken vagabond, named Jershurn Waring, is in the end the happy wife of the Bee-hunter, and they are all now living very happily, in the Peninsular state, as it is called. General Cass, who was then fighting on the frontier, and General Taylor, who was then a gallant young Captain engaged in the same scenes, are now rival candidates for the Presidency, and we wonder that Mr. Cooper did not introduce them both into his romance.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. The Author's Revised Edition. Illustrated by Darley. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1848.

In our last number we gave a notice of the new edition of Knickerbocker's History, and we have now the pleasure of noticing, for it would be a work of supererogation to attempt to review a classic, with whose merits our readers are doubtless as familiar as ourselves, the superb illustrated edition of the Sketch Book, which, in point of beauty and artistic elegance, is superior to any other American book that we have seen. Mr. Irving gives a most entertaining and characteristic account of the manner in which the Sketch Book was first published in London, and of the difficulties which he had to encounter in getting a publisher to bring it out. He sought the aid of Walter Scott, and received the hearty and cheerful assistance of the great Wizzard, who was then enchanting the world by his rapidly produced novels. Scott, in his reply to Irving's letter, hinted that he might have the editorship of a new periodical to be established in Edinburgh. To this generous and unexpected offer, Mr. Irving replied—

"My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians, or a Don Cossack.

"I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun; writing when I can, not when I would. I shall occasionally shift my residence and write whatever is suggested by objects before me, or whatever rises in my imagination; and hope to write better and more copiously by and by.

"I am playing the egotist, but I know no better way of answering your proposal than by showing what a very good-for-nothing kind of being I am. Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like trading with a gipsy for the fruits of his prowlings, who may at one time have nothing but a wooden bowl to offer, and at another time a silver tankard."

There is considerable new matter in the volume, and among the rest a new essay, meant to serve as a pendant, to the description of a Sunday in the Country, on Sunday in London, from which we give the following extract:

"And now the melodious clangor of bells from church towers summons their several flocks to the fold. Forth issues from his mansion the family of the decent tradesman, the small children in advance; then the citizen and his comely spouse, followed by the grown-up daughters, with small morocco-bound prayer-books laid in the folds of their pocket-handkerchiefs. The housemaid looks after them from the window, admiring the finery of the family, and receiving, perhaps, a nod and smile from her young mistresses, at whose toilet she had assisted.

"Now rumbles along the carriage of some magnate of the city, peradventure an alderman or a sheriff; and now the patter of many feet announces a procession of charity scholars, in uniforms of antique cut, and each with a prayer-book under his arm.

"The ringing of bells is at an end; the rumbling of the carriage has ceased; the pattering of feet is heard no more; the flocks are folded in ancient churches, cramped up in by-lanes and corners of the crowded city, where the vigilant beadle keeps

watch, like the shepherd's dog, round the threshold of the sanctuary. For a time everything is hushed; but soon is heard the deep, pervading sound of the organ, rolling and vibrating thro' the empty lanes and courts; and the sweet chanting of the choir making them resound with melody and praise. Never have I been more sensible of the sanctifying effect of church music, than when I have heard it thus poured forth, like a river of joy, through the inmost recesses of this great metropolis, elevating it, as it were, from all the sordid pollutions of the week; and bearing the poor world-worn soul on a tide of triumphant harmony to heaven."

There is also a new sketch of the Charter House, or Charterhouse, one of the old quaint palaces which abound in London, but are rarely noticed by travellers. The following extract will remind the reader of the author's happiest sketches:

"LITTLE HALLUM AND THE OLD MEN.

"As I was seated in this musing mood, a small pannelled door in an arch at the upper end of the hall was opened, and a number of gray-headed old men, clad in long black cloaks, came forth one by one; proceeding in that manner through the hall, without uttering a word, each turning a pale face on me as he passed, and disappearing through a door at the lower end.

"I was singularly struck with their appearance; their black cloaks and antiquated air comported with the style of this most venerable and mysterious pile. It was as if the ghosts of the departed years, about which I had been musing, were passing in review before me. Pleasing myself with such fancies, I set out, in the spirit of romance, to explore what I pictured to myself a realm of shadows, existing in the very centre of substantial realities.

"My ramble led me through a labyrinth of interior courts and corridors and dilapidated cloisters, for the main edifice had many additions and dependencies, built in various styles; in one open space a number of boys, who evidently belonged to the establishment, were at their sports; but everywhere I observed these mysterious old gray men in black mantles, sometimes sauntering alone, sometimes conversing in groups: they appeared to be the pervading genii of the place. I now called to mind what I had read of certain colleges in old times, where judicial astrology, geomancy, necromancy, and other forbidden and magical sciences were taught. Was this an establishment of the kind, and were these black-cloaked old men really professors of the black art?

"These surmises were passing through my mind as my eye glanced into a chamber, hung round with all kinds of strange and uncouth objects; implements of savage warfare; strange idols and stuffed alligators; bottled serpents and monsters decorated the mantelpiece; while on the high tester of an old fashioned bedstead grinned a human skull, flanked on each side by a dried cat.

"I approached to regard more narrowly this mystic chamber, which seemed a fitting laboratory for a necromancer, when I was started at beholding a human countenance staring at me from a dusty corner. It was that of a small, shrivelled old man, with thin cheeks, bright eyes, and gray wiry projecting eyebrows. I at first doubted whether it was not a mummy curiously preserved, but it moved, and I saw that it was alive. It was another of these black-cloaked old men, and as I regarded his quaint physiognomy, his obsolete garb, and the hideous and sinister objects by which he was surrounded, I began to persuade myself that I had come upon the arch magi who ruled over this magical fraternity.

"Seeing me pause before the door, he rose and invited me to enter. I obeyed, with singular hardihood, for how did I know whether a wave of his wand might not metamorphose me into some strange monster, or conjure me into one of the bottles on his mantelpiece? He proved, however, to be anything but a conjuror, and his simple garrulity soon dispelled all the magic and mystery with which I had enveloped this antiquated pile, and its no less antiquated inhabitants.

"It appeared that I had made my way into the centre of an ancient asylum for superannuated tradesmen and decayed householders, with which was connected a school for a limited number of boys. It was founded upwards of two centuries since on an old monastic establishment, and retained somewhat of the conventual air and character. The shadowy line of old men in black mantles who had passed before me in the hall, and whom I had elevated into magi, turned out to be the pensioners returning from morning service in the chapel.

"John Hallum, the little collector of curiosities, whom I had made the arch magician, had been for six years a resident of the place, and had decorated this final resting-place of his old age with relics and rarities picked up in the course of his life. According to his own account, he had been somewhat of a traveller; having been once in France, and very near making a visit to Holland. He regretted not having visited the latter country, 'as then he might have said he had been there.' He was evidently a traveller of the simple kind.

"He was aristocratical too in his notions; keeping aloof, as I found, from the ordinary run of pensioners. His chief associates were a blind man who spoke Latin and Greek, of both which languages Hallum was profoundly ignorant; and a broken-down gentleman who had run through a fortune of forty thousand pounds left him by his father, and ten thousand pounds, the marriage portion of his wife. Little Hallum seemed to consider it an indubitable sign of gentle blood as well as of lofty spirit to be able to squander such enormous sums."

But the noticeable feature of this edition of the Sketch Book is the illustrations by Felix Darley, which are conceived in the spirit of the author, and most admirably cut by the engraver. We have never before had such fine specimens of the art of wood engraving in our country. They are worthy of the work in which they are embodied, and whose images they embody; we can bestow no higher praise upon them. The illustrations of Rip Van Winkle are most admirable, but there is one so full of nature and tenderness, that we can scarcely look upon it and refrain from tears. It is a representation of the meeting of the widow and her son, and although the face of neither is seen, the action is so expressive, and so full of tenderness and simplicity of feeling, that there requires no other aids to tell the whole story of affectionate grief. It is in the representation of pathetic scenes that the genius of this admirable artist is so conspicuously shown. The illustration of the *Pride of the Village* is another of the same character, full of poetry and tender feelings. The publication of these beautiful volumes marks a new era in the Book Trade of America.

Although we have heretofore regarded Geoffrey Crayon as the prince of sketchers, we have never seen any of the contents of his portfolio of drawings before this beautiful volume was published. He now appears as an artist with the pencil as well as the pen. The annexed cut is from a drawing he made of the sexton of the old church which he visited when he set out on his journey for Shaksperian relics.



Geoffrey Crayon Del.

The Life of Charles Fourier. By Ch. Pellarin, M.D. Second Edition, with an Appendix. Translated by Francis Geo. Shaw. New York. Dewitt & Davenport. 1848.

It is the fashion to laugh at Fourierism, but, then it was once the fashion to laugh at Christianity; and it is not long since Fulton was laughed at for steamboats, and Morse for his telegraph. The laughter of the ignorant means nothing more than to proclaim their ignorance. We do not intimate that the world hates the truth because it rejects it at the first offer; it has not the instinct to receive it as the new-born infant receives its food. The world is not averse to truth; on the contrary, it is a love of truth that causes it to reject the truth which it cannot compre-

hend, because it has the appearance of falsehood. When we were first told that messages could be sent a hundred, or even a thousand miles in a few minutes or seconds, we laughed at it of course, but when we saw that the thing could be done, did we reject the truth? Of course not. Let all discoverers and inventors bear this encouraging fact in mind, that the world has never yet rejected a truth when it has once been demonstrated, and bide their time, for their time will come. And, in connection with this subject, we cannot omit quoting a part of a most extraordinary letter, which has just been published, from a young American mechanic in London, who went to England for the purpose of obtaining a patent for his inventions. In the whole history of the struggles of patient genius, we do not remember anything more remarkable than this account. The letter from which the extract is made was addressed to the late Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, by the writer, who is a native of Virginia.

"STAFFORD, STAFFORDSHIRE (ENG.), Aug. 15, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I should have written sooner, but that I had nothing pleasant to say. I reached London the 1st of January, 1847, without money or friends, which was just the thing I desired when I left America, and just the thing, I assure you, I will never desire again. I commenced operations at once, on the supposition that, in this overgrown city I would at least enlist one man. But Englishmen are not Americans. An Englishman will advance any amount on an absolute certainty, but not one penny where there is the slightest risk, if he got the whole world by it. I spent the first five months looking for this man with unparalleled perseverance and industry, living for less than three pence per day. I am convinced that few persons in London know so much of that incomprehensibly large city as myself. But, alas! my wardrobe was gone to supply me with wretchedly baked corn bread, on which I lived entirely. I slept on straw, for which I paid a half-penny per night. I became ragged and filthy, and could no longer go among men of business. Up to this time my spirits never sunk, nor did they then; but my sufferings were great. My limbs distorted with rheumatism, induced by cold and exposure—my face and head swelled to a most unnatural size with cold and toothache, and those who slept in the same horrid den with myself were wretched street beggars, the very cleanest of them literally alive with all manner of creeping things. But I was no beggar. I never begged, nor ever asked a favor of any man since I came to England. Ask George Bancroft, whom I called upon two or three times, if ever I asked the slightest favor, or even presumed upon the letter you gave me to him. I did write him a note, asking him to witness the triumph of opening the bridge at the Gardens, and delivered the note at his own house myself; and although Prince Albert came, I never got even a reply to my note. If Bancroft had come, and been the man only to have recognized me in my rags as I was, it would have saved me much subsequent suffering. I will not believe that Bancroft ever saw my note, for his deportment to me was ever kind.

The succeeding three months after the first five I will not detail, up to the time I commenced to build the bridge. I will not harrow up my feelings to write, nor pain your kind heart to read the incidents of those ninety days. My head turned gray, and I must have died but for the Jews, who did give me one shilling down for £10 on demand. These wicked robberies have amounted to several hundred pounds, every penny of which I have had to pay subsequently: for, since my success at Stafford, not a man in England, who can read, but knows my address. It cost me £10 to obtain the shilling with which I paid my admittance into the Royal Zoological Gardens, where I succeeded, after much mortification, in getting the ghost of a model made of the bridge. The model, although a bad one, astonished everybody. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake. Four or five of them, at the final decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the length of the model. This was the point of life or death with me. I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talent as civil engineers that the world could produce, and the point decided against me. This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, did I battle with these men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on those men was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to have believed under the circumstances. I succeeded. My agreement with the proprietor was, that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during

the time of the building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called 'Remington's Bridge.'

"I lodged in an old lion's cage, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, it held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had had for many months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived, and was comparatively happy. It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemanly looking head carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8, and was the greatest hit ever made in London. The money made by it is astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll, besides being the great attractions to the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it. Although I have never received a penny, nor never will, for building the bridge, I have no fault to find with Mr. Tyler, the proprietor, for he has done all fully that he promised to do—that was, to call it 'Remington's Bridge.' The largest wood-cut perhaps ever made in the world, is made of the bridge. Every letter of my name is nearly as large as myself. The bridge to this day is the prominent curiosity of the Gardens. You can't open a paper but you may find 'Remington's Bridge.' Soon after it was built, I have frequently seen hundreds of men looking at the large picture of the bridge at the corners of the streets and envying Remington, when I have stood unknown in the crowd literally starving. However, the great success of the bridge gave me some credit with a tailor. I got a suit of clothes and some shirts—a clean shirt. Any shirt was great, but a clean shirt—O God, what a luxury! Thousands of cards were left for me at the Gardens, and men came to see the bridge from all parts of the kingdom. But with all my due bills in the hands of the hell-born Jews, of course I had to slope, and came down to Stafford.

* * * * * "I have a great many more accounts of my exploits since I came to Stafford, but must defer sending them until next time. I beg you will write me, for now, since a correspondence is opened, I shall be able to tell you something about England. I know it well. I have dined with earls, and from that down—down—down to where the knives, forks, and plates, are chained to the table for fear they should be stolen.

"I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,
"J. R. REMINGTON."

It is the fashion, as we said in the beginning, to laugh at Fourierism, and considering the ridiculous antics of some of the followers of Fourier, it is no marvel. But Fourier must not be made accountable for the eccentricities of his disciples. Of one thing we may be sure, none but a man of original mind, of a strong will, of clear thought, and a benevolent heart, could have gained so many earnest disciples as Fourier has done. His life is a most instructive lesson, and no one can read it without profiting by the single-minded earnestness of purpose with which he sought to spread a knowledge of what he deemed his discoveries in social science. It matters not what may be thought of the system of Fourier, the man Fourier must be regarded with veneration by all earnest souls, and his life prove a profitable lesson to all who read it. It is not by any means a model biography, and it is much to be regretted that the duty of writing the life of so distinct an individual as Fourier had not fallen into other hands. It is not well done. At the end of the volume is an appendix, containing nearly as much matter as the life itself, and there are various foot-notes besides. There should have been neither notes nor appendix, for whatever was essential to be known should have made a part of the biography. Such as it is, however, we are glad to have it, and especially are we grateful to Mr. Shaw for the purity and neatness of the translation. We know of no writer who renders French into English so well, as we have before observed in briefly noticing some other of his translations. After all that we have been able to learn in regard to Fourier, we do not find that his inventions amount to anything, or that they are of a character likely to benefit mankind. We do not dispute the truth of his propositions, but, if they be truths, they must be developed by the natural progress of intelligence and not by the adoption of any arbitrary rules. We cannot enlarge upon the subject, and it is too important to be trifled with. We notice the publication of this life of the great man with pleasure, and commend it to our readers as a book every way profitable, and wholly free from corrupting influences. There is as little danger of its

converting any over to Fourierism, as the reading of the Life of Mahomet resulting in a conversion to Mahometanism. The most devout Christian may admire the elements of greatness in the character of Mahomet, as the veriest stickler for things-as-they-are may read with admiration the Life of Fourier.

The Black Aunt. Stories and Legends for Children. Translated from the German, by Charles A. Dana. New York. Rudolph Garrigue. 1848.

ALTHOUGH there is a vast difference between the illustrations of the children's books of to-day and those of a few years back, there is not, after all, any great improvement in the stories for children. The new tales from the German, with which our bookstores are pretty well filled, differ very much from the old nursery tales of our own invention. The short simple sentences are very easy reading, but the homeliness and familiarity of the thoughts and descriptions are not so well calculated to interest the minds of children as the more poetical and imaginative stories which have been the favorite reading of "feeble folk," time out of mind. The loves and quarrels of pots and kettles are not half so interesting as those of angels and fairies. One of the stories in this beautiful little book, goes on in this style.

"'This is a hard life,' said the coffee pot to the milk pitcher, 'every day coffee and nothing but coffee; always drinking and nothing at all to eat.' 'That's true,' answered the milk pitcher. 'Milk, milk, always milk; the eternal thin blue milk; it often seems so flat and insipid to me.' 'Well,' said the coffee pot, 'what if we get something for ourselves? I will take a piece of that roast venison down there.' 'And I will take a little sausage,' said the milk pitcher.

'The old iron pot standing over the fire heard this talk, and raised slowly the tin cover that was over him and blew out the steam, bubbled and shook, and groaned, and said to both of them, while his tin cap fell back now and then:

"'Don't do that!—It's against the order of the kitchen.—No good will come of it!—I have nothing but water year out, year in!—Have to put up with it!—I have grown old so!—Let things be as they are.'"

This kind of babblement is not the sort of narrative which children relish, or the reading of which is likely to give them a desire for something better. However, there is something better in this collection of stories, which have been purely rendered into English by Mr. Dana, and most beautifully illustrated with designs by the famous German artist, Richter. It is pleasant, at least, to see the highest order of cultivated talent employed in the good work of providing amusement and instruction for the minds of babes and sucklings.

Three Sisters and Three Fortunes; or, Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. Lewes, author of Ranthorpe. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

If this were not a good novel it would not be because the author did not know what a good novel should be, as we may safely infer from the following remarks in his introduction.

"When a distinct Moral presides over the composition of a work of fiction, there is great danger of its so shaping the story to suit a purpose, that human nature is falsified by being coerced within the sharply defined limits of some small dogma.

"So conscious of this did I become in the progress of my story, that I was forced to abandon my original intention, in favor of a more natural evolution of incident and character. It was a choice between truth of passion and character, on the one hand, and on the other, didactic clearness. I could not hesitate in choosing the former.

"And yet, as Hegel truly says, 'in every work of Art there is a Moral; but it depends on him who draws it.' If, therefore, the reader insists upon a Moral, he may draw one from the passions here exhibited; and the value of it will depend upon his own sagacity."

This is well said, and we may safely trust an author who shows

that he so well understands his vocation. All truth has a moral to it, but no moral can be gathered from a falsehood. "Moral tales," as they are called, are generally the most immoral of all books, because they are so artificial and untrue. The Three Sisters is not of the highest order of novel writing, but it is a highly interesting story and a profitable one; it depicts modern English life of the upper class; it opens in 1835 and closes in 1845. It is through such novels as this that a great class of our countrymen draw nearly all their ideas of English society; and it is therefore of importance that they should, at least, be true in respect to their descriptions of society, if not in anything else, as we believe this novel to be.

Sketches of Wesleyan Preachers. By Robert A. West. New York. 1848.

THE Wesleyan preachers, whose persons and characters Mr. West has sketched, are all transatlantic. From the title of the book we anticipated finding among its contents sketches of some of the eminent Wesleyans on this side the Atlantic; but those that Mr. West has presented us possess greater interest from the fact that some of them are wholly unknown to us, and of others we had gathered but unsatisfactory descriptions. It was essential that such sketches as these should be made by the pen of one who sympathized with the subjects; and Mr. West, from his relative position to them and his personal observations, was well calculated to fulfil in a satisfactory manner the task which he imposed upon himself. The sketches are written with clearness, in a pure style, remarkable for its ease and force of expression, and cannot be otherwise than highly acceptable to the very numerous class of Methodists in this country. The manner of English Methodist preachers differs very materially from that of the divines of the same persuasion in America. The British Methodists retain something of the manners and ceremonials of the Mother Church, from which their great founder could hardly be accounted a seceder. It will be interesting to compare these sketches of British Wesleyan preachers with the more eminent preachers of Methodism in this country.

The Architect. By W. H. Ranlett. No. 4. Vol. II. DeWitt & Davenport. 1848. New York.

As we have expressed our opinion very fully in respect to the merits of this most excellent work, in reviewing some of the earlier numbers, we need say no more than that the same fertility of invention, beauty of drawing, and accurate estimates which characterized the work from the beginning, are still maintained, while the good sense and picturesque writing in the brief introductory remarks and descriptions appear still more palpable than ever. The subject of the present number is "Venetian Architecture," and the designs are all of that style, excepting a very beautiful wood-engraving of "Waldwic Cottage," in New Jersey, the seat of Elijah Rosencrantz, Esq., which was erected in the old English manor-house style from designs by Mr. Ranlett. We are happy to learn that this admirable work is widely circulated, because such books cannot fail to have a most happy effect in beautifying the country, by familiarizing our people with just ideas in regard to the externals of their habitations.

The Sunday School and other Poems. By William B. Tappan. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 1848.

THE "Sunday School" is the fourth and concluding volume of a series of poems, which this religious poet has published, but it does not make more than a quarter of the volume, the remainder being filled with occasional poems, chiefly of a religious character. There is not much enthusiasm or originality of thought or manner in the poetical writings of Mr. Tappan; but if they are not great they are always good, in their aim at least, and they are just of that easily comprehended character which is adapted to the multitude of readers. The following poem we do not re-

member having seen before, and as it is more spirited and less sectarian in feeling than the greater part of his productions, we extract it as likely to give a better impression of his powers than some of his more serious efforts. It is not only local, but adapted to the spirit of the times.

LA LANTERNE vs. LA GUILLOTINE.*

"Away to the *Lanterne*!"† Republicans sung,
When Paris with tocsins of Liberty rang;
When law for the mob did tribunes manufacture
(Law, like a frail potsherd, for villains to fracture),
When the few for the good of the many must bleed,
And justified still by the end was the deed,
"Away to the *Lanterne*!" and hang by the neck
Aristocrats, peers, at the plebeian's beck;"
And though, by the steel, blood of mother and daughter,
Sire, son, wife, and husband, was poured out like water,
The *Lanterne* won laurels, so quick and so clean
Its work, that it rivalled the great Guillotine!

Those days have gone by (we may say without flattery,
They were days of dark doings, and bloodshed and battery);
And though revolution, to shift on the throne
One king for another, to us is unknown,
Though horrid *Sans-culottes* ne'er sharpen the axe,
That in spoils of nobility they may go snacks,
Though swearing fish-women, of snarled elfin locks,
And Amazon fists, may not Royalty box,
Though blood on our pavements in rivers do n't run,
Nor Tragedy stalk there in frenzy or fun,
Yet we have our *Lanterne*, and soon shall be seen
A rival in doings to great Guillotine!

Hush, fears! we assure you we never will drive at
Such brutal outbreaks; *our* doings are private;
We smear not our faces, we doff not our clothes,
We've no truculent oath (though 't is under the rose),
Our *Lanterne* contemplates all politics right;
We are Democrat, Whig, and somewhat Jacobite;
With bow, smirk, and smiling, we gentlemen greet,
For the ladies (soft souls), we have compliments sweet,
We hail not new comers with awkward ball-cartridges,
Though (once on our manor) we pluck them like partridges,
We know how to win them; success will be seen,
Our *Lanterne* shall rival the great Guillotine!

And then to attract them, a token, a show,
Or what you choose call it, to please folks, you know—
We've no rusty symbol, for who but an ass
Would set up a scare-crow?—our *Lanterne* is glass,
All gilded and soaring, pagoda-like, up,
Where men worship gods that are carved on the cup;
Most cunningly stained 't is with curious device,
Of "*julep with spices*," "*sling-cobler with ice*;"
"*Egg-nog*," "*tip and ty*," "*fiscal agent*," at lunch;
For supper, "*stone wall*," and "*poor man's whiskey punch*;"
Sure the de'il at invention of agents was mean
In France, with *La Lanterne* and great Guillotine!

"*Wormwood floaters*"‡ have we, on which tipplers may float
To the gulf of black death, where there's never a boat;
"*Knickerbocker*," and "*smasher*," "*reto*," to make merry;
"*Champagne*," "*brandy*," "*whiskey*," good old "*Tom and Jerry*;"

"*Mulled wine*," "*soda punch*," for the delicate lip
Of sisters and wives, who may secretly sip.
Our *Lanterne*, blood-red, is no "beacon to warn."
We laugh all such Temperance slanders to scorn;
Away to the *Lanterne*, young men! for good cheer,
Away to the *Lanterne*, young ladies! nor fear;
For manhood is monarch, and beauty is queen
At the *Lanterne*, the rival of great Guillotine!

Come, Epicures! skill shall as lordly a dish
Prepare, as the sand ever gave of shell-fish.
Whoever has money, to him we will sell;
(The penniless loafer may "*liquor*" in hell.)

* This piece tells its own story. A magnificent colossal LANTERNE, in front of Concert Hall, Boston, of curious device and rare workmanship, invites passengers to enter an elegant and fashionable place of refreshment.

† The frenzied cry of the Jacobins in the time of the French Revolution, when many who fell under the popular odium were hung on the lamp-irons, without judge or jury.

‡ The unlearned are notified that these are the classic names of favorite intoxicating drinks, mingled and sold at this interesting establishment.

Spruce Clerk, who hast money, come hither and buy,
 Little Children, who gaze at our *Lanterne*, come, try !
 Though young, time nor money may stay with you long,
 Eat and drink ere both go like a *bon vivant's* song,
 Come Gay, and come Sober, Bucks, Bruisers, and all,
 Tall, Short, Wise, and Simple, come, buy at our call ;
 Try all and say all, if you don't find us keen,
 Our *Lanterne's* a joke to the great Guillotine !

Verses of a Life Time. By Caroline Gilman. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 1848.

This pretty volume is also called "thoughts of a life time," and we suppose, therefore, that it embodies both the life time thoughts and verses of the author, who, having lived to a ripe age, has here garnered up her mental productions. The verses consist of a great variety of poems, in a great variety of metres ; there are ballads and dramatic sketches, hymns, temperance songs, elegies and epistles. Neither the thoughts nor the verses have any marked originality, but they indicate a well cultivated mind and a truly Christian spirit. Mrs. Gilman is well known as the author of a popular little work of a domestic character, detailing the experiences and annoyances of a Southern house-keeper ; she is also the author, or, rather, compiler, of "Oracles from the Poets," and has contributed a good many pleasing articles to the literary periodicals of the South and North. The following stanzas will afford a favorable idea both of the thoughts and the verses of Mrs. Gilman :

MUSIC ON THE CANAL.

I was weary with the day-light,
 I was weary with the shade,
 And my heart became still sadder,
 As the stars their light betrayed ;
 I sickened at the ripple,
 As the lazy boat went on,
 And felt as though a friend was lost
 When the twilight ray was gone.

The meadows in a fire-fly glow,
 Looked gay to happy eyes :
 To me they beamed but mournfully,
 My heart was cold with sighs.
 They seemed, indeed, like summer friends ;—
 Alas, no warmth had they !
 I turned in sorrow from their glare,
 Impatient turned away.

And tear-drops gathered in my eyes,
 And rolled upon my cheek,
 And when the voice of mirth was heard,
 I had no heart to speak.
 I longed to press my children
 To my sad and homesick breast,
 And feel the constant hand of love
 Carressing and caress.

And slowly went my languid pulse
 As the slow canal boat goes ;
 And I felt the pain of weariness,
 And sigh'd for home's repose ;
 And laughter seemed a mockery,
 And joy a fleeting breath,
 And life a dark volcanic crust
 That crumbles over death.

But a strain of sweetest melody
 Arose upon my ear,
 The blessed sound of woman's voice,
 That angels love to hear !
 And manly strains of tenderness
 Were mingled with the song,
 A father's with his daughter's notes,—
 The gentle with the strong.

And my thoughts began to soften
 Like snows when waters fall,
 And open, as the frost-closed buds
 When spring's young breezes call ;
 While to my faint and weary soul
 A better hope was given,
 And all once more was bright with faith,
 'Twixt heart and earth, and Heaven.

The First of the Knickerbockers. A Tale of 1763. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1848.

THE author of this book has most unwisely dedicated it to Washington Irving ; for, having given it a title which at once provokes a comparison with the inimitable history of Diedrich Knickerbocker, he should not have provoked a still further comparison by introducing the name of its matchless author. The First of the Knickerbockers is an attempt at a colonial historical novel, but we cannot in conscience say anything in its commendation. The book abounds in old New York names, and it is very neatly printed, as are all the publications of Mr. Putnam ; but beyond this extent we cannot honestly go, except to state that the story has one very great merit in such a work, it is short. As cultivators of fruit have to bring up a great number of bad trees in the endeavor to obtain a single new variety worth the raising, so, we suppose, book publishers must get out a great number of good-for-nothing books, in the hope of obtaining one good one. We can account for the appearance of such "works" as the "First of the Knickerbockers," upon no other hypothesis.

The Works of Washington Irving. New Edition, revised. Vol. III. Life and Voyages of Columbus. Putnam.

A WORK so well known and universally admired as the Life of Columbus requires no trumpeting, and is wholly above detraction. Some honest critics, who love to show their superior knowledge as well as their superior honesty, have accused Irving of borrowing from the Spanish historian, Naverrete, a greater amount of materials than he has given credit for. But this extremely unjust accusation has been fully met by Mr. Irving in a brief note, in which he proves that due praise had been awarded to the Spaniard for all the aid that he had afforded towards the history of the great voyager. We have already alluded to the beautiful manner in which the other volumes of the series of our great prose writer's productions were brought out ; and it will be sufficient to add that the History of Columbus is printed and bound to match with the other volumes. To read such a work so superbly embodied would be a most delicious repast for the most voluptuous and refined of literary epicures.

Fairy Tales and Legends of Many Nations. Selected, newly told, and translated. By C. B. Burckhardt. Illustrated by W. Walcutt and J. H. Cafferty. New York. 1849.

HERE is a very pretty book for children, with nearly 300 pages of entertaining reading matter. The idea of the book—to give specimens of the fairy tales of all nations—was a very happy one, and it has been well carried out by Mr. Burckhardt. But he has committed one very great error in not indicating the original translations, and giving due credit for those that are borrowed. This should have been done, not only in justice to himself, but from a sense of justice to others. The omission does not mar the interest of the legends, but it injures the character of the work. He makes another mistake in apologising for the work, which should be its own apology. Fairy tales and national legends are legitimate reading for both young and old, and they require no apology. The designs in this little book are but indifferently executed ; they add but little to its value, while they materially increase its cost. But as they are original, we prefer them to much better borrowed illustrations. If the publishers of books in this country would but adopt the plan of giving original illustrations, when they give any at all, it would afford more encouragement to art than has ever been done by all the academies, exhibitions, and art-unions that have ever been established. The only way to encourage art is to make it a merchantable commodity—a thing to trade in and make money out of. When this shall be done here, we shall have artists in plenty as they have in England, France and Germany, but not until then. The day has long since gone by for the private patronage of art. Unless artists can be employed like engineers, architects,

and lawyers, and be paid for their productions according to their relative value, art will never flourish in this country; and we know of no better way of developing the artistic talent of the country, of which there is no scarcity, than by employing our artists to embellish our books, instead of resorting to the borrowing practice, which has now been in vogue ever since we became a nation, and set up in the business of book-making. When Joel Barlow published his *Columbiad*, one of the costliest and stupidest books that we have produced, he employed foreign artists not only to make the designs of his illustrations, but he had them engraved and printed abroad. We can do something better now than in the time of Joel Barlow, but not much. Mr. Walcott and Mr. Cafferty are both very clever and promising artists, but probably they have not before attempted illustrations of this class.

Poems. By William Cowper. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by the Rev. Thomas Dale; and seventy-five illustrations, engraved by John S. and Tudor Horton, from Drawings by Joan Gilbert. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1848.

ILLUSTRATED works abound at this season of the year, and in the almanac of the Bibliopolists it is probably set down among the predictions of November, "about this time you may expect showers of picture-books;" or, "now prepare for illuminated volumes and gilded bindings." The fashion of bringing out calico-looking books at Christmas, which cost a good deal of money, but are utterly destitute of artistic merit, has reached its height in England, and we are very happy to see the custom is giving way to something better. The publishers of such gilded trash lost heaps of money, no doubt, by the debasing speculations, at least we hope they did; for a greater injury could hardly be inflicted upon the interests of literature and art than to divert the patronage usually bestowed upon works of genius to the class of books which have been published as gift books during the past eight or ten years. Although the practice is dying out in England, it has been vigorously imitated on this side of the Atlantic, especially in Philadelphia, where all sorts of rank corruptions take root in the trade of literature. There have been a few of these gilded monstrosities poured upon the public from some of our own publishers, but they have been of so paltry a character, as hardly to be capable of doing much harm. We have the satisfaction of believing that not one of the so-called illuminated works has paid the cost of getting it up, and as soon as it shall be discovered that the taste of the public is more refined than that of those who cater to it, the whole brood of calico illustrations will be abandoned.

The two elegant volumes which the Messrs. Harpers have issued, containing the complete poetical works of the gentle Cowper, form a most gratifying contrast to the greater number of illustrated books which we have seen this season. The illustrative designs, which are very numerous, have artistic merit of the highest order, and they have been executed on the block in the best style of wood engraving. The paper, letter-press and binding are of the best quality, and the two volumes form the most beautiful present for the holiday season that we have recently seen. The value of such works as this is permanent, and they are as well fitted for the library as the drawing-room centre table. Books should never be degraded to the character of mere toys; it will be a bad day for books when they depend upon their embellishments to give them currency. These two volumes of Cowper will make very suitable companions to the illustrated edition of Milton and Thompson, which were issued by the Harpers last year.

A Yacht Voyage to Norway, Denmark and Sweden. By W. A. Ross.

This is an English publication as may be readily imagined from the title, for our own yachts, we believe, have never ventured

across the Atlantic, they hug the shore, and confine their cruises to Long Island Sound. The yachts of English gentlemen on the contrary make venturesome voyages to all parts of the world.—Many of these beautiful vessels have been seen in our own harbor, and there have been some seen in the Gulf of Mexico. But yachting is yet, with us, but a holiday amusement, while the gentlemen of England have entered into the spirit of the pursuit with earnestness; and certainly of all the means for getting rid of that inexorable enemy of the wealthy, Time, there could not have been devised a better amusement than that of yachting.—There is nothing of especial interest in this amateur book of an amateur voyage, but it contains some pleasant descriptions of out-of-the-way places in regions little visited by travelling Americans. Among them we have marked the following description of *Elseneur*, the birth-place of Hamlet, who being regarded as a sort of old acquaintance by many of our readers, a glance at the spot where he is supposed to have lived, and has the reputation of being buried, will not be without interest:

ELSINEUR.

"Elseneur appeared to me a more bustling town than Copenhagen itself; and I suppose that arises from the number of sailors connected with the vessels in the roadstead, who are to be met in the narrow lanes and alleys of the town; and here all the pilots in Denmark mostly wait for ships bound up the Baltic.

"Over the door of every third house, generally swings a sign-board, villanously painted, and exhibiting, in emblematical form to the stranger's eye, the proprietor's name, and the nature of the goods which may be bought of him. The streets are very long and confined; and herds of fishwomen, dogs, and children, get in your way and under your feet. Elseneur is the Wapping of Denmark, or comparable to the worst parts of Portsmouth.

"We walked through the town to the Castle of Cronenborg. After wandering over drawbridges, through archways, and dark tunnels, we found ourselves in the middle of a court-yard, surrounded on all sides by the solitary walls of the seemingly deserted castle. We rang a bell several times, and could just hear its noisy clatter, stealing through narrow, longitudinal slits of windows at the top of an old tower; and, after repeating the summons several times, without waiting, we walked away as we had entered this famous citadel. From the ramparts we enjoyed a magnificent view of the sound, and the coast of Sweden.

"In Hamlet's garden, about a mile from the castle, across a dreary common, the willow-sheltered tomb is still to be seen, where, it is said, sleeps that spirit 'the potent poison quite' o'er-threw. A house stands, tenantless, in the centre of this garden, protected at the back from the north wind by a bank, on which springs here and there flowers and weeds entwined; while its front, turned to the south's warm breath, is enlivened by a few statues, round the pedestals of which creep the vine and honeysuckle. Though the footfall of time is scarcely heard on the soft moss, which oozes in patches from the broad terrace where princes trod, the hand of desolation seemed to be busy here; and as I looked around me, and observed how each relic of antiquity was crumbling into dust, the oblivion of everything connected with man, except the monuments of his intellect, crawled coldly, like a slug, over my senses, and apart from all visible objects, I felt, and saw with the mind's eye, the immortality of poetry only in the air which I breathed."

The Illustrated Edition of the Arabian Nights.

THE Harpers have completed their illustrated edition of the *Thousand and One Nights*, from the new translation of Lane, and a more beautiful volume has rarely issued from the American press. It is a reprint, it is true, and we can lay no claim whatever to the merit of the designs or the fidelity and spirit of the translation; but it is something to reproduce a work of this kind in handsome style, so that it can be sold at a price which will place it within the means of ordinary book buyers. The English edition was quite beyond the reach of the thousands who will avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring it in its cheap but equally elegant form, as issued by our great American publishing house. We have in a former number spoken of the general excellence of the work and also given a specimen or two of the beautiful illustrations; and can do nothing more now than to repeat the praise which we then bestowed upon it.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



the present number of our Magazine closes the first year of our existence as a monthly periodical, we may be pardoned if, instead of gossiping about other people's business as has been our wont, we make our own affairs the prominent topic of the first page of this portion of Holden, which we have set apart for rambling, discussion and familiar gossip. The prospects at the outset of our undertaking were not

particularly flattering, nor were the encouragements of our friends very comforting, for as we had undertaken to furnish the public with as good a Magazine for the sum of one dollar as they had been in the habit of paying three for, it was pretty generally supposed that we should fail before the end of the first year. This was predicted by some of those knowing people who always foresee the failure of others because they never succeed themselves. But we did not embark in such an enterprise as that of establishing a Dollar Magazine without thoroughly surveying the ground we were going to occupy, and making a close calculation of the chances of success and failure. The only horoscope that we cast consisted of a few simple figures arranged in sums of addition, multiplication and division. Having satisfied ourselves that the thing could be done, if 'twere well done, and, to carry out the Shaksperian precept, done quickly, we set to work and the Magazine prospered in the first half year. Our readers will bear witness that it was quite as good as we promised to make it.—But, its success having exceeded our expectations, we determined to exceed our promises to our subscribers, and so we increased the quality of the articles, and doubled the value of the Magazine by adding a number of beautiful wood engravings, yet added nothing to the price. The cost of the engravings alone, which we have given in the second volume of our Magazine, have exceeded, considerably, in amount, the sum that we had intended to pay for the literary contents; but we have not curtailed in the least the payment for literary articles on account of our expenditure for engravings; but, on the contrary, we have been compelled to an extra expense for contributions to accompany the illustrations which we have given. There is no need that we should apologize for thus occupying our space with recounting what we have done, we have so seldom spoken of ourselves that the reader will hardly accuse us of egotism. As we may reasonably suppose that our readers feel an interest in our undertaking, they will not be indifferent to a statement of our success. It has been so

great, so unequivocal and so encouraging, our circulation has so rapidly increased, and we have been favored by the subscriptions and commendations of so great a number of the best and most eminent men in the country, particularly among the clergy, that we have determined to bend all our energies, and to employ the augmented capital which our already large circulation has afforded us to rendering HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE THE LEADING MONTHLY PERIODICAL OF THE UNITED STATES, and to prove that the best literature is the cheapest. This can only be done by an immense circulation, such as no monthly Magazine has ever yet achieved, nor no proprietor aspired to. Some of the old five dollar Magazines lumber on from year to year dragging out a miserable existence with a circulation of a thousand or fifteen hundred, while the three dollar Magazines are content to circulate ten or fifteen thousand—that is, the better class of them, while the less fortunate ones rarely reach above a third of that number. So limited a circulation of a Magazine for so large a country as ours would never satisfy our ambition. With a population of nearly twenty-three millions, and every man and woman a reader, less than a circulation of one hundred thousand ought not to be thought of for a work intended to enlighten the millions. We must confess that our circulation does not at present reach so high, but we hope to make it so before the close of another year; and that nothing shall be wanting to render it worthy, we shall introduce several new and

VALUABLE FEATURES.

In the January number we shall commence the publication of a new series of engravings of

AMERICAN SCENERY BY THE MOST EMINENT AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

They will be engraved in the finest style, by the best artists of the country, and will, of themselves, form a series of pictures which will be worth more than the price charged for the Magazine. The first of the series will be a representation of a scene on the Genesee River, from one of the finest pictures of the lamented Thomas Cole, N. A., unquestionably the finest landscape painter that America has produced, and one of the first of modern artists. Other illustrations of great merit will be given in addition to these beautiful and most valuable views. The literary department will also be greatly improved—the services of the most brilliant and original writers in America having been secured—and the contributed papers will be fully equal to those of any other periodical on this side of the Atlantic.

We shall commence the publication of a new satirical poem, by one of the freest, most pungent, and liberal-minded of the young poets of America, either in the January or February number. This poem will cause a sensation among the scribblers when it makes its appearance, and will flutter the Volscians some without wounding them.

We had thought of logging in some of the favorable notices

which have been showered upon us by the Press, during the past year, and for which we must take this occasion to return our hearty thanks. But what would be the good? The Magazine must speak its own praises in its good looks. Besides, if we were to attempt to cull out the choicest of the good things that have been said of us, we should fill up our Magazine with them, they have been so numerous. In conclusion we can promise, in brief, that good as Holden's Magazine has been, it shall be twice as good during the next year, and

ALWAYS IMPROVING.

AMONG the literary novelties produced during the last month, has been the commencement of a new story by Douglas Jerrold, called "A Man made of Money." It is something in the style of the Candle Lectures, but more serious, and possesses a deeper moral. Solomon Jericho, the hero of the piece, is not made of money, but he passes for that desirable individual. The "Man made of Money" is issued in monthly numbers, and thus far but one number has been published, from which we will make a brief extract to exhibit the style of the work, which strikes us as superior to that of his other stories. We have heard of industrious fleas, and Mr. Jerrold here exhibits to us a pair of temperance fleas, who are described as perched upon the night-cap of Mr. Jericho, and while preparing to suck his blood, moralizing on his frailties, like a mercenary preacher denouncing the sins of the people upon whose bounty he feeds. But let us listen to the flea-batomizing moralizers over the victim they are flea-cing.

"'Miserable race!' said the father flea, with its beautiful bright eye shining pitifully upon Jericho; 'miserable craving race! You hear, my son; man, in his greed, never knows when he has wherewithal. He gorges to gluttony, he drinks to drunkenness; and you heard this wretched fool, who prayed to heaven, to turn him, heart, brain and all, into a lump of money. Happily it is otherwise with fleas. We take our wholesome, our sufficient draught, and there an end. With a mountain of enjoyment under our feet, we limit ourselves to that golden quantity, enough.'

"'Therefore, oh my sire, let us not, for our temperance, be gluttonous of self-praise. Seeing that fleas are the crowning work of the world; seeing that as sheep, and bullocks, and fish and fowl are made for man, and man for us; let us be charitable towards our laboring servant, poor biped; our cook and butler.'

"'My son, true it is, man feeds for us, drinks for us. Man is the laboring chemist for the fleas; for them he turns the richest meats and spiciest drinks to flea wine. Nevertheless, and I say it with much pain, man is not what he was. He adulterates our tipples most wickedly.'

"'I felt it with the last lodgers,' said the younger flea. 'They drank vile spirits; their blood was turpentine, with, I fear me, a dash of vitriol. How they lived at all, I know not. I always had the headache in the morning. Here, however, and the juvenile looked steadfastly down upon the plain of flesh, the wide campaign beneath him, 'here, we have promise of different fare.'

"'The soul is woundily hot; hard, and dry, and hot as a volcano; and, mercy me,' cried the elder, 'how it throbs and heaves. Hark!' and the flea inclined its right ear, 'the fellow's brain sings like a kettle. Now he is going off into a galloping dream. Our ancestors, some of whom, my son, as I have often told you, lived the bosom friends of conjurors and soothsayers, were, as many of their descendants are at the present day, to be met with amongst fortune-tellers and gypsies, our ancestors had the gift of following a dream in all its zig-zag mistiness. And the wisdom of our ancestors,' and here the flea raised itself upon its legs, and looked with serene pride about it, 'the wisdom of our ancestors has come down in its fulness upon myself; to be left, my dear child, whole and unimpaired, and I may add, unimproved, to you.'

"'What a sight is this?' cried the young flea, staring in Jericho's face. 'What an earthquake must be tumbling and rumbling in the fellow's heart, and how his teeth clang together! Is that thunder? No. But did you ever hear such snoring?'

"'In a minute, my son, and he'll be in the thick of it. Attend; and I'll follow him through the maze; showing you all the odd things that shower up and down in his brain, just as the golden air-bubbles of yesterday sparkled in his wine-glass. But first, my child, let us drink.' Saying this, the elder flea, raising

itself pretty well upright, and with its strong claws taking a firm hold of the flesh beneath, for better purchase, struck its lance home, and opening its shoulders, drew up, with its sucker, such a hearty drink, that Jericho, the unconscious cup-bearer, gave a sudden twist, so deep and hearty was the pull of the drinker. 'Very good; very good, indeed,' said the flea. 'There's a fine delicate boquet in it.'

"'Humph!' cried the younger flea, 'for my part, I think 'twould bear a little more body. But, my sire, as I've heard you say, there's no judging truly from the first cup. Here goes again. Why, how the fellow kicks!'

"'Such, my son,' said the elder flea, 'is man; such his wastefulness upon himself, his injustice to what, cocking his nose towards the stars, he calls the lower animals. At least, two bottles of wine, a gill or more of brandy, to say nothing of a draught or two of malt, are burning in his arteries, and in hot mist rising to his brain. Now, what work, what watching, what risk of limb and life, what multiplication of toil, to produce the various beverages he has guzzled! What digging and ploughing of the land; what vine-dressing; what sailing upon the stormy seas; what glass-blowing; what bottling, before the liquor, like a melted jewel, shone in his eyes, and trickled down his throat! Yet here he lies, and with no conscious labor of his own, is at once the wine-press and distiller of the fleas. And when we seek to take our temperate draught, smallest drops, merest seed-rubies, how the miser kicks and flounders, and when he has sense enough, what wicked words at times he pitches at us! But such,' said the elder flea, preparing itself for another stoop, 'such is man.' And again the flea pierced the wine-skin, and sucked up another draught, and again Jericho plunged and twisted.

"'The bin improves,' said the younger flea, drinking very hard. 'And yet, I'm sure there's Burgundy in it. Now, never but twice before have I tasted Burgundy; and then I suffered for it; just as if the grapes were grown on a soil of sulphur. Nevertheless 'tis a rare cellar this, after the turpentine and vitriol of our last lodgings; so, hang the headache, and let's have t'other bumper.'

"'Not another drop,' cried the elder flea. 'Let the poor wretch beneath us teach us moderation. Consider his face. How dead and stupified he looks! How it shone above the table last night; and what a piece of dirty dough it looks at this moment! What light was in the lamp and now what dullness and smoke!'

"'And yet,' said the younger flea, 'the dough begins again to work. Surely, he's on with his dream now.'

"'Now, he's fairly off. Awhile ago, and the brain was only fluttering, like a bird trying its wings, but now, yes, now it's off. Ha! ha! A very droll dream, even so far as it goes;' and the old flea looked very wise."

THE coming of the cholera has been a prominent topic during the past month, and, at one time, very nearly caused people to forget the election. But the election has passed, and the cholera has not come. Its appearance in England caused a little alarm for awhile, but it soon subsided, and the disease appears to be so modified and moderated as it travels westward, that we hardly apprehend any danger from it, even though it should reach our shores. If it should come, it is well to know how to treat it, for you cannot treat the cholera as you could a poor relation, or a seedy acquaintance, and get rid of it by giving it a cold look, or turning your back upon it. No; the cholera cannot be frowned away; it must have proper treatment from all whom it visits, or woe be unto them. But what is the proper treatment? Aye, there's the rub. One physician says this, and another that. One physician prescribes ice and another steam; what to do when the cholera comes, is really a most important question. The following directions, to follow which would effectually put us beyond the reach of the cholera, and everything else, but the worms, is the last receipt that we have seen for cholera treatment. The bare reading of it is enough to make one choleric. It is taken from a work just published, called "*Five Minutes' Common Sense about the Asiatic Cholera*;" but the common sense of the directions is not so very apparent. However, some of our readers may like to try it upon themselves; and, if so, we have not the least objection.

"WHAT SHOULD BE DONE, IF ATTACKED BY CHOLERA?—"

As the great depression of the vital powers, and the consequent coldness of the surface, are the most formidable and striking symptoms, it is obvious that to rouse the system, and restore the

warmth of the surface of the body, or, in other words, excite reaction, and bring back the circulation of the blood to a natural state, are the objects that require to be effected. A vapor, or HOT AIR-BATH, should be had recourse to, if at hand; as this, however, will probably but seldom be the case, put the patient into a hot bed, and apply a large hot mustard-poultice over the pit of the stomach. Then let a blanket wrung out of a tub-full of boiling water, as hot and dry as possible, be laid over his body, and confine in the vapor, by placing dry blankets over it, renewing it the moment it loses its heat. Put bottles or bladders of hot water, bags of hot sand, or hot bricks or tiles wrapped in flannel, to his feet; at the same time rub the feet, legs and arms with hot flannels. Give the patient a glass full of hot brandy and water; or a tea-spoon full of sal volatile, or of hartshorn, or of spirits of turpentine, in a glass full of water; or a tea-spoon full of sulphuric ether in a wine-glass full of camphor julep; if neither of these liquids be in the house, give hot coffee or tea until some of the above-mentioned remedies can be obtained. If there be much pain in the stomach, or the spasms be severe, or either of the above remedies do not afford relief, give a tea-spoon full, or from 60 to 80 drops of laudanum in hot brandy and water: if there be a severe burning sensation in the stomach, the laudanum should be the first remedy. If the liquid given be rejected, repeat the dose in a few minutes; and if one remedy will not keep down, try another. Persist in these means till you find the warmth of the skin restored, and the cramps and spasms relieved; but in the meantime send for a medical person, who will find, on his arrival, half the danger removed, if you have diligently employed the plan here recommended. Do not fear catching the complaint yourself; let not that selfish feeling one moment enter your head; your very exertions will be the best and surest means of preventing your being attacked."

The author of the work from which the above is taken is an English surgeon, as might be supposed from the nature of the remedies. The cholera may be coming, but we sincerely hope that it may be coming just as the "good time" is, and not a bit faster. The prospect of its coming, we understand, has caused a great increase in the business of the life insurance companies.

A POET'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.—Chateaubriand, the French poet, whose memoirs are just published, as written by himself, are called "Memoires d'Outre-Tombe." This great poet gives a sketch of his own personal appearance, which is about as near right as such a description might be expected to be. He begins thus:—"M. de Chateaubriand was tall and thin. He had an aquiline nose, thin and pale lips, sunken eyes of a fawn-color, like those of lions or the ancient barbarians. I never saw such a look. When animated with anger, the pupil of his sparkling eye seemed to start forth and strike you as a musket ball."

We cannot easily understand how the poet could have seen himself when he was animated with anger, unless he got into a passion with himself while standing before his mirror. An English writer, who knew M. de Chateaubriand, says:—"It must have been taken by him when looking in a mirror; and he must have had very bad sight. We have seen M. de Chateaubriand often, and we do not think that he has drawn one feature correct. He was not tall, nor was his nose aquiline, nor were his eyes of barbarian yellow."

THE vegetable eaters, who, a few years since, made so much noise amongst us, being stirred up by Dr. Graham, have lately sprouted up in great numbers in England. They are there called Vegetarians, and they have become so numerous that they have a representative in Parliament, and have recently been having vegetable banquets all over England; and we should not be astonished if, by and by, we hear talk of the roast potatoes, instead

of the roast beef of old England. If *Punch* is to be relied on, vegetable eating in England has become a kind of mania. That remarkable journal says:

"When we noticed, a week or two ago, a banquet of vegetables, we were not aware that a great Vegetable Movement was going on, with a vegetarian press, a vegetarian society, a vegetarian boarding-house, a vegetarian school, two or three vegetarian hotels, a vegetarian Life Insurance Office, vegetarian letter-paper, vegetarian pens, vegetarian wafers, and vegetarian envelopes."

"The *Vegetarian Advocate* has replied to our article on the late vegetarian banquet, and we must confess that, notwithstanding the very cholera-inducing diet on which the members of the sect exist, the answer is by no means of a choleric character. The *Vegetarian Advocate* has a delicious vegetable leader, with two or three columns of provincial intelligence, showing the spread of vegetarian principles. There are vegetarian missionaries going about the country inculcating the doctrine of peas and potatoes; and there is a talk of a vegetarian dining-room, where there is to be nothing to eat but potatoes, plain and mashed, with puddings and pies in all their tempting variety."

"We understand a prize is to be given for the quickest demolition of the largest quantity of turnips; and a silver medal will be awarded to the vegetarian who will dispose of one hundred heads of celery with the utmost celerity. We sincerely hope the puddings will not get into the heads of our vegetarian friends, and render them pudding-headed; but they are evidently in earnest; and, if we are disposed to laugh at them for their excessive indulgence in rice, we suspect that,

Risum teneatis, amici,

will be the only reply they will make to us."

But, quite the most remarkable instance of the vegetable science that we have met, in our reading, is the following:

"My dear sir," said a vegetable doctor to his patron, whom, on entering the house, he was surprised to find a widower, "did your wife seem to suffer at all in the dying struggle?" "Why, no, I rather guess not," said the bereaved husband, with apparent resignation. "Thank heaven for the light that science imparts!" exclaimed the botanic doctor, throwing back his head and turning his eyes up at the same time, thrusting his hands into his breeches pocket. "This is truly the age of discoveries. I knew she could not suffer, for I had given her the proper medicine to make her *die easy*; I always do so for my patients. It is a discovery of my own—it is purely vegetable!"

We recently encountered an article in the *Christian Inquirer*, on the system of building costly churches for the rich, while the poor were left destitute of the means of religious instruction which, from the style and the initials signed to it, we infer to have been written by the Rev. Orville Deway. The article concludes in the following truly Christian-like and liberal strain:

"We must insist, whether we have suggested the proper means or not, that some means should be adopted to make the church the gathering place of all Christian people, irrespective of their condition, success, or position in the world. If there were a church built and occupied by rich people alone, we would never preach in that church; for we should feel that we had forsaken the ministry of him who came to raise the fallen, 'to heal the broken hearted, and to preach the Gospel to the poor.' No; let there be one place on earth, the holy church of God, where we shall assemble together, and worship the common Father, and feel the ties of brotherhood, sympathise in the sacred sorrows, and joys, and hopes of our common humanity; where we may forget the vain distinctions of earth, and seek our place in the family of God."

IRISH ADVERTISEMENTS.—We have given one or two specimens of the curiosity of Irish advertisements, and we now give the following gems in the same way which we extract from a Dublin paper:

"Description of a pistol found by Head Constable Taylor, &c., supposed to have been stolen, as the brand mark of the registry of 1843 still appears on the barrel, but ARE so defaced that the letters and number are quite illegible!"

"Description of James Healy, who stands charged, &c., for having stolen a ten pound note, a three pound note, and a half sovereign seventeen years of age, and five feet six inches high!" (It is to be presumed that the half sovereign is, if not the oldest, certainly the largest on record. Only think of half a sovereign five feet six inches high!)

Under the head of Donegal there is a description of a heifer as follows: "One year old belted heifer, with a white forehead and face valued at £1 10s." (The face and forehead appear to be the only valuable portion of the heifer.)

There is a description of a bull *all white*, with *brown stripes* over his shoulders. (This is not a bad bull.) In the same paragraph is described a bullock with *yellow sides, white and black!*

In the next notice of a stolen cow, there is a mark, described as follows: "A round circle like an O!" (oh, oh!)

From Longford there is a notice of a stolen mare: "With a feather on the left eye which is in good condition." (Quere—Which is, the eye or the feather, "in the good condition?") The same article gives the value of a yearling colt's "mane and tail" at £5.

If the following description of William Field Simmons, who deserted from the 88th regiment at Kilkenny, on the 22d of July, leads not to his apprehension we can't tell what will: "The belt and bayonet worn by the deserter were found in a field adjoining the Record Buildings. His father resides in Dublin, and is a painter by trade, and his brother-in-law lives at Phibsborough Road."

From Kildare there is a notice relative to a horse, which is described as a *black mare!* From the same locality was stolen a black horse, described as having a great many *white* marks.

John Sexton appears to have had particular attention paid to him. He is described as one of the Ballingarry rebels with "two blue eyes, but blind of one of them," and "by trade a laborer, supposed to be about Kilkenny at present or gone to England or Scotland to reap the harvest."

Another of the rebels named Patrick O'Donnell is described by the following, among other marks and tokens: "By trade a jobber and great politician."

There are no more rebels now, in Ireland, they have all been transported for life. What a weariness of heart those poor fellows who have been transported must experience, as they leave their native land, to spend the remainder of their lives in banishment, for loving it too well. Although we cannot withhold our sympathies from the unfortunate men who were the leaders in the late attempt at rebellion in Ireland, neither can we help seeing the folly of their Quixotic attempt to overthrow the tremendous power of the British government by the feeble organization got up for the purpose. An intelligent printer in Dublin, who is a great advocate for reform in the government, says in a letter just received:

"We have had a few honest enthusiasts who meant what they said, and believed what their followers swore to. But the majority of the politicians and of the people are so corrupted and demoralized by the mendacious, unscrupulous leadership of O'Connell and by the slave's lessons they have imbibed from English misrule in former times, that it is a thousand pities such well intentioned men as Mitchell, Smith O'Brien, and a few more should have sacrificed themselves to so little purpose. Then it should be recollected that Ireland is a little country, not larger than one of your New England States. The land is open and comparatively destitute of trees. It is thickly intersected with roads, and these roads even in very wild and thinly inhabited parts are as good as the best in the United States. The peasantry—the tillers of the soil—who form a large majority of our population—are generally unarmed, ignorant of military discipline, without disciplined leaders. Military drilling is illegal. They are closely watched by the police who are scattered throughout the whole country, and are picked men, young, well fed, well paid, and attached to the government by the ties of good pay and good bread and butter. In many parts of Ireland you will rarely see as well fed, well clad men, except among the police. The people are miserably fed, miserably clothed, hardly able to keep body and soul together. They are ignorant, oppressed by their landlords, besotted by their priests, overwhelmed with wretchedness, ignorance and superstition. Add to all this that Ireland is occupied by two nations—the poor native Irish on one side—and on the other side the native Irish who have property to lose, and 99 out of 100 of the Protestants. When you consider that this latter class comprehend the vast majority of the wealth and intelligence of the country, you will admit that nobody except a crazed

enthusiast, an ignoramus or a fool, could for a moment entertain the notion that our miserable peasantry have any chance against 50,000 troops, and the richest, and most powerful, and most concentrated government the world ever saw. Ireland is a miserably divided country—it is truly a 'house divided against itself.' It is hard to hope for improvement in the people, or effectual reform from the government. England as well as Ireland is ruled by an aristocracy who suck the vitals of the people. The enormous taxation is laid on to pay for the past extravagance of the aristocracy, or to defray their present or future exactions. The democratic element in our constitution is completely overborne to the benefit of the peerage or their creatures."

This coming from a native of the soil, and whose patriotism and intelligence cannot be questioned, proves that there can be no revolution in Ireland, which does not also cause a revolution in England.

Among the literary announcements of the month we find a notice of a new novel by Hoffman, the author of "Greyslear." Two or three years since, a historical novel by this author was announced, called the "Red Spur of the Ramapo;" but it has never appeared, and the public, probably, are ignorant of the cause of its non-appearance. The cause was remarkable, and may be set down among the calamities of authors; but it was not unique, for we have heard of many similar disasters. Mr. Hoffman had been employed some six months upon his romance, he had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book-publisher's firm had contracted with him for the copyright, and it was nearly completed; the public were talking about it, and all the romance readers were anxiously anticipating a treat in its perusal. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing-table, to secure them from being lost. One day he happened to look into his literary sub-treasury, and to his astonishment and alarm, discovered that there were not more than half-a-dozen sheets of MS. in it. None but an author could judge of an author's feelings in such an emergency, but there were few men of any profession who could have acted as calmly as did the author of "Greyslear" on this occasion, and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one.

Mr. Hoffman called to the chambermaid, who had been intrusted with the care of his room, and said:

"—Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"—Sure, I have, Sir," replied she with innocent frankness.

"—For what purpose have you taken them, Mary?" said the author.

"—Sure, Sir, to kindle the fire, and I thought you were very good to put them there," replied Mary.

"—And pray, Mary, how long have you been in the habit of taking papers out of here?"

"—All the winter, sure," said Mary, "but I didn't think there was any good to them, for they were scribbled all over."

"—Ah! Mary!" exclaimed the ruined author, "do you know that you have done me an irreparable injury?"

"—A reparable injury!" exclaimed Mary, "what's that? Sure, but I am very sorry, Sir..."

"—And so am I" said the author; but he said nothing more.

A disaster very like this, befel Mr. Headley, while he was engaged in the composition of his "Washington and his Generals." The chambermaid who was "fixing" his room took it into her head one morning to clean his windows, during his absence, and seeing a pile of papers in his desk, "all scribbled over," she took them for wipers, and destroyed nearly the first volume of "Washington and his Generals," so that the author had all his work to do over again. As Mr. Headley is rather more irascible in his temper than Mr. Hoffman, it is not improbable that he and his

Mary had a very different conversation from that which passed between Mr. Hoffman and his manuscript destroyer. We had the misfortune once to have a bundle of valuable autographs destroyed by a "Mary," who took them to singe a fowl with, and since then we have not allowed any of Eve's daughters the privilege of rummaging among our precious papers; and we would advise all authors to keep women and children out of their studies, or writing rooms.

As Mr. Hoffman is no longer editor of the *Literary World*, he will probably give more time to the writing of romances, which must be a more congenial employment to him than the irksome drudgery of editing a weekly paper. The majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper, but of all the different employments by which men make their bread and butter, there is none, we firmly believe, that so taxes the mind, time, temper and flesh as that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a nicer tact, a sounder judgment, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. A churlish temper could never succeed as an editor; nor a narrow minded man, nor an ignorant one, nor a hasty one, nor an unforgiving one. An editor must of necessity turn himself inside out to the public, he cannot be a hypocrite any more than a husband could be a hypocrite to his wife. He must expose himself in all that he does, as much in selecting the thoughts of others as in publishing his own, and the better way for him in the outset is to begin frankly to save himself from after contradictions and mortifications. Whoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor, is something more than an ordinary man, let his contemporaries say or think of him as they will.

We have often been asked what has become of Mrs. Child's *protege*, Ole Bull. For a man who made so much noise in this country, who excited such enthusiasm, and carried away such heaps of money, to suddenly fall into oblivion on his return to his native Europe is remarkable. We are not aware of his having appeared in public since he went back, and we have heard nothing from him, except that he had written once or twice to Mr. John Hopper of this city. But not long ago we saw the following paragraph about him in the newspapers: "M. Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, is now working as a journeyman in the manufactory of M. Vuillaume, a Parisian instrument maker, in the hope of being enabled to make a violin that shall equal the tones of those made by the celebrated Stradivarius, of Cremona; and for this purpose he has brought from Norway wood more than 200 years old."

So that Ole, instead of making music, is probably engaged in making musical instruments, in some "careless den."

WHAT kind of a house should a bishop inhabit? Seeing that Christ was cradled in a manger, and that so far from having a house of his own he did not know where to lay his head, and that his apostles were no better provided than himself, one would think that bishops should be similarly situated now. But the dignitaries of the church think otherwise, and they should know better what is becoming than mere laymen. In a recent letter from Baltimore we find the following information respecting a "princely mansion" building for the Bishop of Maryland:

"Fronting on Madison street, near Garden, in Baltimore, the foundation of a princely mansion has been commenced, which is intended for the residence of Bishop Whittingham, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This building is intended to be constructed in a manner worthy the church, and the dignified and worthy occupant. It will be erected in the Gothic style of architecture, combining the latest improvements with every convenience contributing to the comfort of its occupants."

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION OF HIS CRAFT.—"I declare," says Dr. James Johnson, "my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physi-

cian, surgeon, apothecary, man midwife, chemist, druggist or drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness, and less mortality than now. When we reflect that physic is a 'conjectural art,' that the best physicians make mistakes, that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks, that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all, and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious they had no remedy from drugs—these and many other acts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes, rich and poor, with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life, and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions!"

Dr. James Johnson is an eminent English physician, and, as may be judged from the above, a very powerful and most instructive writer. His lectures on the use of alcoholic drinks were the most forcible and convincing appeals in behalf of temperance that we have ever read.

We have heard nothing more from California in respect to the gold mines, or rather golden sands of the Sacramento; and know not whether the wonderful stories which were told a few months since about that new El Dorado were true or false. But we have stumbled upon the following most remarkable prophecy in regard to that part of the world which is contained in the "Travels in the North-west," published by Captain Jonathan Carver in 1777:

"This extraordinary range of mountains (the Rocky Mountains, which he calls the Shining Mountains) is calculated to be more than three thousand miles in length, without any very considerable intervals, which I believe, surpasses anything of the kind in the other quarters of the globe. *Probably in future ages they may be found to contain more riches in their bowels than those of Indostan and Malaba, or that are produced on the golden coast of Guinea; nor will I except even the Peruvian mines.* To the west of these mountains, when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers, and countries, full fraught with all the necessities or luxuries of life; and where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these, or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectations will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes."

A WORK was published not long since, in London, called "Peter Jones," which, it strikes us from what we have seen of it, would be a fortunate speculation for some of our publishers to re-produce here. The idea of the biography is to depict a mind rising from a condition of ignorance, and, by means of mechanics' institutions, and the reading of books in the English tongue, realising for itself the relations between philosophy, science, and religion, and the bearing of all on theological dogmata and the literature of the Hebrews.

Among other novelties, Peter Jones believes in an extinct race of human beings, and one of his reasons for so believing is the universality of a priesthood.

"Another proof to Peter Jones that there had been a human existence anterior to history, was the fact that the earliest teachers of the human race appear to have been priests. Had man been his own teacher—had he gradually advanced from worshipping the stars and the elements into a rational worship of an invisible God—it would have been difficult to create a corporation of priests, in whose hands were reposed the keys of knowledge, the powers of both good and evil. But the earliest history indicates the fact that priests were already a distinct class. They were so in India, in Egypt, in Persia; and even in Greece, which during historical times was so singularly free from the domination of a sacerdotal caste, there appears strong reason to believe that a priesthood predominated over the people ere the historical era commenced which Moses borrowed from the Egyptians—the

Egyptians borrowed from the Indians—the Indians borrowed from an anterior people; and the whole history of the human race confirms the fact, that civilization has its origin in a source external to existing humanity, and that all human arts, human knowledge, human ideas, have floated from country to country, borne hither and thither by migratory people, concentrated in particular spots by colonies, and maintained by a vitality which defies the changes of time."

The book may be a dangerous one for popular circulation, but the extracts which we have seen do not lead us to think so; and, in fact, we do not believe in the danger of untruths—the great danger lies in suppressing truth. Apropos to the theory of Peter Jones, can we offer anything more acceptable to the reader in this closing month of the year, when men's thoughts are tinged with solemnity, and their spirits yearn towards the future, than the theory of the greatest of philosophers, Newton, on the existence of God. It is taken from a scholium, at the close of his third book, respecting the existence, nature and attributes of God. It is not very long, and although by no means new, we have no fears that any of our readers will wish it had been omitted. After describing the position of the orbits and the motion of the orbs in our solar system, he proceeds as follows:

"This most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets, could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centres of other like systems, these being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems. This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called *Lord God (Pantocrator)* or *Universal Ruler*: for God is a relative word and has respect to servants, and *Deity* is the dominion of God, not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants.

"The Supreme God is a being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect; but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of Israel, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords; we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of Israel, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say, my Infinite, my Perfect; these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord*; but every lord is not a god. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God. A true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful being; and, from his other perfections, that he is supreme or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures forever, and is everywhere present; and, by existing all ways and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space.

"Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and emotion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, co-existent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent, not *virtually* only, but *substantially*; for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other. God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*. Whence also he is all *similar*, all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things.

"He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshipped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of

anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds; much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things and final causes. We admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion; for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and every where, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing.—But, by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness, however. And thus much concerning God; to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy."

ONE of the most attractive features of Broadway is that most magnificent of modern hotels—the Irving House. It is one of the few upper class houses where a man feels perfectly at home and enjoys all the comforts of his own fireside. But as praise of the house would be supererogation, we will only say that in the matter of bathing—one of those essential comforts demanded now-a-days—Mr. Howard has made an arrangement with Mr. Rabineau, the Napoleon of these water privileges, by which the latter has fitted up a most magnificent suite of bathing-rooms with the appurtenances of hot and cold water, in a style equaling if not surpassing his splendid rooms at the Astor House. If he is not overrun with customers rather than with water, we are much mistaken, especially after the public has inspected his rooms as we have.

THE YANKEE BLADE.—We have been trying for half an hour to say something good about this exquisite paper, but can't find any words quite strong enough just now. To call it the *keenest* blade in the country would be superfluous—the *wittiest*, would be needless, for that is well known—the *pleasantest*, everybody knows that—the best natured—why, its enemies (if it has any) would not gainsay such a statement—and as we cannot conveniently compare it with anything—but the *Yankee Blade*—why we'll stop our encomiums immediately. Whenever we open the Blade we put on gloves, being invariably in fear of getting our fingers cut, it is so very sharp. There, Mr. Matthews, (by the way, are you related to the quizzical Charles?) don't be offended at the character we have given you; for if you are, we may increase your anger. We are only sorry that Boston claims such a Blade and New York does not.

WILL our subscribers endeavor, as much as possible, to remit us for their subscriptions New England, New York, or New Jersey Bank notes. The discount on Southern and Western money is so great that we are compelled to make this request.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—We have often called this the very best scientific paper in America, and since the commencement of the last we retract by saying it is the best in the world. We have compared it with English scientific publications of four times the price, and always have found the latter wanting. For mechanics, who do not take this paper regularly, we have no pity, no commiseration, and can only say, delay no longer. Messrs. Munn and Co. deserve the thanks of the scientific world for their efforts in the cause of science.

A REGULAR PIGEON WING.—We regard the following as the very smartest pigeon wing that has been recently cut. It is the work of a city paper:

"An old farmer down east who was very fond of gunning

and relating the remarkable success he usually met with. He was out one morning with his gun and saw a flock of pigeons on a limb of a tree; thinking if he fired at them he might miss some, he drew out the shot from his gun and put in a ball, placed himself immediately under the limb, fired, split the limb and caught the toes of all the pigeons—a fact—went home for his axe, felled the tree and secured the whole flock."

The *Day-Book*, a smart little paper, very nearly matched this miraculous story in the following:

"I killed ninety-nine pigeons at one shot, this morning," said an old fowler. "Why didn't you make it a hundred while you were about it," said his friend. "Do you suppose I would tell a lie for one pigeon?" was the reply.

OLD ROUGH AND READY, who has been elected to reside four years in the White House at Washington, remarked in one of his letters from Mexico that he had not slept under the roof of a house in two years. The old fellow had all that time been sleeping about in spots, sometimes under a tree and sometimes under a tent. An army officer in writing about the tent, in an article published in the *Literary World*, says:

"A tent is more frequently pitched in imagination than in practice; I underwent the sober realities of life for some months within a real one, and can still regard it with affection: no work of man is more picturesque or calls up a longer line of associations. Abraham, in the first days of our race, sat in his tent door in the heat of the day on the plains of Judea, and through all the ages since the tent has been the symbol of pastoral life, of a wandering existence, of a sojourn in the wilderness, or of war. Other structures for shelter have changed, but the tent remains; the shepherds of old watched their flocks at night with tents by their side such as are now pitched in Spain and in Syria, in Arabia and America."

Old Rough and Ready goes literally from the "tented field" to the "White House." In fact his house at Baton Rouge is but little better than a tent, it being only a low one story white-washed cottage.

Some newspaper writer, whose name is unknown to us, or we would certainly publish it, for such people ought to be known, to be guarded against, says:

"An English author writes for England, and his book being sent out to the world, it is the property of the world. We imitate every new pattern of cotton, chintz or muslin we receive from England, if it is worth copying," &c. &c.

The argument for robbing authors is, that we also rob artists, which is about as good as for a thief to say, I am justified in stealing your watch because I have stolen your pocket-book. It is true that we do, in this country, imitate English chintz patterns, as well as re-print English books; but we have no other justification to offer such for practices than that the law allows it, or, rather, does not forbid it. Books are the product of great labor, and the authors alone have any moral right to the disposal of them. The fact that a book is produced in England, gives us in America no right to lay violent hands upon it, let the law say what it may about it. There is a law above statute law. So of chintz patterns. They do not produce themselves; they are all the result of much thought, careful study, and patient labor. Whoever produces them, or invents them, has, alone, a right to use them; and if we imitate them we as much deprive him of his property, the fruits of his labor, as though we robbed the farmer of his corn, or the manufacturer of his merchandize. The foundations of society rest upon the right of the individual to the product of his labor, and total disregard of this right in the re-printing English books, and the imitating English chintz patterns, is both disgraceful and injurious to our national character. We hope the time will come when an international copy-right will rectify all these abuses.

What frightful consumers of stationery our Congressmen are. At the first session of the 30th Congress the members of the House of Representatives alone consumed one thousand pounds of wafers, besides sealing-wax to an equal extent.

THE ISLAND CITY.—This capital Weekly Paper, now about entering its third volume, is vastly improved in appearance and management from its predecessors. It is one of those few Family Papers which commend themselves to all classes, and is, we are happy to learn, eminently successful. The new story, "Cora Linn," now in course of publication in its columns, is very interesting, and adds much to the numerous attractions of its outside. The Publishers offer a very desirable premium to Clubs, and their advertisement (to be found with their Prospectus on our cover for this month) is well worth a perusal by every one.

The following beautiful little poem is extracted from an elegant volume recently published in London called "Gems of Modern Scripture," with illustrative lines by T. K. Hervey. The poem is intended as a description of one of the loveliest creations of Modern Art, the *Psyche* of Westmacott, the celebrated English sculptor:

PSYCHE.

They wove bright fables in the days of old!

When Reason borrowed Fancy's painted wings,
When Truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told, in song, its high and mystic things!
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her,
The pilgrim heart, to whom a dream was given
That led her through the world—Love's worshipper—
To seek, on earth, for him whose home was Heaven!

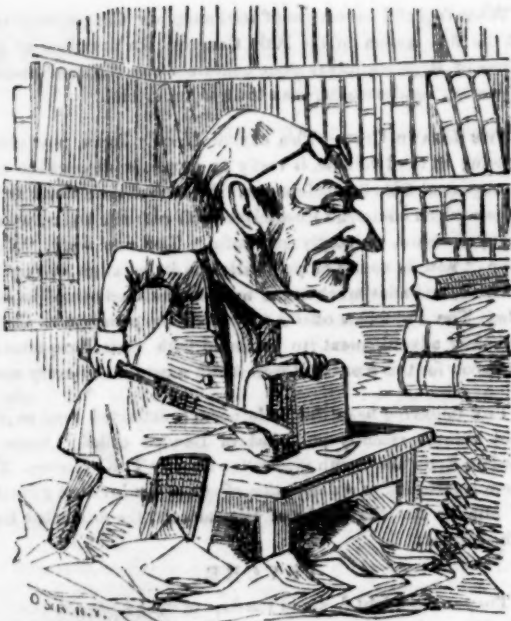
As some lone angel, through Night's scattered host,
Might seek a star which she had loved—and lost!
In the full city—by the haunted fount—

Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars—
'Mid the pine temples on the moonlit mount,
Where Silence sits to listen to the stars—
In the deep glade, where dwells the brooding dove—
The painted valley—and the scented air—

She heard far echoes of the voice of Love,
And found his footstep's traces everywhere!
But never more they met!—since doubts and fears,
Those phantom shapes that haunt and blight the earth,
Had come 'twixt her, a child of sin and tears,
And that bright spirit of immortal birth;
Until her pining soul and weeping eyes
Had learned to seek him only in the skies—
Till wings unto the weary heart were given,
And she became Love's angel-bride—in Heaven!

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER is one of the largest of the mammoth papers published in Philadelphia, and, in our opinion, is decidedly the cheapest paper issued from that well known city of gazettes. It is as large as any two dollar paper, and is filled with fresh original spirited matter not made up either from the stale column of a weak daily. Its club terms are astonishing, perfectly astonishing; and how Mr. Scott can hope to live off of such unparalleled offers as he makes to club subscribers is more than we can imagine. If "Scott's Weekly" is not cheaper than the cheapest, even among the dollar papers, we are not judges. See his offer to subscribers on our cover.

We apologize to our readers for the miserable engraving of Dr. Dewey in our last issue. We have, however, had another and a better one prepared, and in the reprint the defect will be remedied. We positively assure our subscribers that they never shall have occasion to complain of a similar fault.



CUTTING UP AN AUTHOR.—Our artist has here given us a view of a critic engaged in cutting up a book. He is one of those savage reviewers who delight in making minced meat of an author, who have no more tenderness for the failings of others than a spider has for a buzzing fly upon whose carcase he feeds. These cutting up critics, who look into a volume to seek for blemishes, if they don't find them, are sure to invent them, as we have known some of the merciless tribe to do. It is not a little remarkable that these gentlemen, who are so fond of cutting up, have a great aversion to being cut up themselves, and fancy themselves exempt from the rules which they apply to others.

"Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write, and can't, can surely review,
Can set up a small booth as critic, and sell us his
Petty conceits and his pettier jealousies."

This may be all true, but we do not believe that Nature ever designed any of her children to employ themselves in picking holes in their neighbors' coats.

The province of the true critic is a noble one, but the snarler, who loves to growl at a defect, but has no praise for a beauty, is a despicable creature, an incubus upon literature, and a common disturber of the peace. He never opens a book to enjoy its beauties, but takes it in hand to cut it up, like the impersonation of our artist, and he destroys both beauties and defects, and prides himself on having done something. Possibly he may succeed in wounding the feelings of a sensitive author, and rousing the contempt of whoever reads his lucubrations; but beyond them his labors amount to nothing. "They are of no consequence," as Mr. Toots says.

Last month the great quadrennial event of our Republic took place, and all the people abandoned their various callings to engage in the solemn business of electing a President of the Union. We suppose that we may announce the fact of the election of Old Rough and Ready to the high position of President of the Union without in any manner compromising our independent neutrality. It is said that the first announcement of the news of Old Zack's election completely knocked the telegraphic operator of one of the stations into a heap of astonishment. Here

is a view of him which was taken by our artist on the spot while the unhappy operator was in his state of astonishment.



We could not half enumerate the ludicrous anecdotes that have been related of the effects of the news, if we should try.—The utmost consternation has prevailed among the office holders and the utmost delight among the office-seekers. Our funny artist has sent us the following drawing of a defeated candidate running for "Salt River." He is, apparently, in a hurry to get to that famous stream.



TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine will in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can surely receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a more nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

